Remember the "Fear not" which runs all through the Bible, and is ringing out still.

Yours very sincerely
J. Walker

PRESENTATION COPY

WALKER OF TINNEVELLY

BY

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"THINGS AS THEY ARE," "OVERWEIGHTS OF JOY,"
"LOTUS BUDS," "THE BEGINNING OF A STORY,"
"THE CONTINUATION OF A STORY," ETC.

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TO HIS WIFE

FOREWORD

The reader for whom it is worth while to write, makes it the habit of his mind to read the Foreword to his book: all through this book it is taken for granted that reader and writer have met upon this first page, and that having met, each understands the other.

The question which I as writer have had to face and answer is this: Why add another to the pile of the world's books?

Something had to be written; this was evident before the end of September 1912. If an attempt had not been made by someone authorised, something unauthorised would have been run through the press by affectionate hands and floated out upon the world; and there was reason to fear that what would have been written might hardly have been in accordance with the memory of one who utterly abominated fulsome speech.

"Too much paint": it was his summary of the biography of a great and good man, written by a devoted relative. The man himself stood up, when he got the chance, fine in his native grandeur of deed and character; but the paint spoiled him.

In India we do not paint our teak: we let it show its grain. Poorer stuff is painted: teak asks for no pretence; and this book deals with teak. It does not profess to show a ready-made saint: to do anything of the sort would be to dishonour the memory of an honourable man. But it has tried to show something of the fashioning of a saint, whose voca-

tion called him to live a holy life—not in the ease of religious seclusion, nor in the midst of those rare heroic circumstances which emphasise the glory side of existence, but along the dusty levels of commonplace ways. Journal, letter, and reminiscence show the grain of the wood. There has been no painting, no pretence.

A second answer to that question was found in the wish of fellow-missionaries. This is not a usual wish, for a missionary's severest critics are his fellows; he is one of themselves, they consider him with discrimination, quite impartially, and they see no halo, only an ordinary exterior usually much the worse for wear.

> " 'Greatheart is dead they say;
> But the light shall burn the brighter,
> And the night shall be the lighter
> For his going;
> And a rich, rich harvest for his sowing:'

these lines from John Oxenham express what I think about him," so a Tinnevelly missionary wrote between college classes early in 1913. "If the book is a quarter the inspiration his life was, it will be well worth doing," wrote another. When missionaries write thus about a fellow-missionary, he must be worth knowing.

But the word which compelled, and gave assurance of help for the difficult work, was briefly this: "Write the things which thou hast seen."

And yet how very little after all can be written. We call a book a "Life" which deals with the material substance of doings and sayings. A fragment would be a truer name, for at most it can be little more; the spiritual, the innermost, remains a secret still. Something of "Walker of Tinnevelly" may be shown in the pages of this book, but he himself will be elsewhere. No pen may intrude into the private place

where the real man was, and where the springs rose which fed the river of being.

That river, so far as may be, has been traced from its source to the splendid moment when it suddenly found itself received into the ocean. In other words, the book is a frank return to the older method of biography. There is no attempt made in these pages to do the reader's thinking for him. He is left to do it for himself. The story of the boy, student, curate, missionary, is told straight on, for the most part, year in and year out, with as little as possible of the biographer and as much as possible of the man himself. The newer writing, with its clear grouping of subjects, is undoubtedly more popular than the older, —which has only one thought, to leave the reader with his man and let him get to know him in his own way— but the man of this book liked the old method better: for as to dates, he liked to know where he was at any given point of a book; and as to subject-matter, he liked to do his own grouping and to make his own pictures. Perhaps there remain among us some who feel as he did; if so, the book will find out its own. In any case, it seemed impossible to the writer to do otherwise than what has been done for Walker of Tinnevelly.

As to data for facts: A journal kept from 1st December 1885 to 19th August 1912 (with two well-defined breaks) has been a guide from Chapter III to the end, and letters lent by his family and friends contribute to the truth of the book. Extracts from such sources are often condensed; where a word of explanation seemed required, such is put in square brackets; and in some few cases, where no good purpose would be served by tracking foxes to their holes, or worthy persons to their home addresses, initials have been changed, in obedience to an instinct which urged that he would wish it so to be.

Naturally there has been cause for reserve; for many of the events with which the records deal are too recent or too intimate for telling. And those who knew him best will miss something of the clash of arms, in the story of this man who was somehow perpetually being forced into conflict; for but little of that conflict is described. And for this reason: most of the various rocks of diverse opinion round which at different periods of his life his thought revolved in strong current, are for the time being under water: the tide of thought has flowed over them: they are not at the present moment challenging the expression of every man's opinion. To insist therefore upon the reader's concerning himself with them whether he will or no, seemed to the writer likely to frustrate the intention of this book, the spiritual intention. And it seemed also—to revert to the martial figure—that even if it were in each case possible to set forth the *casus belli*, the result might be to raise a dust of words which would perhaps obscure that which those who read will most desire to see—the personality of the man who fought, his earnestness, his integrity, his greatly increasing happiness, his faith, simple as a child's but valiant as life. These are the things that last when other things are forgotten.

And another thought has been with me too. Is it not true that in this clamorous world, in the midst of the weariness and strife, there are some who are glad to turn sometimes into byways of quietness, glad to meet in those private ways men from whom it may be they must differ in public, glad to get to know them underneath and above all difference, in that mystic communion of spirit which will surely be one of the joys of heaven?

This, then, has been the guidance so far as the writer understood it. It would be a poor end to the

writing if even one reader being drawn in thought into controversy, and touched unaware by the bitterness of it, should lose the sweetness of a new friendship begun here to be continued There.

Some who have read the book in MS. feel that more might have been said of his co-operation in the work for the Temple Children of India, which grew up during the last few years of his life. It has been tempting to say more; but I have purposely refrained, being desirous to obliterate the personal, and have tried to use that, and all the fifteen years' good comradeship only as background, my whole intention being to make the central figure stand out clear. But here for once in plain language I rejoice to feel free to say what a comrade he was: strong, wise, full of a sympathy which in the midst of some large endeavour could stop to care for the smallest detail of the work alongside. What it owes to his courageous championship through its first very difficult years no words can tell, nor can words tell how he is missed.

This book-writing has not been easy. Sometimes the difficulties were inseparable from my subject, warp and woof of the texture of the life I had set out to show. Sometimes they concerned others, and then it was as if the field I had to cross were strewn with nets: "Mine eyes are ever looking unto the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net" was the word which came on the first of such occasions, and it continued its ministry all through. Always there were hindrances, just simple and ordinary: the crush of other duties around one, the impossibility of assured quiet for even an hour at a stretch, the lack of invigorating influences—for who finds the Plains of India invigorating? But I have been splendidly helped. Often on perplexing days the post came to the

rescue with a letter which I would gratefully put into a photograph frame kept on my writing-table for this pleasant purpose; and there it would live for awhile, looking kindly at me through the glass, and saying in a friendly sort of way, "Don't give up, don't be afraid: go on." Above all, there has been the backing of one's own household and fellow-missionaries, without which it would have been impossible to do the work at all. For no word is truer than Westcott's, in his *Introduction to the Gospel of St. John*, that the fulness of sympathy in common labour brings light and fresh power of vision, and not only materials for thought.

Three South Indian C.M.S. colleagues whom I may not thank by name, and Dr. Eugene Stock of England, long-tried friend, have had the patience to read through the whole in MS., a task which perhaps no one but the writer can fully appreciate. I think of this, and of much else, and feel what poor things at best words are; but I pack all that can be put into them when I say, May these uncounted loving-kindnesses be remembered by the One who is not unrighteous to forget; and should ever ripe grain be gathered from the seed now to be sown, may everyone who has helped to sow it, have a large good share in the eternal pleasure of harvest. With which hope, and genuine prayer, I will, as the writer of the 2nd Book of Maccabees puts it, "make an end: and if I have written well and to the point in my story, this is what I myself desired; but if meanly and indifferently, this is all I could attain unto."

AMY WILSON-CARMICHAEL.

DOHNAVUR,
TINNEVELLY DISTRICT,
S. INDIA.

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GLOSSARY

ACHANS	Syrian Church clergy (as Kattanars).
AGRAHĀRAM	Brahman quarter.
ĀM	Yes.
AVATHARS	Hindu incarnations.
BACKWATERS	Lagoons on West Coast.
BANDY	Bullock cart.
BETEL	A nut munched by Indians.
CHATTY	Earthenware vessel.
DACOIT	Professional robber.
GURU	Religious teacher.
KATTANARS	Syrian Church clergy (as Achans).
KURRAL	Tamil classic.
KUSA	Earthen vessel for drinking water.
MADAM	Hindu rest-house.
MAHĀBHĀRATA	Sanskrit classic.
MANDAPAM	Outer court of temple.
MANTRAMS	Poetical prayers.
METRAN	Metropolitan of Syrian Church, Travancore.
MUND	Cluster of beehive dwellings of Toda people.
MUNSHI	Language teacher.
PANDAL	Booth or shed, sometimes very large, made of palm leaves or mats supported on poles.
PANJĀYAT	Council of five.
PEON	Official servant.
SAIVITE	Worshipper of Siva.
SĀMĀN	Luggage of any sort.
SANTHIPPU	Ceremonial reception.
SHĀSTRAS	Hindu sacred books.
SWĀMI THARISANAM	Vision of God.
TAHSILDĀR	Government official.

TANK	Lake-like sheet of water.
THĪVALI	Hindu festival.
TŌPE	Grove of trees.
TŌPI	Pith hat.
UPANISHADS	Hindu sacred books containing doctrines of the Vēda explained and enlarged.
VAISHNAVITE	Worshipper of Vishnu.
VAKĪL	Court pleader.
VĒDA	Hindu sacred books.
VĒDAM	Religion.
VĒDĀNTI	Follower of Vēdantic philosophy.
VĒSHTI	Loin cloth.
WALLAM	Barge-like boat.
ZEMINDĀR	Landed proprietor.

TAMIL VOWEL SOUNDS

(*From Dr. Pope, Oxford*)

a	as in America.
ā	as in father.
i	as in pin.
ī	as in machine.
u	almost as oo in cook (the Italian u).
ū	as in rule, or oo in school.
e	as in enable.
ē	as the a in enable.
o	as in opinion.
ō	as in opium.
ai	usually as ai in aisle.

In the name Dohnavur, *Dohna* being German is pronounced Dōna.

This book was finished before August 1914. *It was held back because I thought it impossible that any English man or woman would want to read anything but war news till the war was over. Later, when other counsels prevailed, I wished I could go through it and delete sentences written in battle language, for such writing seems to strike against something in one now. This proved impracticable, so the book goes as it is.*

Perhaps it is as well; for though the note struck may not tune to the mood of a mind sensitive to the feeling of the hour, it is neither trivial nor insincere. We claim kinship with all our fighting men: their great language is ours.

"Two great passions shared his life—love of Christ, and love of those around him."

ARTHUR G. NASH, Preface to *The Spiritual Letters of Père Didon.*

"I cannot understand the *odium theologicum*. I can love the man, while I may hate his view-point. Many years ago I heard a distinguished member of the Tractarian party say, 'Every honest-minded man is bound to be extreme, and by extreme I mean definite.'"

BISHOP GRAHAM INGHAM, *In a Letter to* THE RECORD, *August* 12, 1915.

"Belief or unbelief
Bears upon life, determines its whole course.
Begins at its beginning."

Bishop Blougram's *Apology*.

"Oh, hunger for brave singleness of heart."

C. A. Fox.

WALKER OF TINNEVELLY

1859–82]

CHAPTER I

Child, Boy, and Student

It was an evening bright with star shine in South India, early in the nineties, and three friends were resting in their deck-chairs set out in the compound to catch the breeze which swept up from the sea and cooled the air after a fiery day. The talk, turned by some trivial event of the time, chanced to be about old customs of Sabbath keeping, and this was one of the stories told :

"My great-great-grandfather was in business in Kendal, when one Saturday morning he discovered his partner had absconded with papers and money, and so he started in pursuit. He reached Lancaster that evening by coach and had to wait there, for he would not travel on Sunday ; and he used to say he had never spent a happier Sunday. Next morning early he went off to catch the coach to Liverpool, for he felt sure his partner would try to escape from the country by the nearest port. He was running round a corner of the street, fearing to miss the coach, when he ran straight into a man and almost knocked him over. It was his absconding partner, with all the papers and money upon him."

Such was something of the spiritual heredity of the boy born upon 9th February 1859 ; fourth son of Richard and Isabella Walker of Matlock Bath. He had six brothers and three sisters.

He was baptised Thomas, but with consistent perversity he abjured his name, condoling with anyone who possessed it.

"There ought to be an arrangement by which children could choose their own names when they come to years of discretion. Fancy saddling a poor unfortunate baby with a name it will never like!"

and his unvarying signature to the general public was "T. Walker." His mother's sister and brother and his elder sister show him as child and boy.

"I remember Tom coming to Southport, when he was a little dark-eyed boy of four. The sea came nearer in those days, and when Tom saw the fishing-boats he sang out:

"'A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight';

and he sang away, to the delight of my dear old mother and the people round.

"I often stayed with my sister, and put the children to bed. If Tom (a tiny boy) made the slightest mistake in saying his prayers, he would begin again; and I sometimes wished he would hurry over his 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child.' Once he began nine times, but got it right at last."

The next remembrance of early days shows the household gathered together upon Sunday afternoons for hymn-singing, the boy upon his father's knee; and the next is of him leaning over a railway bridge keen to watch the train pass, then, startled by the sudden roar, all but losing his balance. "His mother caught him just in time, or he would certainly have been killed," his aunt says, and he never forgot it. Among the piles of sermon notes left behind in English and Tamil, there is a Gospel address in outline, with the story as its illustration.

"He was a bonnie laddie with his smiling eyes," his aunt continues; "very silent generally, but full of fun. When about ten or twelve he had something wrong with his knee, and had to lie down a great deal; but he never complained though the knee was painful. He came to us at Southport for a time, and I remember well one night we were speaking of our favourite

From a family group, 1872.

texts. Tom's was: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' a nice one, his grandmother thought; she was very fond of Tom. He was not brilliant as a boy, but remarkably thoughtful. How he loved the sunsets and the singing of birds! quite uncommonly so for a boy."

"He was a quiet, thoughtful boy," his uncle writes, "with a remarkably open countenance and beautifully honest brown eyes; his grandmother Shaw was like him as to eyes."

These peculiarly truthful eyes seem to have been a family heirloom. A homely story is recalled of his grandmother: she was shopping in a city where her name was unknown, and upon offering to have the goods she had ordered paid for before they were sent to the address she had given, the tradesman, looking into those sincere eyes, declined the offer. He could give no explanation for his faith in the *bona fides* of his customer except the sincerity of her eyes.

"He was a beautiful child" [his sister is the writer now], "with a lovely rich colour, dark eyes, and black hair. He was very fond of father, and once when sitting on his knee (and he was much there) he said, 'When we go to heaven, father, I shall ask God to let me sit in a pew with you behind the others.' As he grew older he liked always to have his own way. He was very fond of long walks, but always wanted to choose the way. In 1883, when I sailed with my husband and children for Australia, Tom was the only one of my brothers who could control himself to see us off. When I caught sight of the ship in which we sailed I turned to go back, saying, 'I cannot, Tom!' He very gently turned me round to face the boat and said, 'Duty, Pollie! I know my sister will not shirk duty.' 'Duty,' it was one of his sacred words."

The first school was the Worksworth Grammar School, three miles from Matlock Bath; so a six-mile walk was part of the daily routine. Then came Sandringham School, Southport, where he is remembered as a "very nice quiet fellow, of a studious turn of mind." He had the reward of the diligent, his fair share of prizes at both schools, and he seems to have struck all who had to do with him as a lad with a future. A small characteristic touch is found in the inscription in one of

his Sandringham prizes: "A prize for not having been late before breakfast during the half-year ending 1872." Those who knew the man will see him fathered in the boy; it would be difficult to remember him ever late for anything.

But no one who knew him as a man can imagine him a boy of the goody-goody type. He must most emphatically have had a will of his own. "He liked to choose the way," a word which brings him straight back to those who knew him well. But he was generous, fine-spirited, quick to see the humorous side of things; keen on anything which took his fancy. He appears to have been born truthful, for all through his life he unfeignedly detested anything savouring of hypocrisy or cant.

He was seventeen when the change passed over him which is known by so many names, and stands for so much more than any one of them taken singly can express. Conversion was the word he used by preference; the definite ring of it suited his spirit. He was at Sheffield at the time, and one day while attending a Bible-class taken by his Vicar, the Rev. Rowley Hill, he was impressed by the subject, the parable of the two builders. After the class he went straight to his room, gave himself to God, and wrote to his mother to tell her he had done so. Thus simply but irrevocably the great transaction was effected which changed the current of a life destined to become influential towards effecting the same transformation in many other lives.

Then, without a moment's hesitation apparently, this lad of seventeen, reserved by nature, and quiet in his ways in spite of the fund of fun behind, took his stand in open-air preaching, and entered with enthusiasm into the missionary operations of his town. From the first he seems to have recognised the power in a good story; but his illustrations were never dragged in by the hair of the head, so to speak, after the exasperating fashion of a speaker who, having nothing to say, fills up the time with anecdote; they were like the coloured picture to a page of solid sense, and they fitted so exactly into the thought of the page that the effect was rather as if they had come into existence on purpose to illustrate it. Letter after letter says:

"I remember the story he told to illustrate"—and the thing illustrated comes first, showing how the story did its work. Stories told in those first open-air meetings are remembered to this day; and a letter written in 1877 to his brothers and "dear little sister" has a special interest, for it appears to contain the germ of the story told three years later by Tennyson. The original of "Emmie" seems to have been a little cripple, who, frightened at the thought of an operation on the following day, held his little wasted hand straight up in the air and said to his nurse, "Nurse, may I hold up my hand like that and go to sleep?" She was puzzled, and the little fellow explained that he had asked the Lord Jesus to come for him that night, "and when He sees my hand held up like that, He will know that I'm the little chap He's come for." As the nurse passed him later she saw his hand had fallen outside the counterpane. Next morning she did not disturb him till it was time to carry him to the operation-room. She found him out of reach of pain, asleep with a smile on his face.

"My first recollections of Tom," writes the "little sister" to whom that letter went, "date back to the time when, as a very small girl, I used to be well teased by him; but always, even in those early days, I looked up to him and revered his goodness. When I was recovering from fever, I sat day after day with him in his little study in which he was kept a prisoner by a sprained ankle; and even now I can see the bright smile he would give me when he looked up from his books and took pity on the disconsolate little person, who was longing to go out and play, by telling her amusing stories. In his Cambridge vacations he often took me for walks, when he would stride on ahead, deep in thought, whilst I trotted at his heels like a puppy, generally very much out of breath.

"To our mother he was all that a loving son could be. He always said how much he owed to her, and to her prayers. I have heard him tell how when he was a boy, having tucked him up in bed at night, she would blow out the candle, and kneeling down pray so earnestly for him. He had her strong determination and reserve, also her quiet loving unselfishness and thought for others. She had Quaker blood in her veins, and when a girl, had a good deal to do with Quakers, and certainly

her 'Yea' was 'Yea,' and her 'Nay' 'Nay,' and we children all knew it. I think that this also might be said about Tom.

"One of my happiest recollections is of a holiday spent with him and my mother amongst the Welsh mountains at Barmouth. Tom was a curate then in London, and he just gloried in the beautiful scenery and pure mountain air, after the heat and dust of London. Percy and Jennie joined us too, and by the aid of maps my two brothers explored the country for miles round. We joined in some of the shorter excursions, though even they were by no means short. I remember one afternoon being fetched, an unwilling victim, from paddling and shrimping to go for a walk. To my injured mind the way seemed endless, and I lagged behind sulking. Just then a huge bull put his head over a wall and bellowed. My feet no longer dragged, but flew to overtake the others. But did I ever hear the last of that from Tom? Never! On every possible occasion that bull was introduced. Even when I saw Tom on his last visit to England he began one day to tell my children a tale: 'There was once upon a time a little girl who did not want to go for a walk with her mother and brother. So she sulked and sulked and lagged far behind, when suddenly a bull looked over a wall at this naughty little girl——' But at this point in the story I fell upon him tooth and nail.

"I remember, too, my mother's joy when her two sons would come back from some long excursion with huge appetites, and how Tom used to joke about the quantity of Welsh mutton and stewed fruit that miraculously disappeared."

But to return to the boy: the Vicar of Sheffield was well supported by three keen curates and an earnest Christian business man who became the natural leader of a band of young men, "among whom was Tom Walker," as a friend of the time tells us, "then seventeen years of age, very reserved and quiet in demeanour and speech." This friend remembers his seeking with all his heart to make Christ known to the people of the courts and slums and lodging-houses of that large and difficult parish.

The mission work was of course over and above the duty of the time (for his father had intended him for a business career, and he was then in training for it). In addition to it he was reading hard, rising at four daily to get to his Hebrew, and

availing himself of the good offices of a curate friend to make progress in other studies. And as he read and worked month by month the desire grew stronger within him to turn from all ways of earthly gain and to live to win souls. He wrote to his sister to this effect: "It's no good, Pollie; I cannot be a fisher of loaves, I must be a fisher of men." His sister told his mother, who soon afterwards went to Sheffield to see him, and he opened his heart to her. That talk led to his return home to prepare for Cambridge.

The Vicar of Matlock Bath then was the Rev. E. Latham. He welcomed the new recruit to the ranks of true soldiership, and recognising with quick insight the spiritual fibre under the unassuming manner, he helped him and encouraged him in every possible way. Miss Walker well remembers the quaintly worded prayer he offered for her younger brother before he left for Cambridge: "Lord, lead him on until he attains a high degree in Thy vineyard." He did not live to see the answer to his prayer, which is surely only our earthly way of saying he saw it in full from the heavenly hills.

Among the Matlock Bath friends was a saintly old clergyman, Rev. C. Evans, who acted as coach in Greek. "Go in for the Mathematical Tripos," was his advice to his pupil, who had intended to take Theology as his subject in preparation for the ministry. The old clergyman's counsel was followed, a decision never regretted: "I was saved from Theology," was the comment of after years. "Nothing like Mathematics for mental training and discipline."

A fellow-student and lifelong friend, Rev. R. Chadwick, continues the story:

"Walker went up to Cambridge as a sizar at St. John's College, the College of Henry Martyn, in October 1878. He had gained at school a fair knowledge of Latin, which he could construe with facility; but Greek and Mathematics had to be acquired. In his first term he passed the Previous Examination, including the additional subjects, being placed in the first class in both parts; and then commenced reading for the Mathematical Tripos. He had excellent health, great powers of application, a most exact and retentive memory, and with

the direction of Mr. R. R. Webb of St. John's, second only to Mr. Routh in fame as a mathematical coach, he soon made wonderful progress. In the College Examination at the end of his second year he was placed in the first class, with the men who were to be the 2nd, 4th, 7th and 8th wranglers of the year. He was then awarded a proper sizarship; and at the similar examination in the next year was made a foundation scholar of the College.

"After this success at the Mathematical College, as St. John's then was, it was a great disappointment to him, and still more to his friends, when in the Tripos list in January 1882 his name came as the first senior optime (*i.e.* first in the second class). A foundation scholarship at St. John's was not awarded to a mathematical student below the calibre of a wrangler. The explanation, well known to his intimate friends, was that he had overdone his great physical strength by working both night and day; he could not sleep during the time the examination was on, or do himself full justice in the papers.

"His life at Cambridge was an extremely regular routine. He kept in the second court, his rooms being approached by a turret staircase close to the kitchens, and from his window there was a view of the Trinity Buildings, and of the Trinity gardens, where after Hall, Dons, whose names were household words throughout the world of scholars, might be seen playing the dignified game of bowls in a dignified way. The attention of these Dons was once attracted to this particular window by loud shouts of 'Good shot!' and a pleased smile and modest blush appeared on the face of the one who had last played, at recognition of his skill by undergraduates of the rival college. The 'good shot' had really been a piece of coal aimed at a marauding cat by one of those at the window.

"One of the disciplinary rules of the College required each student to make five attendances at the College Chapel every week. Walker's invariable custom was to attend the service at 7 a.m. and to attend every day. On Sundays, after the ordinary morning service in Chapel, at which there might or might not be a sermon, he would go to Trinity Church, of which the Rev. J. Barton, an ex-Indian missionary, was Vicar, and in the evening he would be there again. The Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, now Bishop of Durham, was in residence in Cambridge at this time, and held the Evening Lectureship at Trinity Church. Walker much appreciated his sermons. On Sunday afternoons he would often be at Great St. Mary's to hear the

University Sermon. He was a regular attendant at the daily prayer-meeting, at the Church Missionary Union, and at the College Saturday night prayer-meeting; and he gave some assistance in a Sunday school at Barnwell under Mr. Trotter, the Vicar of Christ Church, Barnwell, whom he had known in Sheffield.

"Walker did not take up any form of athletics at Cambridge, chiefly because his one object was to prepare and furnish himself for the sacred ministry he had in view. He was not, however, without a keen interest in games and some capacity for them. The small circle of which he was one, devoted the afternoons to physical recreation, playing tennis during the May term, and spending many afternoons on what was called the freshman's river. His favourite recreation was, however, a long walk with a congenial companion.

"He possessed sufficient mental capacity and energy to take up serious studies as recreation in addition to his Tripos work; in this way he very much enlarged his classical knowledge, and acquired a working knowledge of Hebrew. This brought him into touch with the Rev. P. H. Mason, the senior Dean and teacher of Hebrew, from whom the teachers of that day, such as Sinker the Librarian of Trinity, and Kirkpatrick, afterwards Professor, now Dean of Ely, had learned their Hebrew. Once in the Hebrew class some question with regard to the meaning of Joshua x. 12 had arisen, and Mr. Mason had explained that in his view the supposition that by a miracle the solar system was brought to a standstill, was not required. Walker probably gave some sign, which the lecturer was quick to notice, that he did not agree; and he immediately turned to him and pointed out the physical difficulties involved. Walker replied, 'Nothing is impossible with God.' 'Certainly not,' said the lecturer. Mr. Mason was a most devout and implicit believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and so much concerned was he that one of his students could have supposed him to be advocating anything contrary to God's Word that he again and again referred to the matter in conversation with Walker, a circumstance which Walker himself several times in after life recalled.[1]

"Something must be added about his personality and

[1] The incident was thoroughly characteristic of his honest courageous nature, but it was hardly one he would have recalled with pleasure; for he became increasingly able to understand the view-point of others, especially when, as here, reverence was united with scholarship.

influence. The circle of his friends was made up almost entirely of men of strong religious views, who were intending to take Holy Orders. They all stood more or less in awe of Walker, who had not in those days the sunny smile or the calm serenity which all who knew him in later life will remember. He held aloof from most of the social life of the College; yet those who knew him best were well aware of the affectionate and kindly nature which a shy reserve kept out of sight, and even of a vein of humour and love of fun. This was brought out by the advent of a brilliant young Irishman, who came to the rooms next to Walker's. He was absolutely irrepressible, bubbling over with Irish wit and high spirits; he stood in awe of no man, and Walker was obliged to meet his chaff and banter with chaff and banter, and even to submit to personal violence, until amid peals of laughter the aggressor was ejected from the room.

"Looking back over the thirty years that have elapsed, it is not difficult to see how well and truly Walker laid, while at Cambridge, the foundations on which his future life and work were to be reared. There, plain to us all, was the stern denial of self, and the absolute severance from what was of the world. He was forming the habits of devotion, prayer, and systematic Bible study, the results of which, carefully noted at the time, have no doubt appeared and borne fruit in his valued Bible Readings. There was again the mental training, and the storing of the memory with all that would render the man of God thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

"Only four months elapsed between his degree and his ordination to an East London curacy by the Bishop of St. Albans, not a long time to get up the theological subjects so diverse from his Tripos work; nevertheless his name headed the list in the Ordination Examination both as deacon and priest; and the Bishop, speaking to his Vicar of his papers done in the examinations, referred to him as 'a very remarkable young man.'"

"As when a shutter stands ajar
My Call's thin sunbeam glints afar."

IBSEN'S *Brand.*

CHAPTER II

St. John's, Stratford, and St. James's, Holloway

"Far too much time spent upon preliminaries; you are half-way through before you get to the point." It was his criticism upon an otherwise capital missionary biography, the point, to a missionary, being, of course, entrance upon missionary work. Still, as home and foreign work are one in essence, in spite of the missionary's instinct to date his real beginning from the day he crossed the gangway and became by the very act a "missionary," something must be written of the two curacies, St. John's, Stratford, and St. James's, Holloway. But before launching into these, here are a few paragraphs from a letter written to Mrs. Walker in 1913 by another old college friend, Dr. Davidson of Birmingham; for again, by some happy knack, the reminiscences, slight as they are, seem to catch the likeness exactly:

"Lodging as we did in adjoining streets, and having many tastes in common, we naturally saw a good deal of one another. Our daily intercourse began with a walk and run before breakfast, starting at seven. As my rooms lay in the direction of our walk, your husband used to call for me, and it was characteristic of his dislike of wasting time that, if he were early or I late, he employed the few minutes of waiting in reading one of my books. Carlyle's *French Revolution*, with its short chapters, was well adapted for the purpose, and I believe that he read nearly a volume in this way. Our usual plan was to walk down Romford Road to the entrance of West Ham Park, and then run for a mile through the park, getting back in time for our respective breakfasts.

"The mornings and afternoons were spent in work and visiting. But occasionally he would take an afternoon off, and I can remember many a walk through Epping Forest or

else by Whitechapel and Mile End Road to town. Or we might go up by train and spend a few hours in shopping, Denny's bookshop, near the Strand, at the corner of what was then Holywell Street, being our usual destination. Sometimes we visited the National Gallery, the Turner room in which was his favourite resort. The Academy we went to more rarely, partly because we preferred to spend our spare shillings at Denny's, chiefly, I think, because he was more in sympathy with the older work.

"In the evening we met more frequently, often having tea together. He and I had both taken mathematical degrees at Cambridge, and once a week, and occasionally twice, we read over old work or extended our knowledge of certain branches that had been slurred over in the hurry of the preparation at Cambridge. Often we worked through the problems in old or new tripos papers, and my chief recollection of these times is your husband's triumphant exclamation of 'Let the band play!' when some troublesome problem gave up its secret. We separated as a rule at about ten or eleven, but to this there were occasional exceptions. One night we sat up to see the great comet of the winter of 1882–3 that was only visible in the early morning. With the aid of two or three brews of strong tea and a set of tripos papers we managed to keep awake till four, when we set off for Wanstead Flats to get an uninterrupted view of the comet. As it happened, the object of our expedition was rather a failure. The comet, indeed, was visible throughout its whole extent; but it was almost obliterated by an unusually bright aurora, which in itself was worth sitting up to see.

"At other times we used to explore Whitechapel at midnight. Starting about eleven, we passed the public-houses of Stratford as the men streamed out of them and made their way to others farther west which had an additional hour allowed them. Our usual walk was down Whitechapel and Mile End Road and back by Commercial Road, returning to our rooms about two, after seeing a great deal of the strange midnight life of the East End.

"The time when I saw most of your husband, however, was during our walking tour in the Lake District in August 1883. We met one Monday evening, having come from opposite directions, at Windermere. Our plan was to cross the Windermere ferry and sleep the first night at Hawkshead; but the night was so dark that we could not see even the road that we walked along. We missed, of course, the turning to Hawkshead and

arrived ultimately at Ambleside as the last hotel was closing. Every bed in it was occupied and we spent our first night on chairs in the dining-room. Our plan was to climb one high mountain every weekday; and, the weather favouring us, the plan was more than carried out, though several hills were climbed in thick fog which hid all view from the top. After this, we gave up the usual names of the weekdays, and always spoke to each other of Helvellyn day, or Skiddaw day, or Pillar day. The third day (Langdale Pike day) we arrived at the Royal Oak Hotel at Rosthwaite, where we stayed for several days, and climbed from there Skiddaw and Glaramara and other hills. In after years, towards the end of his life, there were few things he wrote about so often as our stay at the Royal Oak. From there we went on to Wastdale Head, taking Bow Fell, Great End, and Scawfell Pike on the way, and, not content with these, he also ran up Lingmell. Our climb up Great Gable was one of those of which I have the best recollection. Starting from Wastdale Head, we got to the top rather early, and lay there for two or three hours working in vain at a problem in the last tripos papers. As the problem was one that could not be solved by any method that we then knew, the sun might have set on Great Gable before we arrived at its solution. It was the next day (Pillar day) after we had crossed Scarth Gap and were running down the hillside into Buttermere valley, that he sprained his ankle. As we were a long way from the nearest house, the prospect before us was anything but pleasant; but after a rest, the sprain turned out to be less serious than we thought, and he was able to walk over Honister Pass to our old quarters at Rosthwaite."

And now for the levels of life, the curacies. St. John's, Stratford, supplies a sheaf of letters concerning this unforgettable curate. He was earnest, tremendously earnest, all agree as to this; he was capital at getting others to work; he could draw all sorts and conditions of people into harmonious fellowship in work; he saw the best in a poor worker, and encouraged him to do his best, and he made much of that poor little best. He was a delightful companion, though terribly serious when serious things were in question; and he never wasted time, so never was in any apparent hurry. He considered Miss Havergal's experience dangerous, and the teaching known as "Keswick"

something to be regarded with caution (this from his early friend, the organist of St. John's, is of interest in view of later developments). And finally and emphatically, his preaching was something out of the common, measured yet fiery, and people flocked to hear him. Altogether an attractive picture of curate days.

"I shall always remember his loyalty to his Vicar under very trying conditions," writes a friend of the time. "He only once spoke to me of his disappointment that his Vicar, whom he had known in more evangelical days, when he had agreed to come as his curate, had encouraged and adopted advanced ritual; but though these things pained and disheartened him, he continued loyal and faithful to his Vicar for two years while faithfully preaching the Gospel and adhering to what he believed to be right and according to the mind of Christ."

The Stratford curacy terminated upon a memorable day, when loyalty to Christ and evangelical principles clashed with loyalty to the Vicar. So ended the two years there.

Then came St. James's, Holloway. Canon Stuart, writing from "The Precincts," Canterbury, says:

"During the fifteen months he worked with me at St. James's he was like a brother to me; and though he was with me such a short time, he left a memory behind him which will never be forgotten. I date all the inspiration for missionary work which has ever since characterised that church to his offering himself to the Church Missionary Society."

"I remember our church was being cleaned when he came," writes an old parishioner, "and the services were being held in the large lecture hall during Mr. Stuart's absence. When Mr. Stuart returned he asked me how the new curate had got on; and I answered, 'He gave us four sermons in the morning, and I can't say how many in the evening!' [It was always his way to cram an immense amount of "stuff" into his sermons. He never in the least indulged in mere verbiage.] And he dealt firmly with those who confessed to hidden sin indulged in for years, though he was very gentle with those who wanted to give their sins up. He was only with us for about fifteen months when for the second time the definite call came to go to the heathen. It was at a missionary meeting that the thought came home to him that he had not offered both hands earnestly. He felt that if others used both hands

earnestly to do evil, God's children should use both hands earnestly to do good. I well remember what it cost him to decide, but when once he did, the joy soon followed. When he was leaving us he heard a whisper that a testimonial was being got up, and he came to me quite distressed and asked me to stop it; he felt his work was but imperfectly done."

Two or three more sentences from letters received in 1912 may suffice:

"When we first knew him in 1884 he was a frail man outwardly, but a man of determination and set purpose where the cause of God was concerned. I shall never forget one of his Saturday night prayer-meetings when he took 'Without Me ye can do nothing,' with several references to our nothingness; and I can hear him say now, 'Ye are profitable for nothing.' Then these words in one of his prayers about the same time, at one of those ever-to-be-remembered Saturday night prayer-meetings come back to me: 'Tie those bands very tightly to-night.' He was telling the Lord we were a company of His children joined together by the bands of love; then came the foregoing words, and a mighty wave of 'Amens' rose to the Throne. I have never been to such prayer-meetings since; they were full of life and power. How he loved his Lord! one felt it in his whole being, it throbbed with passion for men and souls." "Since 1885 we have had many curates," another writes, "some remaining with us for years; but no one else left such a mark in the parish as he did, and yet he was only with us for fifteen months. Those whom he won for his Lord are standing firm to-day." "I never saw him," adds another, "but I was at St. James's, Holloway, shortly after he left and the air was still full of him, and my Bible got enriched with many notes of his addresses treasured by those who knew him."

Even in those early days the preaching must have been remarkable, for wherever he went there were crowds. "How do you do it?" a fellow-missionary asked him years afterwards. "Get saturated in your subject," was all he could say. As a speaker he was perfectly fearless; he never aimed at soothing souls with those safe, comfortable sentences which disturb nobody, and do nothing; he said what was in his heart in words as direct as he could find. Sometimes such words were unconventional

and exceedingly simple, and very young notes show common subjects dealt with in uncommon fashion. But it was more than vivid, forcible language, and originality; it was the dead earnestness which told. He was in earnest, and people had to listen, and found it hard to forget. Later, as he grew in wisdom, his sermons struck the scholarly as more than usually deep and thoughtful, for they always conformed to the old rule, and were informing before they were inflaming; though truly a glow as of inward fire preserved the informing part from coldness.

The missionary meeting to which one of the letters alludes was no ordinary gathering; it stands out in Dr. Stock's memory, stored as that memory must be with events of singular interest, as a great historic occasion:

"It was the grand meeting for men only," he writes, "got up by C.M.S. and Y.M.C.A. together. Lord Cairns presided, and died a fortnight later. It was Moule's first appearance at Exeter Hall as a speaker. Fifty Cambridge men came up to London and special seats were reserved for them, and we gave them tea beforehand, and I addressed them at tea. E. A. Stuart spoke last, and proposed a Gordon Memorial Fund (Gordon just dead), and that fund is being used to-day. That meeting settled Walker and several others."

For in his address Dr. Moule, now Bishop of Durham, used the illustration of the servant giving his ear to be bored in token that he would not go out free. Those who know the speaker know his intense quietness of manner, and unsensational fashion of speech, but the word from his lips was as fire; it leaped to the heart of one who heard and it swept his soul that night. Thereafter it possessed him, it impelled him. Home, the home-work which he loved, his will which unconsciously to himself had not been wholly yielded, all went down before it. In telling of it, as he did sometimes when asked what had brought him to India, he always told it in the same way, no word rearranged; for like the child who faithfully keeps to the words which first opened the delight of a new story to it, so he seemed to hold as almost sacred the very wording of the sentence which had opened heavenly visions to him:

"It was at a C.M.S. meeting at Exeter Hall. Moule was speaking; he asked us *to put both our hands quite within the Master's hands.* And that meant doing anything, going anywhere: and so I am here."

He had offered before to the C.M.S., but there had been a preference recognised by him in that flash of swift intuition as not of the Spirit but of the flesh; it was now laid down for ever.

"I decided that night to re-offer to the C.M.S., this time for anywhere. I could not do otherwise when I had put my hands quite within the Master's hands :—"

simple again, is it not, as the deepest things must be.

Immediately came the test as to whether both hands were truly "quite within the Master's hands." The C.M.S. doctor passed him "for Ispahan (Persia) or some fairly healthy climate." Nothing could have been naturally more congenial to him than such a sphere; there was a call every way, intellectually, spiritually: "If the way opens as it appears to be doing, what a glorious privilege it will be!" he wrote to his sister. But upon July 7 to his mother:

"There is a little doubt as to the station to which I shall be assigned. Since I wrote home, the secretaries have become convinced that there is a work in India which would just suit me, the aim of which is to reach the higher classes. They asked me to go and see Sir Joseph Fayrer, who is a physician with a personal knowledge of the Indian climates. He says that I may go; but the question is still left open.

"'Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence.' Wherever it is, the everlasting arms are underneath. What a privilege it will be to go forth with the message of life to the heathen world! We must just leave all in God's hands. If He is sending me forth, He will make the way very plain. Surely it is His guidance, and therefore must be right."

For a need had arisen in the last place in the world to which a keen man would have chosen to be sent, an old field, full of difficulties of an inward sort, worked by the C.M.S. in the north, west, and centre, and by the S.P.G. in the south-east, a district about 100 miles from north to south, and 70 from east to west,

with an area of 5176 square miles, or about the size of Yorkshire, and a population then numbering about 2,000,000. Tinnevelly: there is no magic in the name. It stands for plain hot prose.

To his mother, while the question of his destination was still undecided, he wrote again:

"I am going to see the secretaries this afternoon. They very warmly wish to send me to Tinnevelly, with a view partly, I think, to revival work in the Native Church. I have been holding back, in deference to what you and others seem to feel about the unsuitability of a warm climate, but it must be anywhere with Jesus. God knows I fear to take any step without His guidance. A sweet little verse has helped me this morning: 'When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, Thou knewest my path.' How blessed to realise that He knows! We must be willing to be like Abram. He went out, not knowing whither he went; the when and the where we may safely leave with God."

"When God doth favour any action it runs, it flies." All too quickly for the mother and sisters at home the weeks ran and flew, and the last evening, October 10, was spent in writing home from Liverpool. One of the letters kept through the twenty-seven years has this word of brotherly entreaty:

"It is such a happy thing to be a Christian. All the Saviour's paths are paths of peace. I was seventeen when I gave my heart to Him. Would that I had done it many years before! The world did not make me happy, though I tried it well. But the Saviour does. Now God wants you to obtain mercy. He holds it out to you as a gift and says, 'Come, buy, without money and without price.' Do thank Him for the gift, and take it. Give your heart and your life to Christ, and He will save you and make use of you for His glory. Isn't it better to lead someone to heaven than to have people admire you on earth? Live for Him Who died for you, and first trust Him with your soul."

There is nothing more to say, and only one thing more to copy, and then we may "get to the point." This prose poem, written some eighty years ago by Nathan Brown of Burmah, Assam, and Japan, made a deep mark upon the life we are to follow now:

"My soul is not at rest, there comes a strange and secret whisper to my spirit like a dream of night, that tells me I am on enchanted ground.

"The voice of my departed Lord, 'Go! teach all nations!' comes on the night air and awakes mine ear!

"Why stay I here? the vows of God are on me, and I may no longer stop to play with shadows or pluck earthly flowers, till I my work have done and rendered up account.

"And I will go; I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idle hopes and every tie that binds my heart to thee, my country.

"Henceforth it matters not, if storm or sunshine be my earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup, I only pray, 'God make me holy and my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife.'

"Through ages of eternal years my spirit never shall repent that toil and suffering once were mine below."

"The circumstances of earthly life give scope for the embodiment of two characters absolutely opposed. For earthly life lies between and in connection with two orders, and it includes in itself two orders. . . . It may be fashioned on a fleeting or on an eternal type."

WESTCOTT on St. John viii. 23.

CHAPTER III

First Things. December 1885 to July 1886

First things hold an interest of their own. The first voyage, no other is ever like it; the first impression of the new land; the first grapple with the language; the first temptation (often repeated) to discouragement; the first quick observation of the new environment, with, in this case at least, an eager booking of anything that offered telling illustration; the first flying visits to places destined to be battlefields and beloved homes; the first struggle with heat, sloth, and all the ills that flesh in the tropics is heir to; the first attempts at soul-winning, the first encouragements, the first disappointments, and the first fierce onslaughts of the foe of all true missionaries—these are things that never cease to touch us with the touch that makes us all akin.

To his mother, from s.s. *Clan Grant*, October 19, 1885, he writes of the appointments of the ship and its comforts for micsionary passengers as "too good to suit my taste. I am tired of modern luxuries, when I think of the Master Who had not where to lay His head."

But the letter is full of freshness of pleasure:

"The voyage is most enjoyable. I wish you could have seen Gibraltar, the snow-covered heights of the Sierra Nevada, and the dark African mountains. And such sunsets we get! Gold and deep orange, fading into rosy pink. And the stars are marvellously bright, while the sea laughs at night with phosphorescent sparks. Truly we see God's wonders in the deep. The first two days of rolling and tossing were overwhelmingly grand. Such a dashing about of cups and plates! It was quite a problem to keep the soup in one's plate, and you looked round the table to find about six present for dinner instead

of forty-three. As for sleeping at night, we had to fasten ourselves in our bunks with portmanteau, etc. But now the sea looks smooth enough to skate on, and blue enough to dream over. I miss the privacy of my bachelor rooms most of all. My chief oratory is the stern of the ship, where I can lean over the side and lift up my heart to God for His blessing upon you all."

"The whole town looked so dark spiritually," he writes to a friend about Port Said. "You just felt in the darkness, as though no one cared or wished to care for anything better than the grovelling life of earth. London, with all its bitter cries and dark slums, may well be called a Christian city in comparison with a town like Port Said."

To the Mpwapwas (a group of missionary-hearted men gathered together by himself and a friend during his time at St. James's, and formed by him into a band, the first of those C.M.S. mission bands which have since spread all over the country) he writes, soon after his arrival in India:

"My desire for you all is that you may be out and out for Christ and on fire for the extension of His Kingdom. The labourers are so few, and those few so weak, 'Pray ye, therefore.' I will not stay to fill my letter with descriptive details, for I must get to my task in the shape of Tamil exercises. All I need say is that my impressions about missionary work are intensified tenfold now that I am in the midst of heathendom. We must all be up and doing. The world is perishing with hunger, and yet in the Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, and the Master bids all true disciples 'Give ye them to eat.'"

"*December* 19, 1885—*To his mother*.—There is such need of workers. Tinnevelly is not half the Christian province which people represent it to be in England. Let me give you an example. Just across the river, about three miles from Palamcottah, is the town called Tinnevelly, with a population, I am told, of some 23,000 souls. Of this number, excluding the Mission agents, only eight souls are professedly Christian. Think of that eight out of 23,000! The other large towns in Tinnevelly are of a similar stamp. If anyone tells you that Tinnevelly is now a Christian province, please undeceive them at once. The streets here are full of people with the paint marks of Vishnu and Siva on their brows. Thank God for what has been done; but how much yet remains to be accom-

plished! England is asleep. If there were less waste of time in political affairs, and more earnest care for the polity of Christ, and the glory of His name, this would be a different world. I do pray that God will bless abundantly the C.M.S. meetings to be held throughout England at the beginning of the year, and will thrust out a whole army of workers into the world's wide fields."

The journal begins upon December 1, 1885. It has been suggested that he kept it in obedience to an old C.M.S. rule which directed that one should be kept; and faithfully night by night two or three lines or less record the outstanding events of the day. The habit has fallen out of use with busy men and women, but in his case it proved exceedingly useful many a time in later years when some date or event was in question; and certainly without it this book would be impossible, for he destroyed his letters the moment they were dealt with, and though many of his to his friends have been preserved, they rarely give quite the intimate touch that is required if he himself or any vital part of him is to live to the reader. During the earlier years the journal is often intensely inward, and so for the most part too private for use; then it becomes entirely impersonal, engrossed in the work. The last pages have little copyable in them. You cannot put into words the sound of swift feet racing round the course: the last journals are just that. Perhaps journal-reading has its disadvantages, but it has one advantage which for this book's purpose is sufficient: it shows the man with a certain degree of distinctness, in his strength and in his weakness. What there is, at least is true, searchingly true. Far away in the dim memories of childhood lies one of an open door to an upstairs room, through which, as it was open, a child looked, attracted by the sound of someone talking carefully aloud. A tall pier glass faced the door. Before it stood a cleric, his back to the door, his face to the mirror: he was trying the effect of his pretty periods. This story is the exact antipodes to the mental attitude and atmosphere of the journal we herewith begin to trace. There is no "practising the prayers," to quote a Cumberland story, wherein

the landlady refrained from interrupting her lodger engaged in this exercise: everything here is unstudied, sincere.

"*December* 1, 1885.—Quiet day, learning Tamil words, and trying to hear and speak. Very disheartened, for my ear so slow to catch the sounds. The Lord give me grace and patience! Evening, fireflies flitting brightly in the darkness. Great idol day. Beating of drums and tom-toms at heathen temples. They keep it up all night, working themselves into a frenzy.

"*December* 2.—Still drumming at heathen temples. Bishop Sargent of Tinnevelly [with whom he was living] says they keep it up till one is supposed to be possessed by a demon who acts then as oracle; they sacrifice sheep, and drink blood as it flows from wound. Tamil-learning again; progress very slow. Reading life of Marsh: oh, to be real as he was!

"*December* 5.—Leaves of temple plant[1] scratched, bleed anywhere; but if the backbone [midrib] be severed, sap ceases to flow and they bleed nowhere. Ashamed to-night of my slothfulness this week; neglect of the Word and Throne; want of application to my Tamil. May grace be given for a new start from to-night.

"*December* 7.—A more determined set at my Tamil vocabulary. Have to work really hard to commit the words to memory. The long-looked-for rain came to-day in refreshing showers; so may grace rain down upon this barren heart! Insects a great hindrance to my reading, eye-flies by day and mosquitoes by night.

"*December* 8.—Morning chapter encouraging. 'Who made man's mouth?' Surely He can give me grace for this language learning; but I have made poor headway to-day.

"*December* 10.—A new *munshi* [teacher]. Went back to first sounds with him; he made me more disheartened than ever, while at the same time correcting many of my faults; many hours spent on Tamil seem to show little result. Bishop showed me in garden to-day how the birds drop strange seeds on the projections [axil of old leaf base] on side of young cocoanut trees; there they germinate, and become trees which often eclipse the cocoanut trees, hide them and strangle them to death. So Satan seeks to drop the seeds of sin.

"*December* 12.—Day spent chiefly in reading. Progress very slow, I fear. Find difficulties in language constantly accumulating. This week has seen so little done. But 'in

[1] *Plumeria acutifolia*, the Pagoda tree.

patience possess ye your souls.' So glad to reach Sabbath rest again.

"*Sunday, December* 13.—Bishop preached. Very earnest, simple words, of which I gathered the drift here and there. Quiet, blessed day, reading Book of Haggai, which opened out in its missionary aspect. Alas! that I dwell in such ceiled houses of ease while 'this house' that God would build in all the world lies waste. Read home letters and looked out texts sent by the members of my old mission choir. How unworthy I am of such sentiments as some of them convey! Resumed my acquaintance with Henry Martyn's life, with profit, I trust.

"*December* 15.—Talk with pastor about darkness of Tinnevelly town. The Lord help us to get to work quickly!

"*December* 16.—Floundering in Tamil; seem to make literally no headway; great stupidity with my *munshi*.

"*December* 18.—To-night usual missionary gathering. Mr. Harcourt expounded with his usual loving simplicity the first few verses of Epistle to Ephesians. Oh, the grand vocation and the mighty purpose!

"*December* 19.—Been here one month to-day. Great cause for humiliation; so little progress either in Tamil or in spiritual life.

"*December* 20.—Bishop preached, but I could not catch what he said. How thankful I shall be when I can! English service. I preached. Desired to seek God's glory and to preach faithfully, but fear it was a miserable failure.

"*December* 22, 1 A.M.—Started for Pannaivilai [where was an empty rat-infested bungalow, which was to be the first home, when, in 1897, Palamcottah was finally left for life in the district]. Could not sleep, but thought much. Saw Southern Cross clearly, and moon was glorious. At 7 a.m. reached mission compound. . . . I had to shave over surface of still water in *chatty* [earthen water-pot] in bathroom, a primitive toilet glass!

"*December* 29.—Long day of Tamil-learning. Getting to feel my way better, but still no ear or tongue.

"*December* 30.—Went with Bishop through Tinnevelly town to see the Schaffters. Was struck by crystallised idolatry of the town. Bishop told me that once bridge had one of its arches broken in heavy flood. People escorted over weak places by policeman. When they stopped to look over the weak spot at the repairs below, policeman's voice called, 'Look not behind thee!' Apt illustration for spiritual things.

"*January* 1.—English mail in! The mail always does me

good. Service, but I was too tired to attempt to follow in Tamil. I thought vaguely of the old Stratford meetings."

January was broken by short visits to outlying stations, first Mengnānapuram (village of true wisdom), a night's journey from Palamcottah, a place full of the memory of its stalwart missionary, Rev. John Thomas, now for many years with his Lord. "Was delighted with Mrs. Thomas, a dear old lady of the true stamp." But the day was somewhat distracted, as such days are wont to be, and the journal says briefly: "I seem to have lived outside my own privacy, and certainly do not feel better for it, though thankful for all I have seen." "Wrote my first Tamil letter to my *munshi*," is an arresting entry in this journal of beginnings. The next place visited was Suvisēshapuram (village of good tidings), and then on the evening of January 12, "we set out on our travels again under the moonlight." By moon-set they had crossed the belt of sand which lay between them and the main road, and travelled on by starlight till they came to Nānguneri, six miles from Dohnavur,

"an important place where the Vishnavites have strongholds under a *guru* or chief priest. At 8.30 we breakfasted and set out again. I was delighted to find the mountains quite close. We reached Dohnavur about 11.45 a.m. Our course had been lying straight for the Southern Ghauts, and our destination was only about two miles from their feet. They looked glorious in the sun."

The season was Dohnavur's best, just after the north-east monsoon rains have filled the shallow lake-like reservoirs (tanks, in Indian speech), which in this part of the country lie under the hills in long reaches of silver. Less than a mile from the bungalow to the west is one such tank bordered on the eastern side by a fringe of bamboo, and on the west by the mountains, which rise almost straight up from its bank. This, the first walk in the Dohnavur district, was the delight of that first evening; crossed, as all such delights must be in India, by the shadow of the land:

"We stood by the tank and saw the Ghauts like an amphitheatre before us. Found an altar where cocoanuts are offered to the god every day; a huge heap of shells standing by."

That night, the first spent in the house to become best-loved of Indian homes, could not have been very comfortable, for it was passed in the stuffiness of the central living-room, the happy haunt of bats, rats, and mosquitoes. But the view from the top of the church tower in the early morning light was sufficient compensation; "it was splendid," one unbroken sweep of mountains, crags, and forests all defined in the clear dawn. The usual busy day of outstation work ended in "a hurried start back homewards. I had searchings of heart as to my want of a single eye, and desires for renewed consecration."

"*January* 15.—At work with *munshi* again. Evening, Bishop spoke simply on first verses of Matt. ix. I felt as he spoke what a change from the receipt of customs to be evangelist of the ages, what we may become if we only follow Christ.

"*January* 16.—*Munshi* gave me a written examination in Pope's Grammar this morning, not with best results. But I am eager to learn the language quickly. Been here two months to-day, but so little done.

"*January* 21.—Heat greater to-day and trying. This evening first English lecture to educated Hindus. I was very nervous about it, but sought to cast myself upon God. He was so much better than my fears. The hall was full, and some stood outside and round door and windows. Many influential Hindus there. My subject, 'Physical Forces of Universe,' simple and poor enough. May God purge and bless this first effort."

Upon the following Sunday a start was made with a class for young Hindus. "Twelve to sixteen came; I did not count accurate numbers." On the following Sunday nearly thirty came. This class continued to grow in numbers and in influence; and later, when a young man who had not been attending regularly, tried to stir up opposition because of the directly Christian character of the teaching, the class as a whole sided with its teacher. This incident, which might so nearly have ended in the wrecking of the new endeavour, is thus recorded:

"I tried to bear patiently with him, and showed him that to preach Christ was the only reason for my coming here. He calmed down, and the general feeling of the class seemed with me."

So the language study time was lightened by whatever direct spiritual work offered, but Tamil was always well first. In after years there was no uncertain ring in admonitions to young missionaries: "Stick to your language. It's the only way to get it," with, by way of grim comfort, "And if you find it hard, all the better. Nobody ever got it well who didn't!"

Home links were still strong:

"*January* 17.—At English service I preached on the St. James's motto for 1886, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' Found it kindling to my own soul, and do long to live it out.

"*February* 3.—Went to meet Keyworth, our new schoolmaster. May he bring blessing with him. At Provincial Council, many Indian clergy. Subjects discussed: condition of schools in which religious teaching unsatisfactory, and means of evangelising the heathen. One old man strongly recommended voluntary preaching bands, and I acquiesced internally, noting the suggestion for future use.

"*February* 8.—Very unhappy to-night about my Tamil learning and other things. But such unbelief is sinful, for God has so wonderfully helped me hitherto. Never was there a soul who sinned against grace and light as I have done. When shall I be able to say sincerely—Anywhere, Anything?

"*February* 13.—Been here three months to-day. Humiliating thought, what have I done for Christ? Who is the better for my coming?

"*February* 16.—Harvesters busy at work; saw them winnowing the paddy, tossing it in the air loosely with their basket fans, that the dust and chaff might be blown away by the wind. Bishop Sargent reminded me of Him Who will thoroughly purge His floor, and we spoke together of Psalm 1.

"*February* 17.—The first of our fortnightly English lectures in Tinnevelly town this evening. I spoke on Solar Facts and Fictions, seeking to draw attention to the great Creator from the sun of Whose love there is nothing hid. God helped me; but, alas, it is only very indirect yet. May I have grace to realise that each of these men is a soul redeemed.

"Pretty sight as we came home; harvesters from the villages camping down on the river banks were cooking their rice round frequent fires. The bridge looked very picturesque, the many groups of people and their little fires; the joy in harvest. As we went we met groups carrying their harvest baskets homewards: coming again with rejoicing."

About this time he bought a pony for the itinerating work. It proved a difficulty at first, and five times threw its master, who was not an accomplished horseman. His first attempt at horsemanship was upon a friend's pony at Mengnānapuram, where water had to be crossed which was above the stirrups, and a branch hanging across a jungle path caught his ear, which bled profusely.

"While I was striving to staunch the blood with my handkerchief," records the journal calmly, "my pony stumbled and I was precipitated over his head. I felt very like Don Quixote."

Now a fresh attempt was made, but in vain.

"I tried my new pony, but he was beyond my control. However, Finnimore rode him and I rode his." "My new pony is troublesome," he wrote to his sister in March 1886; "strong and fiery; and since I am not a good rider, he tries hard to throw me. But I am taking early morning rides (out soon after 5 a.m.), and by perseverance I hope to be able to ride well enough for itinerating purposes. To poor nervous 'me,' this is part of my preparation and discipline, and has to be done, like the language learning, for the work's sake."

He did learn to ride, and rode many a mile across rivers, over deep sands, through thorny jungles, and by roads not always much better than tracks; and so mastered the art of good riding that his pony grew to know his voice and touch, and would "stand like a lamb to receive his reward, in the shape of a piece of bread or plantain." But eventually horseback was discarded for walking wherever possible, as it led to more unhindered intercourse with Indian fellow-workers.

The nervousness to which home letters occasionally allude was a curious form of that miserable trouble not easily conquer-

able. It was conquered to a great extent, and certainly was never allowed to interfere with duty. But to the end what would have been a mere uncomfortable detail to some, was a real trial to him; rats running round the dining-room at dinner time, for example, or staring crowds and rude noises. Such things greatly afflicted him, and he could not be chaffed out of minding them. But a disagreeable smell was the worst of the worst. This, if he had to endure it, made him quite ill.

"*March* 2.—My Tamil very discouraging. Cannot feel I am making any progress.

"*March* 3.—Bishop told me to-day about Tamils burying images with nails driven through them under the soil which their enemies have to pass over, supposing thus to injure them.

"*March* 10.—Struggles with *munshi*, for he does not see the force of the English and flounders over my translations into Tamil.

"*March* 16.—Long talk with K. about holiness. Alas, that I know so little of it experimentally!"

There seem to have been candid friends at hand, for a journal note is:

"Feel to-night how unsatisfactory my life is before God and men. Was told to-day that some have noticed my cold and reserved manner. May God make me genial in His service!"

a prayer answered, if by geniality is meant that quality of heart which contributes to the life and happiness of others. But the word somehow seems to connote something lighter in vein than his manner was, and it would not be the choice of the more intimate of his friends. Twenty-seven years later a chance acquaintance who met him in the last place he cared to be, a drawing-room, described him thus, "Such a genial man!" The description was detailed to him by his family to his immense amusement. "*You* never accused me of that!" For he was not by nature made for the chit-chat side of life, and took no pleasure in it; and he once scandalised the more orthodox by sympathising with Lord Kelvin, who carried his green note-books everywhere with him, and lost himself in them when

too much bored by talk. "So nice to be back," is a usual entry after even the most pleasant time away from home; and "Isn't it a relief to be quiet?" with a sigh of unmistakable relief, was always the conclusion of a function of any sort, however genially he may have smiled his way through it. It never was that promiscuous concourse of atoms, society so called, which drew his best from him, but intercourse with those with whom he felt affinity.

The sultriness of March was now upon the land, and to the new missionary as to the old, life was a daily struggle of the spirit against the flesh; the journal faithfully reflects the feeling of the hour:

"*March* 21.—Felt heat dreadfully to-day, and so had my reading seriously hindered.

"*March* 28.—Almost too hot to enjoy my Bible. Alas, that the flesh should so prevail.

"*March* 29.—Hot, but not impossible to work."

In the beginning of April a move was made for the nearer hills, upon whose slopes at that time there was a little ramshackle house available for missionary use. A night's journey, and Kuttālam was reached, one of the sacred places of the south, where at certain seasons thousands of pilgrims congregate to bathe in the beautiful waterfall and to worship in the adjoining temple. After breakfast there, chairs roped to bamboo poles were brought for the journey up into the hills. The path crosses and recrosses a mountain stream:

"I drank in the scenery," says the journal, "and thought how much mother would enjoy it. Presently we came to a spot called Paradise (a corrupted word), where the gorge was grandly beautiful. Then still upwards alongside hedges of the scarlet hibiscus. At last reached Tekmalai. The Bishop first called me to his room that we might ask God's blessing on our visit. All round us are mountain peaks with the gorge ravine opening into the plain below us. Goodness and mercy."

Here it was refreshingly cool [thermometer ranging from 70° to 82°, a relief after anything up to 104° in the shade], and

eight or nine hours unbroken Tamil was the order of the day. For recreation there were varieties. An Indian friend, Mr. Appaswāmi Pillai, who was the Bishop's guest at the time writes: "The old Bishop, past seventy as he was, wanted to learn some Hebrew, and placed himself under the guidance of his young companion. I still recall the veneration he had for Mr. Walker's learning and ability." But a characteristically different version of the incident appears in a home letter: "I have been revising my Hebrew along with Bishop Sargent"; and this, as he always enjoyed sharing knowledge, must have been a pleasure. Other pleasures were those common to all dwellers upon Indian hills, climbs, and friendship with the wild things of the woods, among them the black-faced monkey, whose Tamil name, *kapi*, is imbedded in the Hebrew Bible between ivory (*danta*) and peacocks (*togai*), also old Tamil forms, a fact often pointed out to newcomers. Sometimes the spoor of wild elephants was found and traced into the wood. Once a tiger came near the bungalow; and once the Bishop's dog, snatching at a snake, owed its escape to a frog upon which the snake was at that moment gorging. Often there was the delight of the whistling school-boy (Malabar thrush). "You *dear* bird!" as he once called one of its kind after luring it to answer his whistle. But Tamil was the main thing:

"There are some ambiguities in usage and construction which neither my old nor my present *munshi* seem able to explain and unravel. Patience, with God's help."

April 16 was what the journal calls a red-letter day.

"Started at 6.30 a.m., with two schoolboys as my companions, to climb hills at back of Tekmalai bungalow. Surmounted first hill, left boys behind, fought my way up rocks and elephant grass to top of peak next to Mt. St. Rose. In coming back lost my way in jungle. Got down with great effort into valley in other side of mountain to stream. Hoped to follow that down, but came to falls and had to climb into jungle again. Passed falls and made for jungle once more."

Here a home letter goes more into detail:

"My foot slipped, and I was hurled head first down a steep, perpendicular rock. I knew then what it was to be face to face with death. I turned over and over in the air, and expected to fall dead at the bottom, but I found myself lying in a pool of water in the valley stream, with my left leg badly cut and my right shoulder rather painful. I could not help thinking then, God has miraculously saved my life, and the text came to my mind, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.' I bound up the leg-wound tightly with my handkerchief, and climbed up the rocks into the jungle once more. Then I lay down fatigued, and thought I should never escape. God only knows all that passed through my mind as I lay there with swarms of tiger-flies sucking my blood; but one thing I know, I resolved that if ever I were delivered my life should be more fully consecrated to His service. I made another attempt to get away, but now I found myself with steep rocks before me as well as beneath me, and I knew at last that unless God sent help I must perish where I lay."

Here the search party sent out by the Bishop to scour the mountains found him. The journal resumes:

"They tried to make the descent with me, but could not, and so we had to climb back up mountain. They brought me food. By the time we crossed brow of mountain the sun had set, and as we were in steep rocks we were obliged to stay where we were all night, though we were able to make ourselves heard at the bungalow. Propped feet against thickets to prevent our slipping down rocks. The men kindly wrapped me in their cloths. I opened my lips for first time in Tamil prayer, committing ourselves to God. They lighted a fire of wood" [as much for protection from the wild beasts which frequent the mountains, wild elephants, tigers, leopards, as for warmth].

There are some to whom the story was told in after years who cannot forget the solemnity with which it closed:

"And I never knew the meaning of the text in the Psalms, 'My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say more than they that watch for the morning,' until then, when I lay in pain of body, not daring to move lest I should slip down the rocks, cold and tired and hungry, watching for the first sign of dawn. It seemed such a long night; I knew then what it meant to watch for the morning."

Bishop Sargent meanwhile was filled with alarm, knowing the perils of the forest. He wrote about it to the mother at home a letter full of detail, with, as he says, all the sympathy of a father:

"My distress was continued for hours, and you may imagine what my feelings were when after twenty-seven hours I was delighted to take him by the hand and say, 'He was lost and is found.' By nightfall I had got vague intelligence that he was found, but we could learn nothing as to the condition he was in, and I troubled myself all night with fear that he had met with some accident that disabled him from walking. . . . All day long I had some eight men out scouring the hills. I wrote an official letter to the native magistrate of the nearest town, telling him of our trouble, and asking him to send up 100 men as early as possible in the morning."

The fatherly Bishop seems rather to apologise for his charge, explaining that he had been

"so accustomed to climbing at home that he made little account of the hills around. But he had not been ten minutes in making his way through the elephant grass when he found he could not see ten feet before him, and lost all idea of the direction he should take, for he could see nothing of the sky. Not knowing whither he was going, he missed his footing and fell. . . . His shoulder got seriously hurt, and one leg was fearfully cut by a projecting point of rock. His clothes were in tatters, torn by his efforts to make his way through the elephant grass. . . . Confined to the house here, he has been assiduous in his application to Tamil, upon the knowledge of which his future usefulness as a missionary depends. I rejoice to see what an aptness he has for the acquirement of Tamil. Knowing what a difficult language it is, I must say, without any intention of flattery, that I have never known a student from England make the progress he has made in the matter."

The end of the letter must have touched that mother's heart, for the old Bishop assures her that he cannot tell her what a help her son has been to him, and he concludes:

"You will not admire him the less when I say he has become to me as a son. I like the way St. Paul puts it when he says, 'God comforted us by the coming of Titus.' It is true the C.M.S.

sent him out here, but there is a truth beyond that, in which I like to dwell, 'God sent him,' and certainly he has been a comfort to me. . . . I hope you will dismiss from your mind all further anxiety regarding your dear son. His late deliverance from what might have proved a fatal result has become to his mind a second consecration to the Lord's work. May God bless him and make him a useful and bright instrument in His hand for the good of the people of this heathen land."

A few days' semi-invalidism followed; but these offered good opportunities for reading, so Tamil was not interrupted.

"One thing is sure," he writes to his sister, "that God saved me from an untimely death into which my own folly had almost hurried me. My life now, more than ever before, belongs to Him. Surely it is spared for service, and for service only. I want you all to pray that it may be true, earnest, single-eyed service for the Master's glory."

It was not his last experience of escape from serious disablement, if not death. A day or two later a snake was killed on the wall just over his bed; two out of his five pony accidents might easily have sent him home; and once he all but took some poisonous jelly pressed upon him by his unsuspecting nurse during convalescence after enteric. "Some instinct told me not to touch it." But nothing could by any means hurt him then, for his work was not finished, it had hardly begun.

"Got a little insight from *munshi* into terrible state of Indian immorality. Oh for a pure heart myself through Christ!" he writes upon May 12.

This first painful insight was the beginning of a long and exhaustive study in the vernacular as well as in English of Hinduism as a religious system. A working knowledge of Sanskrit acquired later was a help in verifying the translations of modern scholars, and in throwing light upon statements otherwise obscure. It was no ignorant attack which was made through those twenty-seven years upon the strongholds which have not fallen yet. For he had no desire to fight with eyes blindfolded; vain beating of the air was never in his line. So he studied the position and the ever-shifting change of position,

where Hindu thought is concerned; and he read the best that modern writers have to say about it. The true and the noble in the old Vēdas were appreciated by him; he revelled in the finer parts of the three great pure Tamil classics, teaching them to a fellow-missionary, rejoicing in any kindred appreciation of what to him was truth, God's truth, however and by whomsoever expressed; and he used these poems in dealing with the Hindus much as St. Paul used the classics of his day when he referred the Cretans to the Oracles of Epimenides and the Hymn to Zeus, or the men of Corinth to Menander, or the Athenians to Aratus. And yet all the time it was true of him that he knew nothing among the people but Christ and Him crucified, and he had no sympathy with the latest fashion of smiling at the drastic ways of the old missionaries: "They won converts where we don't," he used to say, and he would name notable men of the past generation won from the central fortress of Hinduism. "They did not play with these modern views of philosophy so called; they were in dead earnest, and God owned them." During the last few years it seemed to him that too much emphasis was being laid upon a very intimate knowledge of non-Christian religious thought as a necessary part of the equipment of a missionary; and he considered much of the modern writing on the subject deceptive, and the use of certain words and phrases, now becoming common, misleading. To the end he held, what to him was the very core of truth, that Christ and Him crucified (not Christ as Example and Martyr, but as Saviour and Redeemer) was the one hope of India. Any presentation of the Gospel which appeared to him to be virtually an offer of Christ without His cross, was something to be regarded with keen distress and strong dissent; anything that touched what he held to be the foundation truth of our Christian religion, cut him to the quick:

"Upon a life I did not live,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another's life, Another's death,
I stake my whole eternity,"

he quoted once in a voice deep with feeling. This being his

view of the essentials of belief, the attitude of mind which can regard Hinduism, however speciously dressed out and garlanded, as other than a high thing which has exalted itself against the knowledge of God, was very far from him. "Read one of these modern-view magazine articles and then read a page or two from the Acts of the Apostles, and you seem to be breathing another atmosphere," he said one day, after long companionship with St. Paul; and he breathed that purer, more invigorating atmosphere so much himself, that the air on lower levels stifled him.

"The effect of Hindu philosophy on the thinking people of the country appears to me to be that they will argue about religion by the hour, without in the least feeling the reality of the thing. They will ask you what sin is like, where it is, and such vain questions; instead of facing the fact of sin, its exceeding sinfulness, its ugliness in the sight of a holy God, its certain end of perdition. In other words, the substitution of cold philosophy for heartfelt religion leads to a state of mind which is indifferent to its own deepest needs, while it reasons endlessly about abstruse things. It is like a man arguing about the nature and origin of fire, while his house is blazing round him."

This from an early letter fairly sets forth the result of more ripened experience; and no appreciation of the beautiful in Hindu thought blinded him to the effect it has, as a system of religion, upon the peoples of the land. But the journal has little to say upon these matters as yet, it is still concerned chiefly with Tamil:

"*May* 14.—Bishop encouraged me about my Tamil, but I am far from satisfied myself.

"*May* 19.—Walked up to ridge which forms boundary between Travancore and Tinnevelly. Just getting a glimpse of Travancore district through the thick mist. [Travancore, land of campaigns as yet undreamed of: so thick are the mists which come between to-day and to-morrow's life.]

"*May* 22.—Glad to lay aside secular studies and hail the Star of Sunday.

"*May* 24.—Not very successful day, head heavy and heart hard; yet sun-gleams."

Early June saw a return to Palamcottah. "Felt heat more than ever." The first attempt at Tamil talk was made on June 10, with a young Brahman who knew no English.

"So I was obliged to try and talk Tamil with him. We read and talked about Matt. xi. 28, 29. It was nice to do my first feeble missionary work in a foreign tongue."

This first year brought the first home anxiety:

"I was much disturbed to hear of your sickness by last week's post," he wrote to his mother, July 20, 1886, "and heartily trust that, by God's mercy, you are well again. It is at times like this that one feels the vastness of the distance from England, making it impossible to go and see those we love in sickness, and necessitating such lapses of time before we can even hear of their welfare. But you are safe, I know, in a Father's hand, and the great rendezvous is not to be found in any spot of earth, however sacred, but in His home of light and love, to which in His mercy may He bring us all at last! I think that the great lesson He is teaching me in India is the lesson of His particular providences. Here, more than in England, where life is fenced about by so many safeguards, we should realise our entire dependence upon His momentary care. Were the everlasting Arms absent one moment from 'underneath,' where should we be? Of course this is true everywhere, but not realised everywhere. But it is sweet to know that those Arms are under all His own. The only anxiety we need have is that all we love should acquaint themselves with Him and be at peace. How little, really, are the things of time and sense! But we are long learning the lesson. Oh to look, as Paul looked, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen! Awaiting new tidings, I can leave your welfare in His care: He careth for you."

The ordeal of the first year was now close at hand:

"*July* 26.—Visit from the Mahratta [an enquirer], who must soon decide. Eve of examination, rather in dismay. Lord, help me to do it for Thee.

"*July* 27.—First Tamil examination. Did badly enough, but God's help not deficient. Oh for the tongue of the learned!

"*July* 28.—Safely through my examination; my weak

points being conversation and reading of original letters. Nice to be over first boundary mark. His be the praise."

Years afterwards, this journal, with what its writer called its "groans," was produced for the benefit of a younger learner, then in the thralls of despair. Very patiently and seriously, with full belief in the efficacy of the proferred consolation, the writer thereof read these "groans" aloud. "So you see you are not the first one who has been tempted to be discouraged." "But *you* were discouraged because you had set such a high standard for yourself," the uncomforted student responded gloomily, to be quenched by a crushing, "You know nothing whatever about it!" And the journal was put away in disgust at the denseness which could not perceive that the two cases were exactly parallel. But no questions could have extorted the fact that in this first examination, taken under peculiar difficulties after eight months (instead of a year) of somewhat interrupted study, the percentage of marks gained was about eighty on the whole.

"We have ample warrant, by manifold evidence, by clear experience, for being sure for ourselves that the worth and happiness of life depend just on this—that in the strength which God gives, and in the eagerness of His service, the will should ever be extending the range of its dominion, ever refusing to be shut out or overborne, ever restless in defeat, ever pushing on its frontier."

From the Sermon on *Accidie,* Life of Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford, by Stephen Paget and J. M. C. Crum.

"And he goes on to say," writes his biographer, " how [the dreary mental mood] *accidie* may be fought:—by sympathy with real pain and sorrow; by occupation over such work as does not depend on the weather of the mind—'the comparatively featureless bits of work, the business letters, the mechanism of life, the tasks which may be almost as well done then as ever'; and for a third way—it is strange, indeed, it would be inconceivable if it were not so very common—that a man can look back to Calvary and still be sullen."

CHAPTER IV

First Things Continued. August 1886 to June 1887

"All I want is a truer heart, and a stronger faith, and a constraining love for the work of the Gospel," is a word from a private letter of the time. The immediate work of the Gospel was still Tamil study, so it was resumed with unabated diligence, though the journal "groans" are as profound as ever; for as the silenced but not convinced junior had declared, the standard set was unconsciously high, nothing less than the mastery not only of colloquial Tamil with all its ramifications, a world in itself, but of the higher Tamil, key to the position where the most difficult to reach for Christ are concerned. And the ideal was no mere passing of examinations, but what he used to call "the freedom of the language," power to deal with men in it, power to use it in all its many phases as a mighty weapon for the winning of souls:

"Do you think I am coaching you for the examination?" he said once to the same student whom he was preparing for the final, in the days when he was chief examiner; "I am taking you far past what you require for that; but you will want it afterwards."

This year's reading included the *Rāmāyana*, India's great epic, and specimen sentences from vernacular secular books were collated and shaped into a study in the structure of the language which proved invaluable to others. But it is one thing to know an Indian language and another thing to speak it so as to be understood by the more ignorant section of the people. This last difficulty, with which every true student will sympathise, was finally conquered; and the last but one of

the uncounted Tamil addresses—they must have run into many thousands—was to a churchful of village children, whose delight when "Our Iyer," as they called him, preached, was explained in direct child fashion: "For it is very interesting, because then the sense is clear (Tamil, *shines*) to us." But the beginning held no promise of the future; we walk by faith, not by sight:

"Rather humbled by silly mistakes in my Tamil. Things which I knew quite well. How unprofitable I am! Finished reading the *Prādāpa Mudalliar*, the style of which is excellent Tamil. *Munshi* impressed upon me the fact that all the reading in the world will not take the place of conversation and speech in Tamil, a fact to humble me. Much difficulty in understanding Tamil spoken. Feeling as usual deaf of ear and tied of tongue."

Such are the entries in September; and again, "Disheartened over work with *munshi*. Will it ever?"

The first attempt at open-air work was in November 1886:

"In the evening went with Finnimore to a preaching under a tree, from branches of which a lamp depended. A little pulpit was set. Fair crowd of people sitting on raised mound under tree. Singing and preaching. K. [an Indian brother] and F. spoke; I just concluding, came away much humbled, finding that people with whom I got a word here and there did not understand me at all. Must seek to speak always with all. May God bless the meeting, for His Son was lifted up. Glad of coming Sunday."

Two months later we have another entry: "Tried to speak in a little Tamil address, but came away hopeless about my Tamil. Need of patience. Hail, Sunday!" Again a month afterwards: "Gave little address to boys in boarding-school which humbled me as usual. So thankful for coming Sabbath."

But perhaps only a missionary will appreciate the force of these peculiarly truthful details. Truth that literally peeled off any flattering shreds of self-congratulation, was characteristic of the man, so too was the welcome to the Sabbath:

"Hail, Sunday!—And now for the green pastures of the Sabbath.—Put away my studies to-night with pleasure and

look towards Sabbath light.—So glad of Sabbath ahead.—Welcome the Lord's day. Blessed day, better than a thousand."

And so it goes on, with striking reiteration page after page.

Only ten years later, one who had recently arrived in India, hearing "Walker of Tinnevelly" mentioned everywhere as a sort of general referee whose opinion upon matters of importance carried quite exceptional weight, formed a mental picture of an elderly veteran, and was not a little incredulous when the owner of the name appeared upon a convention platform disconcertingly young. The new arrival, being accustomed to a certain amount of venerableness in persons of importance, and not being created by nature to cry with the crowd, proceeded upon a somewhat searching study of the subject. It was soon evident that a rare combination of spirituality of mind with strong common sense, and a very keen perception into the ways of men and things, accounted for a good deal. But the first distinguishing mark observed was this: his warm affection for the Lord's Day. (Was it like the honest eyes, a family heirloom?) Every hour of the day was a pearl to him. The hours were full enough; any quiet he might have expected, was frequently interrupted by people coming for talks; often by the evening he looked wearier than even on a week day; but the day was rejoiced over, and hallowed; and his careful way of keeping it taught the less careful many a lesson of reverence and godly fear. "A delight, honourable," he used to say, if he heard anyone speak as if it were not the very joy of the week, and nothing tried him more than any thoughtless use of it. Guests in his home will remember how often his favourite George Herbert was brought out at the Sunday evening dinner-table and the poem "Sunday" read aloud:

> "Thou art a day of mirth:
> And where the week dayes trail on ground,
> Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
> Oh, let me take thee at a bound,
> Leaping with thee from seven to sev'n,
> Till that we both being toss'd from earth,
> Flie hand in hand to heav'n."

So, characteristic in detail as in aim, the journal welcomes week by week "the star of Sunday"; and the saddest entries in a record which being sincere is sometimes sad, are those which confess to a lost or impoverished Sunday; while the happiest are lines which chronicle that upon which the writer's heart was set, access to the Eternal.

There was never any exaltation of spirit over public work of any sort, rather the reverse:

"*December* 11, 1886.—Open-air meeting in Tinnevelly town. I wound up by my maiden address on 'I am the Door.' Painfully conscious of my bad accentuation, etc., but God can teach and strengthen. Trust that our gathering was not in vain. Longings to love these souls around and live for Him.—English service fell to me: preached on 'Face to face' (Deut. xxxiv. 10), but not half lovingly or wisely, I fear. My Bible-class; subject, Christ's temptation. Came home disheartened. My lack of power. And yet the Power from on High is promised."

Such entries as these are frequent:

"Evening missionary gathering; I spoke on The Pattern Missionary. To speak to others is to condemn oneself.—My class; came home downcast.—Preached on 1 Tim. i. 11. The glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. Had some liberty, but oh for souls!—Missionary prayer-meeting to-night, which I took. Oh to believe in my own messages!—Usual missionary gathering, I speaking on prayer of Jabez. My spiritual life at low ebb, alas! How can I dare to call myself a missionary?—Missionary gathering, I spoke on John xvi., but can only be ashamed of the difference between such teaching and my own life. I preached on 'When He shall come.' Fear lest I was too harsh; but it is a solemn context.—Bishop on 'My beloved is mine,' very sweet and powerful.—Missionary gathering, which I took. Before Thee, alas, what?"

It is curious to read as the journal shows it, his own feeling about himself and all he did, and then turn to the letters of some of his oldest missionary friends. Mrs. Hayne of Hallashana writes:

"My first recollections are of a very quiet and retiring young man who seemed to me very careless of himself and the sun, and disinclined to the use of an umbrella. He lived first in the

small bungalow in Bishop Sargent's compound, and soon the Bishop spoke of him as a Godson, meaning God-send to him, and we all began to look forward to his Bible-readings on the Friday afternoons at Bishop Sargent's. His preaching, too, in English was always a feast."

As to the Bible-classes for Hindus, Mr. Appaswāmi sets forth, after the manner of the old Indian gentleman, how he took the life of Christ for his subject:

"and discoursed with fascinating eloquence. The Christians who attended those remarkable Sunday classes were edified, and many Hindus were driven by the force of his arguments to acknowledge the Divinity of Christ. Whenever he was in Palamcottah in later years he was pressed to occupy the pulpit, and the news that he would preach in Tamil would always bring a large congregation."

Canon Harcourt, of Ramsgate, adds a touch as telling as Mrs. Hayne's recollection of the antipathy to umbrellas.

"He wrote home for nicely bound hymn-books, and one day surprised the missionary community, at that time unaccustomed to hymn-singing at its weekly gatherings, by cheerfully handing them round. Always afterwards those hymns had an honoured place. It was an innovation, but tactfully introduced. He was wisely chosen for a very difficult position, for he was so tactful and humble."

The position was difficult. The brave old Bishop, worn out after long battling with a painful tropical malady borne with dogged heroism, needed nothing so much as a younger man of character alongside; but such a man had to be as self-effacing as he was independent in spirit if the plan were to work happily; it did work happily, which is all that need be said. But, as he afterwards recognised, the discipline of life under these new conditions was excellent, and he wrote some time later words which bear the mark of experience:

"God has not placed us here to please ourselves. Even Christ pleased not Himself. Our temper must be restrained and our pride humbled, and we must be content to esteem others better than ourselves. It is the little things of everyday life

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which most try us in this respect, and therefore it is in these little things of house and family life that we need to be most watchful."

From the beginning it seemed to those who looked on as if there were a good deal of quiet patience at command, and of forethought to avoid or ensure against ruptures; but where these were inevitable, as was sometimes the case when new work had to be done in new ways, no inward sensitiveness to blame and misunderstanding, no wincing of the spirit from the scourge of the tongue could ever cause the slightest swerving from duty: the will once set was as adamant. "I do not mind what is said about myself, for there is only One to please," he writes in his journal, about a trying episode in which, however, he had the Bishop's sympathy. But he did all he could to put things straight, and at last could write:

"God, I trust, has settled the matter so that all shall live and work in loving harmony. I feel that I am the cause of the trouble, however unwittingly, and must seek for grace to walk circumspectly."

The trouble in question did not recur, and in writing about it in a private letter he is eager to explain the position of the other side, and to make loving large allowances. "Don't give it another thought," was always his attitude towards such things, and a translation [1] which charmed him in 1912, might have been his motto in 1886 and onwards:

"Love does not parade her gifts. . . . She grasps not at her rights; refuses to take offence; has no memory for injuries. Love's flower petals never fall."

But perhaps in so writing we anticipate. From the first there had been a single inflexible purpose, a passionate pursuit after holiness. To quote old words, this soldier of the Cross took holiness for an invincible shield. But the bright side of the shield was not always turned to men. The poor, the suffering, and all the discerning of the little world in which he moved,

[1] From Way's *Letters of St. Paul.*

knew the friendliness of the heart behind it; to the outward ring of observers he was the strong man, the man of iron will, with a brain like a fine lens for perception, and a way about him which commanded respect even where it did not win affection, a force to be reckoned with, rather than a brother to be loved. Like another strong man, he had something of the Boanerges in him, and he had to go through his Patmos, as sooner or later all strong souls must. "Real even almost to sternness sometimes," writes Bishop Morley, late of Tinnevelly, "he had one object in view which he followed to the end." "Real even to sternness," shows the man as he was, and continued to be, where sin which touched his Master's honour was concerned. Real even to tenderness, was the side developed later.

Finally, a sentence from the Bishop of Mombasa, written October 1912, may complete this outward view of one who was always in his own eyes, less than the least:

"The opinion I formed of him then (before Bishop Sargent's death) has never changed during the many years we have known each other: I knew him to be a man of God. What he has been to many in different parts of India will, I think, be summed up in this: A man of God to men, in many and in enriching ways."

"Fear I was too harsh. The Bishop sweet and powerful," is a characteristic sentence from the journal; there are many similar appreciations of fellow-workers' work:

"Went out with F. to village preaching. Nice quiet crowd. F. spoke, and myself stammeringly, K. grandly. Last address full of power—Tamil sermon; Bishop preached on 'How old art thou?' a grand sermon, with application to spiritual birthdays. Evening service, H. preached on Mark x. 13. Little children our pattern for trust, humility, and purity. An address of power, going to my inmost self.—Bishop preached. Alas, I was absent-hearted during the prayers, but the sweet Gospel of the sermon sounded home-like to me.—F. on 2 Tim. iv. 8, a sermon which quite forcibly appealed to me. Came home, as often, feeling so sad and dissatisfied with self, as though I only half believe in Christ. Life a blank without Him, and yet where is my love for Him, my realisation of His presence in these services of privilege? Cannot tell others all I feel, but

He knows. Am I a missionary at all ?—This evening missionary gathering addressed by Bishop on Col. iii. 12. Our need of humility, love. It all applied to me exactly. May I have new grace from to-night. H. spoke simply and sweetly on privilege of Gospel ministry. Feel more and more I am not real. Will nothing wake me up ?—Bishop spoke on Joy of the Lord; very sweet and telling. F. addressed us on latter part of 1 John iii. very faithfully on love. Alas, how true of me in the light of such a passage! If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things. Admire F.'s sterling piety more and more. So thankful for genuineness of all our missionary party. Lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

There could be discriminating criticism, however:

"Much thoughtful matter, though somewhat speculative. Our guest preached on Psalm xxix. 10, but took P.B. version without even saying so, and gave us such a mixture: Christ is our peace, and yet He is not sufficient for our peace; we must cultivate peace. A lot of stuff about being sacramentally justified. But for the beam in my own eye I might well be grieved to-night; it was a painful service to me." "A curious sermon, with no Christ in it," is the most scathing criticism of the year.

About this time the Rev. F. E. Wigram, Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S., visited Tinnevelly:

"I was struck by the way in which he is looking under all the appearances of external success for real eternity work and consecrated life.—Mr. Wigram and son left to-day. Had a little talk about future prospects of work here with me before he went. Who is sufficient? His visit has been cheering and searching to me."

But viewed quite impersonally, such visits were never in his opinion satisfactory: a home letter of November 5 touches upon this:

"He will go away with rosy ideas of it [Tinnevelly], for he only saw the show part of the work. I should like to trot him out into the heathen towns and Brahman villages, where the darkness is almost unbroken. However, that cannot be, for there is only time for the sights. I should say that his tour will fail just in this point. He is pressed for time, and so can only

visit the chief mission stations. At each of them the missionary will be sure to have on his Sunday best for the occasion, and so he will carry away coloured ideas of missionary work. He ought to take a second tour, to see what is left undone. That would give the other side. We are thankful as we look back, and hopeful as we look forward. But it is quite a mistake to think that the Christian Church has made a very great impression on heathendom yet. Even in Palamcottah, for our hundreds of nominal Christians, we can show thousands of real heathen, and we are supposed to be in the very forefront of victory; while heathen Tinnevelly town, 3 miles away, reminds us forcibly enough that Satan still reigns in our midst."

"Going diligently through C.M.S. report. Missionary work seeming so different when one is actually in India."

Three days later:

"I finished reading C.M.S. report. Have thoroughly enjoyed it. The zeal of fellow-missionaries is inspiring. Hannington's Life reached me to-day sent by mother:—thrilled with his life. . . . Finished Hannington's Life, for which life, glory to Him Who made him what he became by grace."

The first records of clerical duty in the new language are too characteristic to omit:

"*September* 16, 1886.—Trying ordeal this morning. Baptised, with help from Tamil clergyman, a child in Tamil language. I was very nervous at this my first essay in official Tamil work" ["so nervous over it that my hand shook," he writes in a home letter].

"*May* 1, 1887.—Day of calm and help. For the first time read Tamil prayers at our little service, not without nervousness."

The reader will pardon a pause. To those who knew the writer of these entries only in later days it will appear almost incredible that there ever could have been nervousness; there was such apparently perfect ease in all "official" Tamil work that any sense of its being official was entirely lost, and his intense reverence of manner vitalised everything. For the Church Service, with its heritage of riches, was a delight to him, and he caused it to open out its wealth to others by the reverent, joyous, real way in which he dealt with it. Once

in an hour of severe pain a friend sent for him. The sick-room was dark, for not a ray of light could be borne. "I only want the Te Deum," was all that was said; and he repeated it slowly through. When the last stanza was reached, the room was bright with the mercy of the Lord.

And the first baptism: "Christ sent me not to baptise but to preach the Gospel," was a not infrequently quoted word, and he was never anxious to baptise; but no one who after earnest preparation brought to him either little child or convert, will forget the sympathy and strong co-operation which quickened faith, until it did indeed "give form and substance" to the good things claimed. The first baptism has been recorded; the last has a pathos of its own. There had been brought to him three, a young Hindu woman and two little children, nurslings greatly beloved, "For I cannot enter into the blessings of the Covenant alone," she had said. So they were baptised together, he stepping down into the water first, she following; and the children were brought to him last. So the last, as the first, to be welcomed by him into the outward and visible Church, was a little child.

All through those months the Sunday Bible-class was continued, and enquirers were taught when they could be helped in English. A baptism of the time was one of great interest. Some months previously a fire had broken out in the Tinnevelly theatre. There was the usual panic: many were burnt, or crushed to death in the mad rush for life.

"One youth tried to escape by climbing up the pagoda, laying hold of the little images with which the tower is studded," says a home letter of the time. "When he had passed safely a little way, the image which he was grasping broke off, and he fell down and was killed. Part of the *vēshti* [loin-cloth] still flutters on the tower to tell the tale."

Only a few escaped, among them a young man who was dragged out alive from under a heap of charred corpses. Upon the following Sunday, at the hour of morning service, he with another young man attended the Christian church. The Bishop's text was, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" his illustra-

tion, the late fire. The living "brand" was convicted and converted. At his baptism he chose the name Arputhajīvi [miraculous life].

Faith is not hard to the new missionary. He expects tokens for good, and, thank God, sees them, though perhaps not often in such wise; so it was with quickened hope that the young Mahratta of the previous chapter was welcomed, when after withstanding all his father could do to draw him back, he confessed Christ openly and asked for baptism. "Hope he is true," is one rather cautious entry; but in the opinion of those best able to judge he was true, and he was baptised. "He has my special interest," is the entry in the journal the night before this baptism. What must the joy of that first sheaf have been? "Sweet first-fruits" are very sweet, and first-won spoils of battle something which can never be forgotten. For a time all went well; then, "saddened by unsatisfactoriness in Mahratta, seems certain he has fabricated wilful falsehoods all along," and a letter to his sister says:

"One of our recently baptised youths, in whom I was greatly interested, has turned out a bad lot. Just one of those bitter drops which missionaries have to drink. Fair promise, and apparent sincerity covering over the fickle heart. I couldn't help weeping about him. However, facts are facts, and we must be honest in declaring them."

These, not the mere physical trifles of life, are the trials of the missionary, wounds which cut deep into the soul and leave scars that never heal.

"But there is no life like the missionary's," was the rejoicing testimony years afterwards; "My watch stopped on board ship on my way to England, it no more liked leaving home than I did," he wrote in 1893: and yet for him, as for many another, the first months were haunted by that vague sense of profitlessness and loneliness which cannot be conquered, but has to be borne till the new roots grow, and life becomes full and rich again, fuller and richer than ever. Often in after years young missionaries fresh to the country, wondered at the quick intuition which seemed

to divine what they felt, and met the unexpressed need by some kindly touch of sympathy, as likely as not unspoken, only shown; sympathy never of the maudlin "pity thyself" type, but of that bright, bracing character which tightens up the sinews of the soul. Such a gift, the gift of spiritual perception and power to speak the word in season to him that is weary, was, as the entries in the journal and a rare letter or two tell, the fruit of experience of that form of temptation which attacks one whose life has been crowded with work at home, when the tameness and the pettiness of first essays into usefulness tease the spirit with the sense of the trivial, and the temptation comes to lose sight of the joy on before, in the cloud of the lonely present: "Who for the joy that was set before Him *endured*," was a favourite word with him; but he learned by the things which he suffered:

"Presiding over Middle School examination [which meant sitting in a chair with a watchful eye upon the boys] a weary day of work which seems no work from missionary point of view. Yet even the monotonous ought to be consecrated. . . . Most of day spent in helping to sort things for Christmas tree. No Tamil done; been very idle. Conscious of spiritual declension, neglecting Creator-love, and yearning after creature-love. Sad feelings of solitude, inexcusable because He is enough, and gives me abundance of every good. . . . One of my down days: when shall I be satisfied with Christ alone? Trials and conflicts. Weary of the way, yet know that grace suffices. The still waters of Sabbath rest ahead. Unsatisfaction even in Christian society, none but Christ can satisfy. Walking, though among friends, in a solitary way. Feeling rather lonely and much dissatisfied with self. Sat on a bridge and thought and thought."

He wrote to his sister:

"*November* 6.—I have been having rather a 'down' time. Cessation from active service does not improve one's spiritual tone, and I find everywhere in myself failure and unsatisfactoriness. What I am feeling the need of, is a real faith in the Person and Work of the Son of God, and a soul-absorbing communion with Him. Face to face with those who are ignorant

of saving truth, you are obliged to see well to your own foundations. Love is our great object, love to Christ, producing love for perishing souls. May He shed it abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost Who is given unto us. I enjoy my Sundays here thoroughly, such opportunities for laying study of other things aside and turning Godwards."

And again in December :

"I am glad to hear of the mission stirs. These are times of great activity and privilege. Perhaps the danger lies now not so much on the side of lethargy as on that of neglecting the cultivation of personal religion. It is easy enough (at least so I find it) to go from one meeting to another, and to fill up the day busily with multifarious occupations, but it is not easy to live in the spirit of prayer and in continual drawing from one's Bible. And, after all, it is not the great rush which accomplishes results, but the steady flow of spiritual power from on high.

"I get very disheartened about my Tamil. Sometimes I think that I never shall learn. Certainly, I shall never have that freedom in speaking it which we have in English. I am just beginning to be thoroughly tired of inaction, and don't believe I can possibly endure another year of it. I must do something or other soon. However, God will guide. At least, I am having time to look into my own deadness of heart and unreality of life. I trust the outcome will be a more sincere faith and a more fervent love. I don't think I ever had such despondent times before, as I have here sometimes, and I suppose it is because there is too much opportunity for brooding. There is nothing like preaching Christ to others for strengthening one's own faith in Him.

"It is too terrible to think of eternal things, except as we kneel at the throne of grace, sprinkled as it is with the Saviour's blood. Oh that Thou wouldst bless us indeed!"

But buried in the midst of self-searching and depression in the journal, there is a brave little word: "Brighter day; more reconciled to solitude;" and he wrote to his mother :

"Remember me to G. I wish he knew what a joy it is to be a servant of Christ. I would not exchange my lot, cast as it is so far from all I held dear, for that of the happiest at home. Surely a Saviour Who can bring us to this must be a reality."

The heat tried a frame never robust, and built for a cool climate: "Anywhere but the tropics," had been the dictum of one doctor; but when, as we have seen, the need had arisen in S. India, whatever doubts he may have entertained as to the sincerity of his "Anywhere," the committee apparently had no such misgivings; so to India he was sent. But the soaking heat touched him in his weakest place, and private home letters and his journal show the struggle begun which continued to the end:

"The difficulty in a climate where nature is reluctant to read or pray, is to maintain proper communion with God. I always feel weary when bedtime comes and ready to lie down for a stretch; as Mr. Latham said, it is prose, not poetry." "Did little, but tired enough by night."

"These little things," as he calls the smaller disabilities of life, were burdensome, as they seemed to hinder service. "Find my powers of endurance decreasing," is a rather distressed entry; but the prayer of a certain Monday, following the joyful word, "Truly a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand," was surely abundantly answered: "Only let me be strong enough for Thy work."

Towards the middle of May 1887, Bishop Sargent pressed the final language examination, knowing that the ten months' study had much more than covered the required ground. The journal, however, fears, as usual:

"*May* 18.—Appaswāmi Pillai kindly came to converse in Tamil, but somehow I lose all heart. A big struggle all this for me. . . . Eve of examination. Oh to be of some use in fulfilling the missionary command!

"*May* 19.—Tamil written examination under difficulties, for my head was bad all day.

"*May* 20.—Tamil examination again, written, and *viva voce*, so that all is finished except the conversation part. The Lord fit me for His service! Feel more and more the difficulty of acquiring Tamil. Another Tamil conversation with A. P."

The *viva voce* was concluded a few days later. "Heat rather trying, but what cause for thankfulness!" On June 2nd there

is this brief record : " Results of my examination known to-day. It pleased God to grant me an honourable pass." His marks were 529 out of a possible 600.

" Truly God is good," concludes the journal as it ends the story of the First Things ; " and now wisdom for my coming work ! "

"Oh, let me live in Thy realities,
Nor substitute my notions for Thy facts."

GEORGE MACDONALD, *Diary of an Old Soul.*

CHAPTER V

Letters between November 1885 and June 1887

THERE are few missionaries who, after years have brought wisdom, would care to see their first letters in print. Those who in the innocence (and foolishness) of their hearts have allowed such things to be exploited have usually lived to regret it. But the sagest of seniors will not find much unsuitable matter in the letters of this novice; he had learned to observe what he called a holy reticence before he came to India. These letters are extremely characteristic. It was like him, for instance, to fear publicity, like him too to avoid ruptures, and to do all that in him lay to help others to steer clear of the rocks. Years afterwards it fell to his lot to be frequently consulted about certain workers, good and true at heart, but exceedingly difficult to get on with, as they had an uncomfortable habit of taking offence at trifles: "Leave them alone and they'll come home, and carry their tails behind them," was all he would usually say; and the counsel followed invariably led to peace.

To Mr. Edgar Pritchard, Hon. Secretary of the Mpwapwas, that band of keen young men whom he left behind at St. James's, Holloway:

"*February* 5, 1886.—I have not seen the C.M.S. periodicals this month, but I understand they contain notices of our little company. I am rather afraid of publicity, as it opens out the way for pride. May God keep you all very humble at His feet, seeking, above all, to shine for His glory, first and foremost, in the home and in the house of business. I do not believe that God ever blesses in missionary work those who forget to glorify Him in their lowlier and smaller spheres. . . .

"Let the Mpwapwas look out for the jewellery of their male and female friends, and beg them for the missionary box; or, to

be still more practical, let all the members think of little useless luxuries which they can forego for the sake of the great Master's work." "We can deny ourselves for Christ's sake, that we may have the luxury of giving to His cause," is a word from a later letter.

"*April* 9, 1886.—My first Vicar's wife in Stratford used to say that I was never satisfied on the missionary question. I am sure the Master Himself is far from satisfied, as He looks down on the gross darkness which envelops the peoples of the earth. I am sorry to hear of the dissension in the company of Mpwapwas. We cannot possibly prosper in missionary enterprise if we are divided. The secret of the success of the C.M.S. has always been that her supporters rallied with one mind and object round her simple purpose to preach the pure Gospel to every creature. You must strain a point somewhere to procure unity; and it will be better to settle down on your constitution as now modified, rather than to be restlessly adding new Acts of Parliament. It is much better to have a few simple, lucid rules, and stick to them through thick and thin, than to risk divisions by innovations. Of course, I would say when changes are necessary and advisable, make them; but do it gently and cautiously, and not too frequently. You see I am very conservative.

". . . I hope Mr. M—— has got the C.M.S. fever. I shall rejoice to hear that he is stirring you all up, raising the C.M.S. total, and still more that he is coming out to the work himself. Since I left, you have only given the two next curates to the work at home. It is high time that you gave another to work abroad."

The Mpwapwas gave themselves. Since the founding of the band, June 29, 1885, twenty-three have offered for foreign missionary work, and seventeen have been accepted for work abroad; many others are in active work at home.

To the Mpwapwas:

"*June* 22, 1886.—The Mpwapwas must make up their minds that with God's blessing there shall be no going back. 'Forward' must be the word.

"The threatened retrenchments, mentioned in the annual C.M.S. report, must not be suffered for one moment. What! go back when the door is wide open! By God's help, never! May every member of our little society this new missionary year be humble, zealous, wholehearted. By the by, I cannot tell

you how thankful I am that all the variances are settled peaceably. Let the division be not in the ranks at home, but in the fact that some are taking the field and so become 'Associates' indeed, in the blessed work of winning the heathen for Christ. This is the only division we ought to admit, and this is really not division, but closer unity. When some of you, like myself, if God grant you the honour, are far away from home and friends, you will discover that there is a union far closer than any which is cemented by fleshly ties; it is the union which binds spirit to spirit, quite independent of material things, in other words, it is the communion of saints.

"I do not forget the need of the work in England, and I am deeply interested in the open-air services and other evangelistic agencies; but the stir of action at home is sure to keep the work glowing there. The danger is to be indifferent to the claims of the distant and unseen.

"Sometimes I look back, in pleasant memory, to the happy work at home. It was work which I really loved, and for which I was perhaps better fitted than I am for the difficulties of missionary work. But the call is loud and the volunteers are few; and to me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Already Palamcottah has a home feeling about it to me, though I hope one day to be literally homeless, itinerating for Christ's sake and the Gospel's:

> "I only pray, God fit me for the work;
> God make me holy and my spirit nerve
> For the stern hour of strife."

To his mother:

"*October* 15, 1886.—I am glad that some people are getting their eyes opened to the fact that pleasure-garden entertainments are not conducive to spiritual improvement. It is a pretty confession to make to the world that we have no joy in our religion, but must seek it at broken cisterns! As a young missionary lady said to me once, speaking of such things during our voyage out: 'I find Christ enough.' Surely, to the Christian whose religion is not all a sham, there ought to be more joy in praising his Saviour and listening to His words, than in all the paltry, artificial amusements of the world. It is the whole truth, Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Let people say what they will about being narrow and straitlaced and too particular, and so on. Why should we not confess with all

humility and joy that we find God Himself our highest good and our greatest bliss? If there be a God Who loves us, surely it is only reasonable to suppose that the highest attainable privilege of man is to know Him, and to love Him, and to be like Him. 'Having loved this present world' is the test which we must write up over the other system, no matter under how much ecclesiastical patronage it may be carried on. 'My joy shall be in the Lord' was the decision and determination of Bible saints.

"I am just reading 1 Peter, where the two linked thoughts running through the whole are suffering and glory. The sufferings of Christ and the glory which should follow, our sufferings and the glory which shall follow. The darkness of suffering is gilded by the light of the approaching glory. If we are truly partakers of Christ's sufferings, we shall also be partakers of His glory. It was wonderful grace which brought Peter to be a witness of the sufferings of Christ. How thoroughly once he had been ashamed of the suffering Jesus. But now he had learnt the lesson that such suffering was not shame but glory, and his first epistle is full of the glory of his changed mind. He had been 'converted' now from his shame and failure and weakness, and so 'strengthened his brethren' for all time with his bold and sanctified expression of the truth. 'If any man suffer as a Christian' (he does not deny that Holy Name now), 'let him not be ashamed.'"

To his sister:

"*October* 30, 1885.—Never mind A.'s hints and uncharitable remarks and suspicions. Do your work for Christ, and seek the souls for whom He died. What we have to do is to study to show ourselves approved unto God, not as pleasing men, but God which trieth the hearts. He will honour all feeble efforts which are put forth for His glory, and there is joy in His presence over every sinner saved, no matter what suspicions there may be on the part of the orthodox (so called) leaders of religion. What we want is humility and love. If I could only make sure of those for myself, how willingly I would let everything else go.

"I often look back longingly to the Sunday night services at the Lecture Hall. Oh that there souls may live before Him! If one may only meet some of them, many of them, in the Father's home, what joy it will be! But I fear that many

are yet in their sins. Surely that work, so close as it was to my heart, has taught me how utterly useless is all work except God's own work.

"*December* 26, 1886.—Never mind A.'s mistaken notions. Seek to like him all the better, and go on steadily with the work. If God owns it, it matters not who else disowns. I have been sending to some for the New Year that word from the 22nd Psalm, 'Cast upon Thee.' Let that be our attitude and all will be well.

"*Undated.*—Tell F. [a relative] that I am surprised at his going to a separate church because of choir attractions. What is the use of his complaining of ritualism and so on, if he does not practise what he preaches? For myself, I had enough of musical services in Stratford, and want no more. Where are we told in the Bible that 'the choir is the power of God unto salvation'? And when men try to preach that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation, it offends fastidious tastes for its plain-spokenness. Oh that we English people thought less about the messenger and more about the glorious message! 'I don't like his preaching, he is too personal. He doesn't prepare his sermons,' is commonly said about men who come from their knees before God to speak simply and pointedly to dying souls."

To the Mpwapwas:

"*January* 8, 1887.—I am glad to hear of the Mpwapwas at work, but do not desiderate for them too much publicity. Humility is the attitude, as love is the mainspring of all missionary effort.

"We have entered on a New Year. May it be a year of real progress with us all! Not our glory, but His, must be our aim. The more we can keep ourselves hidden in the background, hidden by the folds of the banner which we wave, the better both for ourselves and our work. I would say, study to do well whatever is to be done. Aim at quality rather than quantity. The addresses which Mpwapwas give should be good ones, the result of much study, much prayer, much love. That God may make you a band of young men who shall count nothing dear if only Christ may be glorified, and who shall lie low at His feet in the willing spirit of 'Here am I, send me,' is the prayer and wish of your friend and brother in the field. Let each look to his own heart, let each be honest and true in his religious life,

let each study to know more and more of the Master's missionary work in the past and in the present."

To his friend:

"*March* 5, 1887.—I am learning lessons and doing the little things of my novitiate as they come to hand. It is one thing to labour with fair success at home and quite another to work in the missionary field. Out in this part every missionary, no matter how experienced before in home work, has to win his spurs. I have got to win mine before I can be called a missionary indeed. Tamil is not learned in any fair sense of the word by sitting still, it is a real struggle. I like the language very much, and trust that in time I may learn to speak it with comfort and ease; but it will need much practice before that comes to pass. . . .

"Only, my dear brother, seek grace for yourself and your fellow Mpwapwas to be very low. Don't be carried away by rush of engagements into a sense of impatience, or into hot feelings of friction when things don't go smoothly. You know the spirit in which I say this as one of yourselves, 'last of all and servant of all.'

"I am looking to my return from the hills this year as, D.V., the end of my probation period and the beginning of my actual work. Will you all pray specially that I may have the needed liberty of speech and the wisdom requisite for planning the campaign? It will be grand to get into real harness again with a little company of young men to help me. The people listen on the whole willingly, at our open-air services. But they are so blind; Satan, the god of this world, has had his way so long in heathendom that the blindness of souls is of a very desperate character. Only the other night, after our preaching and concluding prayer, I heard a poor heathen man crying, 'Siva! Sivā! Sivā!' Poor souls, to trust in such a God as Siva, whose abominable deeds, according to their own books, are execrable."

To one tempted to spiritual depression:

"*April* 1, 1887.—I feel quite as strongly as you on the subject of personal unworthiness; but, if you will allow me to say so, I think you talk a great deal too gloomily. Surely we ought to be thankful and joyful? Our Saviour is not a hard slave-driver, but a loving Master. Instead of wasting time bemoaning our unworthiness, we should often do better to be on our knees

thanking Him that it is His righteousness, not ours, which God looks upon. The true remedy for prayerlessness is an honest effort to right the wrong by determined prayer. How we wrong a gracious God by gloominess in religion! Sit as low as you will before Him, but at least rejoice in His salvation. Seek to be glad and content with His will, and to fill the sphere which He assigns so as to glorify His name. I feel sure that we need to watch carefully against anything like bitterness in our religion. We may groan because of sin; but at least let it be in private, and let others see only the light and the joy. How often I have felt, since coming to India, that I have no right to teach others; but it would simply ruin my work to let such secret misgivings come out before others. The fact is, we want a great deal less of looking at self; for self-esteem is really at the bottom of these things, and a greal deal more of looking at Christ. Day by day we are to trust and to labour. To-morrow is as distant as eternity, for anything we know. We have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we may trust wholly in God Who raiseth the dead. So here is a little sermon for you from a lonely mountain spot in distant India, and comes from one who knows what the depths are from experience."

To his sister:

"*May* 12, 1887.—I often miss my books. I should ask you to arrange about sending at least some of them out to me, but I don't know yet how I shall be fixed. The other missionaries here are able to have their books of reference, but then I have no proper home to call my own, and so I don't like to fix anything. If another comes out to join me this year, he will probably have to live in Palamcottah at least one year for language learning, and in that case would have to occupy my quarters. Perhaps by the time one of our friends goes home on leave, I shall be able to see more definitely whether it will be better to be bookful or to continue almost bookless."

To the Mpwapwas:

"*May* 23, 1887.—All the publicity which as a band of missionary workers you have attained, involves with it a great responsibility. You must see to it, therefore, that you slack not in the good enterprise, and that the life and conduct of every Mpwapwa may be such as to commend the Gospel of our God and Saviour in all things. Let the voice of Jesus be the call

that urges us onward and forward, and let the glory of the Saviour be our one desire and aim. To obey Him and to spread far and wide His glorious Gospel is that in which true manliness consists. Do seek, therefore, that your meetings may not merely be pleasant social gatherings (I trust they will be that), not merely a rendezvous for those who wish to consult together as to parish and other work; but a real means of grace in which you shall find the great Lord of the vineyard Himself present to bless and refresh you. Every week ought to find you growing in missionary knowledge and warming in missionary work. To know what is being done in the foreign field and to bear up the workers and the work in the arms of faith before the mercy-seat, these are by no means secondary things: brethren, pray for us."

To his friend and to the Mpwapwas:

"*May* 23, 1887.—We can't afford to be divided. If every one of us be ready and willing to be last of all and servant of all, we shall be able to put up with many seeming slights. . . .

"That I may have wisdom to proceed aright, fluency of speech in the Tamil language, a yearning desire to win souls for Christ, and grace to be both in life and service all for Jesus, let me solicit earnestly your individual and united prayers."

To his friend:

"*June* 30, 1887.—My own tent is pitched close by my little bungalow, and is now all ready for use. The tailor is sewing away at a second one on the grass in front, rigging up some old material to serve for a time at least. I feel now that I would give a good deal to have a European fellow-labourer to pray and consult with, but I suppose it may not be. The C.M.S. are sending us a good man out this year, Carr, a Cantab; but I fear that he will be required for more settled work. Still, I think it is a great mistake not to have a strong itinerancy in every old mission field. They could stir up the Christians by the way, and make something like a sensible attack on the stronghold of heathendom. To have only one, whose health may give way (for who knows?) at any time, with no one coming forward to learn the language and take up the work, is surely a great mistake. Of course, one is better than none at all; but I am sure it is not a wise arrangement, though I know that there are calls from every side. However, the Mpwapwas must do their

part. Here I am, one of themselves, and they must strengthen me by their united prayers.

"*June* 30, 1887.—Try as a little company of God's young men not to get too many irons in the fire. It is much better to have a few and make them really hot. It is your privilege, I take it, to pay special attention to one, the missionary iron. If I mistake not, it is the best conductor of heat amongst all the irons of parochial machinery. If it gets well heated, it has a wonderful influence in warming all the rest. Attend well to it; make it very hot.

"May practical consecration be the object set well before you all, the humility which is willing to be last of all, the surrender of self which leaves God to order and send, and the love of Christ which makes His service the brightest joy on earth."

"Am I uncharitable in the surmise that materialistic ideas, and plans, and schemes, and problems bounded too strictly by the horizon of time and of the life that now is, are clouding from the sight of modern missionary writers, and students, and enthusiasts, and experts, the one great object of missions, namely, *salvation*? What is needed is to open the eyes not of the intellect so much as of the inner man, the soul, the immortal being; to turn all men by the Word and Spirit of Christ from darkness into light. . . . Let us care more unreservedly for the things which are Jesus Christ's, and not so much for problems and schemes and plans which place these things in the background too much, or in a subsidiary position."

Ven. Archdeacon A. E. Moule.

CHAPTER VI

Camp: July to December

India, as every one knows, lives for the most part in villages and old remote country towns. Here the life of the land goes on as it has gone on for centuries, hardly affected by new influences, hardly enough concerned in them to care to awaken itself and respond. Not that it is asleep: there is an apparent sleep something like the sleep of a pool with big ancient trees round it; drop a stone into the pool and there is a ripple; wait, and all is very still. But underneath there is movement all the time, the pool is not asleep. So the villages and towns lie in the hot sunshine as if dreaming their lives away; and if they open to admit an occasional interruption from outside, it is only to close into quietness after its departure, and yet the busy, interesting life goes on underneath and the sleepiness is only apparent. Those who have lived in the midst of this old life know how full of agitation it can be, for all its upper surface of Oriental calm. Those who have had the chance to bring it something good and vital, know with what hope they approach it.

Camp life began on Tuesday, July 5. The day before was given up to preparation, packing of tents and *sāmān* (impedimenta of all sorts). And that day this prayer from Bishop Andrews (1648) was copied down upon a half sheet of paper and slipped into the back of the journal:

"Be thou, O Lord, within me, to strengthen me; without me, to watch me; over me, to cover me; under me, to hold me up; before me, to lead me; behind me, to bring me back; round about me, to keep off mine enemies on every side."

"Lord, go before," is the last entry, written just as the jingle of bullock bells in the compound told all was ready for

the start. "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence."

And now for the prosaic details:

"*Tuesday 5th.*—Travelled last night by moonlight to Kōpālasamuttiram [the long name will inspire sympathy in the imaginative. Here is another, Sankaranāinārkoil, a town visited later]. Found my tent pitched in nice *tōpe* [grove of trees]. Took possession of what is likely to be my house for the rest of my life. About 6 a.m. we went off to a preaching in the village; afterwards, at request of people, I conducted prayer in the little Christian church. Catechists came to assist us in our work here. Began to re-read my Hebrew Psalter when alone. After breakfast, prayers in tent, several of the village Christians joining us. Afterwards, being alone, I read three chapters in the Vishnu *Purānam*. About 5 p.m. we went off to the Brahman quarter, about half-mile distant, but the Brahmans would not listen, so we had to leave them sadly. Then had a preaching in another spot with a fair crowd of people; addresses, taking subjects in order: Unity of God, Sin, One Way of Salvation. At 7 p.m. we had another service in church.

"I am not feeling a bit lonely, but only long for wisdom for the work.

"*Wednesday, 6th.*—Went off at about 6 a.m. to village about a mile distant; simple folk listening with fair attention. Afterwards went on with Psalter.

"Afternoon, some Brahman boys and youths to see me. Evening preaching, fair and attentive congregation. Afterwards went for prayer to Christian house.

"*Thursday, 7th.*—Rode on to Seval in moonlight. Open-air preaching at 6.45 a.m. Good, attentive crowd. Read afterwards as on previous days. Showed Wordless Book to some children who came to tent. Evening preaching in open spot not far from Brahman quarter. Very large crowd, amongst whom many Brahmans. On the whole, capital attention, but oh for souls! Afterwards conducted prayers in Christian church. Freedom in Tamil, power to win souls: Lord, give me these!

"*Friday, 8th.*—Yesterday a catechist came to assist. Morning preaching at Kīrseval. Little crowd, some listening patiently. Read as usual, including three chapters of Vishnu *Purānam*. [A later entry is, 'Finished Vishnu *Purānam*, and thankful to put away such a mixture of abstruse nonsense and carnal impurity. How different Thy light and Thy truth!']

Evening, preached at village about three miles north-west of this; fair crowd of humbler classes, with only a few Brahmans. Back just before dark.

"*Saturday, 9th.*—Morning, went to a village about half a mile distant. Several Vellalars and group of lower orders. One man argued and interrupted much, but afterwards he was answered fully and listened to us willingly. Admitted that Hinduism is a 'Way of spiritual starvation' and the *Purānas* fiction. Received from me a copy of St. John's Gospel, and the *Guide of the Blind* [poetical booklet which uses Hindu poets' words to point towards truth]. May God make the former light to his soul. English mail reached me, all the sweeter for my tent loneliness. Evening, went to village about a mile distant, where there is a Brahman quarter. A fair number of Brahmans heard us gladly and without interruption or mockery. To-morrow we are to rest and mingle with the Christian congregation. Thank God for the Sabbath.

"*Sunday, 10th.*—Morning service at 8, conducted by the superintending schoolmaster in charge of congregation. What a contrast all is to the stately services of England, but the same Gospel. Second service at 12.30, at which I made my first essay in the way of a church Tamil sermon on Acts xi. 26: 'Disciples first called Christians at Antioch.' Not much leisure for private study, as visitors came to tent. A Brahman, several Muhammadans, etc., and a little company of Muhammadan children who would not be gainsaid, and to whom I had to show some pictures and try to tell some Bible stories. Evening service, 7.30; short, with nice clear address by Subamani on 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.' The Lord's day, though under new circumstances.

"*Monday, 11th.*—Morning preaching near the Seval Brahman quarter, attentive little audience of the intelligent classes. Visit from more Muhammadans with their local spiritual guide, an ignorant kind of man. They could tell us of no way of salvation in their religion, so we told them of Jesus. Preparing to move to Shermadēvi; saw the tent down before I started. Evening to Pattumadai, on our way to Shermadēvi for a preaching; good crowd. Bore our testimony and came away. Rode into Shermadēvi just in time to see the tent arrive, and had to wait quietly till it was pitched."

This first week's journal is like a finger-nail sketch of life as the itinerator finds it. The colours were left to be painted

in when their true values were determined. Enquirers, converts—these blessed later enrichments to the plain black and white of itinerating life—are indicated throughout the journal rather than clearly shown. For there are some colours which require time to prove them. Expose them too soon to the glare of the day, and you lose them for ever. But apart from that, it was almost comically true of him :

> "Hints haunt me ever of a More beyond;
> I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
> Of a completion oversoon assumed—
> Of adding up too soon."

Tamil, as every true student will understand, is still as engrossing as ever. "Disheartened again over Tamil: can't write idiomatically a bit," is a journal entry; and to his sister he writes :

"It takes such a long time to get into the ins and outs of these Indian languages, and then, though you may know how to speak and what word to use, there is the enormous difficulty of proper pronunciation. However, on we go, trying and struggling."

And later :

"When I reach Palamcottah, I shall, I think, spend five or six weeks there, for I want to have my *munshi* again and go on with Tamil study. I am only a stammerer in it yet, and it is an endless kind of language, which requires a lifetime's study to do it justice."

The writing and speaking of idiomatic Tamil became his strong point. "He knows our language better than we know it ourselves," was the not infrequent remark of both scholar and rustic; and there is a true story extant to the effect that a pundit engaged to read with him, suddenly left his chair and sat on the ground at his feet, "for you are my pundit," he said.

"The town where I am quartered," continues a camp letter, "is a typical Tinnevelly town, street after street of mud-walled houses, all with their worst side turned to the street; little shops or bazaars here and there, cows and buffaloes wandering about at will, here and there a pariah dog snarling at you as you pass, fowls picking up what they may in the roadway, and so on."

This shows a country town in its material aspect once and for all. Spiritually, it is usually a place of stagnation:

"Modern Hinduism, with its all-embracing idolatry and its theory of transmigration, just keeps its captives in peace; that is, a Satanic peace which can be broken effectually by none other save the Stronger One Whose word is truth and Whose Gospel is liberty,"

is how it struck the young itinerator. Years afterwards he put it thus: "Dead, deader, deadest. But I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life."

There was a break caused by a passing illness, then a fresh tour with the ordinary routine and the varying experiences common to all such work: crowds, attentive and the reverse; visitors to the tent, hopeful talks, and hours when it seems as if words fell without effect; contact with Christians in the different camping villages; reading and prayer with Indian fellow-workers; daily Tamil study, and that which was meat and drink to their leader, his own private Bible study in Hebrew, Greek, and English. Often a day's record ends with the very prayer of the heart: "Oh for power to exalt Christ! Oh to be filled for a witness's work, purified, empowered! Oh to yearn for souls!"

The life was packed with opportunity, for it dealt with all sorts and conditions of men. "The message is to all," he used to say; and he had no sympathy with any mission policy which concentrated upon one class to the exclusion of another. The band went to every separate quarter in every town and village visited, in so far as time allowed; and as in South India each separate caste, or at least group of castes, lives in its own quarter, this meant that the men of each were, so far as might be, effectively reached. The fact that some are harder to win than others was never accepted by him as a reason for passing them by; though he used the accessibility of those others as a great opportunity.

"*July* 22.—Morning preaching to the goldsmith caste; a nice quiet crowd. Later a catechist came to help. By his advice suddenly changed plans for evening; went to catch the

fête-seers at Pāvanāsam [place of expiation of sin, a fine waterfall under the Ghauts frequented by pilgrims]. Catechists set off at once. I started pony-back at 3 p.m. Preached by roadside and amidst passers-by; not a few listened patiently. Afterwards went to see the famous fish [pretty golden-coloured things] which literally swarm in the stream at Pāvanāsam. Crowds of people. Scenery lovely.

"*July* 23.—Morning, off at about 5 a.m. towards Pāvanāsam again. All the people had journeyed over night; but we had preaching in the neighbouring places, finishing up with a grand crowd at the verandah of a large house of the Zemindar, the land owner, who kindly received me. Good attendance all through. Sun very hot and blazing, and knocked me up badly. Evening preaching to good crowds of weavers, good attention. One man of some power objected in Sanskrit-Tamil. We let him speak, and afterwards he left us in possession of the field."

The training of the little band of catechists and the helping forward in spiritual ways of other Indian fellow-workers was a work in itself. There was one who spoke too stiffly, as if reading an address; and another whose appeal was like "that of the heathen, all to the senses rather than conscience." Sometimes the early start, necessary in camp life if the labouring classes are to be caught on their way to the fields, was a difficulty. "Troubled because catechists were not ready. Don't like to be hard, but all ought to be well prepared by 6.30 a.m." But the whole tenor of the record is: "Getting a little glimpse of the awful lack in myself."

Sometimes the usual baffling arguments, which are no arguments, stopped the preaching.

"While we were in the Vellalar and Brahman quarters, were invited into the school there. A good assembly inside; many educated Vellalars. D. [an Indian brother] spoke, and then they began to object. One man, evidently bent on puzzling us, asked about the nature of angels, the origin of sin, etc.; unless we could explain all these, he would not believe Christianity to be true. He would not hear me reply; so we had to leave them, while we insisted on the free agency of man and the fact that God is not the author of sin. 'The world by wisdom knew not God.'"

"*September* 10.—Morning and evening open-air at Srīvai-

kuntham, large heathen town just across river. Good crowds drawn together, chiefly, I imagine, by curiosity at seeing an Englishman sitting in their streets. Strikes me as thoroughly heathen place in fullest sense. In evening helped by Christian *vakil* [court pleader], a man of power in Tamil speaking, and the C.M.S. schoolmaster. Finished up at entrance to a mud-walled fort, inhabited by a curious people whose women are never allowed to go out and whose men wear long earrings. Written up on walls of houses here and there through the town, are words denoting the fact that a man about six months ago gave it out that a certain god had appeared to him and commanded him to announce that he was coming to save and destroy. The man wrote it up on the street walls, and refused in spite of Government orders to take it down. Had been getting oppressed by heat, but God sent a grand wind out of His treasury.

"*September* 11.—Dēvanāyagam [Indian fellow-worker] had a young man enquirer. Encouraging case. A happy day was spent with the Christians in the adjoining village. They were encouraged to try and evangelise their Hindu neighbours, and an open-air meeting was held, attended by a good crowd squatting on the church steps and all around.

"*September* 14.—Morning to Piragāsapuram. Preaching to heathen there. Too much distressed by heat to do anything much to-day. Evening preaching to heathen, afterwards to Christians. There is a curious schism here, a joining of observance of law of Moses with Gospel.

"*August* 6.—Off by 4.30 a.m. Rode over to Kuttālam, where I arrived about 6.15, to find Bishop Sargent. Quiet, lazy day. Quite strange to be in a bungalow with friends again. Looking forward to happy Sabbath.

"*August* 24.—All Europeans in Kuttālam going for picnic to Tekmalai. I joined them. Picnic as usual, pleasant climbing and good exercise, but nothing of profit to the soul. Must risk offence in future and desist."

The days in headquarters between returning from camp and setting out again were filled with the usual little things of life :

"Busy day seeing callers, dispensing moneys, preparing mathematical papers for Tinnevelly C.M.S. College. Bustle, but how little done! Another leisureless day, making up accounts, seeing callers, preparing for another tour. Feel anything but up to going in a quiet, restful spirit to the work."

But in the next camp the joy of joys was granted:

"A young man, who has been reading about Christianity and has induced two or three others to do the same, was, I trust, stirred to make a definite decision to become a Christian. . . ."

Tiruchendur, a strong Hindu fortress, was visited in September:

"Much rude opposition, though some spoke kindly. Saddened, for here idolatry appears in the very faces of many. Oh for the mind of Christ!"

"*September* 23.—Out round the town. Much opposition again, but got quiet hearings. Visit from the temple poet, and an old man, a Vēdānti [one skilled in the school of Pantheism known as the Vēdānta system], a very pleasing man, but quite set on his idea of religion. Evening, out again first in the Brahman quarter, where they listened to me kindly, then on to a new station, where we were followed by some young Brahmans and others, with printed papers from Madras against Christianity. Much time consumed in answering them, after which we were left in peace to pursue our preaching course, the people evidently regarding us with no feeling of friendliness. The Lord turn their hearts. Have felt to-day that it is a real fight with Satan. Oh to be strong in Christ!"

A home letter tells the story of that morning in more detail. It was a time of special disturbance, which passed when the dissemination of violently anti-Christian literature ceased:

"This opposition reached its climax on the last morning of our stay in Tiruchendur. We had crossed one of the long Brahman streets into a little shepherd quarter close at hand. The Brahman youths followed us in force, this time not for a counter preaching, but bent on a more direct and active molestation. A scene of confusion ensued. They attempted to drown our Christian lyrics by boisterous shouts and songs. Stones were flung, one of which struck me in the back; a young Brahman took a handful of earth and threw it up in my face. I singled out an old Brahman who was standing near, and tried to explain that they were quite mistaking the meaning and purpose of preaching, for we were friends, not foes. He was somewhat wrathful, but eventually quieted down, and he and I conversed together. We came away, knelt down together in the little

stone *madam* or rest-house where I was quartered, and prayed, 'Now, Lord, grant unto Thy servants that with all boldness they may speak Thy word.' And will not you unite your voice with ours in the old missionary prayer, 'Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies!' in Tiruchendur, in Tinnevelly, in India at large, in any and every land?"

"*September* 24.—Morning, our last round in Tiruchendur. No open objectors, though still something of ridicule; however, 'for a witness.' Evening, across sand, sand, sand, to V——, where only a handful of Christians, all the rest heathen."

"Rather a lazy day, somewhat weary," is the summing up of a day spent in visiting four separate villages. "Good hearings, but oh to find souls who feel their sins!" A book on optics proved refreshing in the hot middle hour, and then came an effort to lead the poor, distressed Christians of the place into the ways of peace:

"A noisy day and a very sad one. The sub-Magistrate, after ordering a notice to stop the Roman procession from fetching a bride from our mission village, altered it, to the great grief, and, alas! anger of our people. Oh that we may learn that true victory consists not in such things, but in being humble followers of the Lamb and walkers in His light! Evening, noisy proceedings, the Romanists carrying out their procession under Magistrate's order. Afterwards, some of our people to see me, and I tried to appease them and prayed with them. Lord, give us a day of rest after these storms."

"*Sunday, October* 2.—A day of mingled joy and sorrow; sorrow, because many of our Christians kept away from church vexed by the procession of yesterday.

"*October* 16.—Saddened by finding my servants, on getting home from church, packing a *sāmān bandy* [bullock cart for luggage] in direct contradiction to my orders. Obliged to be firm and severe about it. Oh to love, and see all men love this holy day of rest!"

The determination to keep the Lord's Day holy necessitated forethought on Saturday, and it was here the servants had probably failed. It also involved an early start for work on Monday morning, if the new camp were to be reached before the heat of the sun made riding dangerous. Sometimes in later

years, notably in connection with attendance at court fixed for Monday, irrespective, of course, of missionary convenience, a start had to be made just after midnight on Sunday. But it was an understood thing that the packing must be done on Saturday, and that no bandy came into the compound until it was fairly Monday morning. Never was a less legal spirit, but never one more sensitive to the right of others to enjoy the whole unbroken day of rest.

Next morning, after that doubtless decisive encounter with the servants, the record runs:

"Off early. Preached *en route* (for camp); nothing of opposition. Then on to Ālvānēri, where is a church and pastor. At noon, church service for Christians, good attendance; preached as well as I was able on 'I obtained mercy.'"

The opposition of the previous month continued:

"If it is a sign of a spirit of opposition excited on the part of a failing cause, we must hail it with delight," he writes early in October. "At least I trust that it will lead some to search our Scriptures for themselves to see whether these things be so. There is no doubt that we are arriving at times of conflict in India. The youths educated largely in Government schools, where no religious instruction is given, are naturally prejudiced against the religion of the conquering race; and, alas! their prejudice is often strengthened by our own countrymen here. However, we must seek with faith and patience to set forth the Lord and Saviour before the people of India. And, after all, opposition is better than indifference. The too long lethargy of the Christian Church has done much, humanly speaking, to retard the work. But I trust that she is waking up at last and bracing herself for the coming missionary struggle. Mr. Wigram will doubtless be used of God to quicken the flame of missionary zeal at home; though, after all, his brief glance at each field as he passed through, could hardly have put him in possession of the real facts of the case. He will look upon Tinnevelly as a province containing a large Christian Church, because that is the phase of it which passed beneath his notice; whereas I look on it as a heathen province, with its large towns and higher classes scarcely touched, containing a native Church, large it is true, but needing much speedy attention if it is to be living and powerful. We must have more missionaries, I feel sure, but

they ought not to be stationed any more as chief pastors to the native Church. Rather they should be continually moving about amongst heathen and Christian alike, with one aim and one message as they pass from place to place—to set forth Christ Jesus, the sinner's Saviour and the believer's Lord."

Late October, the rainy season saw a return made to head-quarters, and another vigorous onslaught upon the Tamil language. Then in one of the brief spells of fine weather, set like jewel days in the gloom of the monsoon, camp again.

The Tinnevelly district (Tirunelvēli is its real name, Tiru = holy, nel = unhusked rice, vēli = hedge, Tinnevelly being an English adaptation) forms with the kingdom of Travancore the most southern portion of India. It is divided from Travancore by the Western Ghauts, a splendid range of mountains which sweep in semicircles down to the sea, dropping suddenly all but into the glorious blue. A river cuts it into two unequal parts, the Solen of the Greeks in the days of Ptolemy; but previous to that date and now, the Tāmraparnī, a rushing, beautiful river in flood-time, at other times a waste of sand, with a trickle of sleepy water in the middle. On either side of the river there is, in the season of young rice, a broad ribbon of emerald, "living green" is the only descriptive word. Great evergreen trees stand in groups about the river bed, and lead in noble avenues to towns almost as wholly Hindu as they were before the name of Christ was heard in India. Each town has its temple with the carved towers peculiar to the south; round about stands the *agrahāram*, the Brahman quarter, brain of the town as the temple is its heart. At a little distance live the other castes, fringe beyond fringe, till the outermost is reached; dependencies, controlled in some measure by the will of the brain within, and influenced to the furthest extremity by that which stands for heart. In some of these towns there are little congregations of Christians; but these are chiefly mission workers, for the harvest of Tinnevelly has been gathered from the sands beyond the green ribbons that lie across the land. In the south the oasis ends in terra-cotta coloured sand, dotted all over with the tall, straight palmyra palms; in the north there

are miles of black cotton soil. On the sand in the south, camp was pitched that November, and letters went out from the edge of the desert to the Mpwapwas of London:

"This is a sandy region, hillocks of sand having drifted up under the action of the wind from the river, which is not far away. The land is good around, off the sand, and is under cultivation, and these two things, a neighbouring river and rich lands, always mean in our district that there are settlements of Brahmans. For they look out mainly for these two desiderata in their choice of location: a river, where they can perform their daily ablutions according to their shastras, without let or hindrance; and rich lands, where they may procure food, and by means of which they may accumulate wealth. Accordingly, there are many Brahman *agrahārams* round this neighbourhood on both sides of the river.

"In some respects South India is the most conservative part of the Empire; and Tinnevelly forms no exception to this general statement. Brahmanism therefore has one of its strongholds here; and caste feeling, that great enemy to true Gospel brotherhood, is nowhere stronger than in the Tinnevelly province. *Agrahārams* are often inaccessible to a European, and except in the larger towns, there is no thoroughfare through them. The itinerating missionary must therefore be content to take his station at the extremity of their streets, and trust their curiosity or courtesy to come and listen to the stranger's message. The prevalence of caste necessitates much prudence in our modes of work, that the Gospel, and the witness to the Gospel, be not hindered by avoidable mistakes.

"My own impression after careful observation is that the Hindu philosophy, so far as it has touched the mass at all, has induced a cold and heartless manner of thinking about things Divine. Many a man with whom I have spoken has argued about the origin of sin (that sin which grieves and wounds true Christian souls beyond the power of words to tell) with as little heart and as much wit as though he were dealing with the most abstruse and amusing of hypotheses. People, for the most part, hear our message well and quietly. But one looks almost in vain for a conscience of sin and sense of need. The Brahman is lulled to sleep by his pride of caste and his religion of works."

The journal touches upon various phases of life:

"*November* 21.—A Christian meeting in Appaswāmi Pillai's

house. Nice attendance. K. spoke, giving a nice, personal testimony about his conversion. Then myself, inviting the co-operation of friends in our work, and then A. P. Feeling strongly that we must begin with the Christians, and therefore with oneself.

"*November* 23.—In camp again. Had a good dip into Westcott's *Canon of the New Testament*, which I have neglected for some years. Strange to wander back to those mysterious sub-Apostolic days. The evening of that day was spent among the Brahmans, then the Pallars (at the opposite end of the social scheme), and then in a preaching for all and sundry near the tent.

"*November* 26.—Palamcottah-wards. Preaching *en route.* Rode into Palamcottah, where arrived about 10 o'clock. Carr arrived by Madras mail; a thoroughgoing, warm Christian. Afternoon spent in going a round of visits with him. Evening, a visit from a young Brahman, formerly of C.M.S. College, who seems really convinced and moving. Long talk with him about O.T. types of Christ, and Jesus as the Saviour.

"*November* 30.—Missionary party prayer-meeting, bearing the different countries before God. Starting to-night for Nāngunēri. Oh to go in the Spirit!"

Nānguneri proved then, as now, strong in resistance. "When will the light dawn in dark Nānguneri?" It was a woman who asked the question twelve years afterwards, the only Christian woman in the town. There is not at the date of writing, one resident Christian, native to the place; it is still dark Nānguneri.

"In some parts of the town the people listened well," says the journal; "but afterwards objections, even rudeness. Surely there is something wrong in the messengers?"

The people in this part of the district were as a whole then much as they are now; sometimes there was attention, sometimes entire indifference. In Kalakādu, a town of temples and shrines just under the hills, an old Brahman said, "We know that Christianity is true, but what can we do as Brahmans? How can we join it?" Some Brahmans have "joined," but as a caste the word is still, "How can we?"

In December, as rain was incessant, a move was made for the Dohnavur bungalow, and that first evening as it cleared, the band visited the little Hindu village at the gate. "Found the people

rather hardened," he wrote in his journal. Never yet has a convert come from the village at the gate.

On December 11th, he who was to preach so often there preached his first sermon in the Dohnavur church. It is a simple, old-fashioned building, so bare and plain that, as a Hindu observed upon entering it for the first time, "there is no place where an idol could be hidden." In this church, with its doors opening off the village life, and its windows looking out upon the everlasting hills, the text of the first sermon rang forth that day, "Be ye also ready." Then back to the mission bungalow, set among tamarind and margosa trees, its tiled roof showing from the church tower a strip of red among green. And the word which closes the record of the first Sabbath, passed in what a guest once called the Place of Peace, sounds like the first chord of a song, "A day of rest and quiet and happiness." And he wrote to a friend:

"Seek amidst the distractions of a busy life to cultivate that spirit of rest in Him, without which all our work is done in vain, however energetic it may seem to be."

It was as if the peace of the place fell upon him even then; and it was while he was walking up and down the compound, with the everlasting hills in view, that he wrote his Tamil adaptation of Mrs. Cousin's hymn, "The sands of time are sinking."

Dohnavur in the wet season (mid October to early December) is compassed about on the east and north by wide marshes and shallow expanses of water. A mountain torrent racing down a rocky bed isolates it on the west and south. Itinerating work in the rain is therefore almost impracticable. But when weather allowed, the villages and towns within a ten-mile circuit were visited, and almost everywhere the people heard well.

Upon very wet days Tamil study and letter-writing filled the time. One of these first Dohnavur letters tells of an opportunity given in the neighbouring town of Kalakādu, a stronghold of Hinduism, famous for its temple and long Brahman street set against a background of mountains.

"The Brahmans there challenged me to a public discussion, and we had about two hours of argument, in which I mainly took the offensive. It was all conducted in a friendly manner, and

some things they could not answer at all. But, alas! it is all a curious speculation to them. They have no heart in it. To eat and sleep and perform the prescribed daily rites, these make up the life of the average Brahman. There is no sense of sin, no knowledge of self, no desire for true holiness. Still, such opportunities give me the privilege of setting Gospel truths before them.

"My dream, if I must call it so, is to have two European bachelor missionaries, going forth together and working together as itinerants, keeping each other glowing by true Christian communion. It ought not to be impossible, and it would be so helpful when we seek to attack large heathen towns where there is something like real opposition. The work amongst Christians in itself presents a wide field of labour, and the two modes of work may very well be carried on side by side by men who are kept free from secular cares."

He was very keen on music as a help to work of all kinds, and in after years heartily welcomed and translated or re-made numbers of choruses for open-air meetings, which, set to simple old African airs, caught the Indian ear, and were passed on and over the district with correctness unusual where English music is concerned. "How people managed to collect and hold together crowds without such help it is difficult for me to conceive," he wrote in 1887; and among the delightful later-time pictures left in many a Tamil lad's memory is one of him on the floor, in the midst of the C.M.S. schoolboys on Sunday afternoons in Pannaivilai and Dohnavur, clapping his hands to keep time, while tambourines and cymbals clattered and jingled all about him, and the player at the baby organ found it difficult to keep up with what sometimes had a way of ending in a rather mad race. He loved the stately hymns of our Church books, and revelled in good, beautiful music; but he would say sometimes, with a half apology, "I do like the other sort sometimes. Let's have 'Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him!'" and the rhyme would be sung to a tune far from classic, and he would throw back his head and join in with entirely un-selfconscious enthusiasm.

Upon Christmas Eve the band dispersed. The day fell upon Sunday. "Two lights in one, a double star," as the journal says. "Oh for a grip, real and mighty, of its truth!"

"If any came to him with difficulties of conscience or belief, he would give much time to writing or talking with them; and would, as it were, take them by the hand and endeavour to lead their minds into some quiet place."

JOSEPH LARMOR, *Memoir of Sir George Gabriel Stokes.*

CHAPTER VII

Camp (*continued*)

"I MUST write hastily," he wrote to his sister early in 1888, "for we are busy with the special mission, and to-night are to set out for Mengnānapuram. It has been rather a mixed business in Palamcottah. Dear old Bishop Sargent, than whom none is truer to the Gospel of Christ, has unconsciously stood much in the way of organising the work, simply because he does not know what a mission such as you have in England really is. He kept all the arrangements in his own hands, and never showed the programme even to me, so that, as I expected, when the missioners came it proved that everything was out of gear. The work has therefore been anything but smooth. However, I trust that all has been overruled and that souls have got a blessing. Our people are very shy of the after-meeting kind of thing; but if only the truth strikes their heart, that will not matter so much. It is rather a difficult way of conducting a mission through an interpreter, and many of the phrases so familiar to us in the work at home do not convey the same idea here at all. 'Anxious souls,' 'Closing with Christ,' 'Finding assurance,' and such expressions, have to be much modified [amplified is the word he would have written later] before they are fully intelligible to our people here. However, it is time they were educated into the idea of special missions, and this will prove, I trust, an epoch in the history of the Tinnevelly Church.

"I like our mission preachers very much. I shall be chiefly associated with Baring Gould, who will be with us till the end of February. Perhaps you know that he has a church in Blackheath. Gilbert Karney, the C.E.Z.M.S. Secretary, is our other preacher. He speaks with power and knows his Bible thoroughly."

The mission was planned so as to reach both Christians

and Hindus in different centres of the district. In some places there were difficulties owing to passing troubles. "May we have guidance and rest in these perplexities," he writes. Sometimes the ground was well prepared:

"Found the people solemnised by a recent visitation of cholera, which carried off some seventeen persons; consequently services very devout and after-meetings very solemn."

The last meeting of the series must have sent the missioners to their knees:

"B. G., on 'My Spirit shall not always strive'; a very troublesome service, as the people, in spite of entreaties, would persist in going in and out; irreverence striking. After-meeting quiet, I myself pacing the verandah to keep loungers away. A sad conclusion to a solemn time."

In one place a series of open-air meetings for the heathen resulted from the mission, but the missioners made no attempt to tabulate results. Their work was with their God.

Meanwhile Sir Fowell Buxton with his son and a cousin of Mr. Carr's had arrived, and we find Sir Fowell with Mr. Baring Gould addressing the senior students at the C.M.S. Tinnevelly College, "each splendidly in his sphere, a grandly-directed word." And then came the regretful farewell:

"Deputation from Palamcottah Christians to wish B. G. God-speed; a touching meeting. Last confab with B. G. How I shall miss him! What a help he has been to me!"

A little expedition was planned to show the remaining guests something of the country.

"*March* 2.—Reached Pāvanāsam after tedious journey and sleepless night. After tea, to the waterfall, which was not very full of water, but scenery lovely. Had a glorious bathe and nice climb, our friends Carr, Buxton, and M'Innes doing some shooting. Then back to the *madam* [shelter made for pilgrims]. Afternoon, out again; saw the sacred fish in the river. Had a nice scramble up a mountain gorge. After dinner, went to V—— for meeting with Christians, Buxton, Carr, and I giving little addresses.

"*March* 3.—Had a nice scramble up the riverside above the falls, then back for a grand bathe in the pool, and picnic

breakfast. Left about 2.30 for Palamcottah; most trying, tedious journey by bullock cart. Had to grieve over my impatience."

Missionaries in hot lands will understand that last allusion. To those who travel in lavish ease, or to whom the vicissitudes of Eastern journeying are just so many delightful adventures, there may be slight temptation; but the less fortunate who find broken nights, noise, delays, and a hot confusion, weariness to the flesh, require careful preparation of spirit if their journeys are to be concluded in peace. The writer of this journal was never in the habit of calling unpleasant things by pleasant names where he himself was concerned: "A day of terrible rush: callers, business accounts, journey preparations. Have to confess to impatience and irritation." This is one of the plain-spoken entries of a year or two later. But where it was a matter of other weary travellers, "tiredness" was the word that covered quite furious irritability; and there was no end to the kindly little contrivances to save fellow-travellers from being overtired.

Sunday, March 4th ("a day of real rest and peace, better than a thousand") was followed by camp, and the next characteristic entry in the journal is:

"P——, a village where we had good and long audience. Spoke, but vainly I fear, for no liberty. Feel how little I am doing for Him Who saved me."

"The heathen in South India are getting very active," he writes to a friend on March 9th. "They are flooding the country with Hindu tracts written against Christianity in the most objectionable form. Further, they are raising funds and sending preachers all over the Presidency to preach publicly against the doctrines of Christianity. It shows, at least, that they are feeling the force of the Christian attack. But it is sad to see men publicly preaching, not to show the way of salvation, but simply to abuse a Gospel which comes to them with messages of life and peace. It shows how earnest we should be in testifying to the truth of God. With so many heathen still unevangelised and with nominal Christians to be stirred up, there is no need to be idle, as you may well conceive."

Follows the familiar round of packing and unpacking, striking tent and pitching tent, riding, walking, or travelling by bandy to villages within reach of camp; finding here, "a crowd springing up as if by magic near a gaudily decorated temple," there, no one who would listen at all; study, Tamil and English; times with Indian workers, sometimes cheering, sometimes disappointing; enquirers to the tent; curiosity gazers; hopes, fears, all, as ever, alternating in a monotony which is not monotonous, but at times not very inspiring. It was one of the two specially hot seasons of the year, and towards the end of March an attack of fever ended in what might have proved a serious breakdown.

"*March* 13.—Overtaken by darkness coming home, and had to ride straight to the Kytār Road and so back. Hot rides and unknown roads sadly trying to one's patience. Lord, give me Thy patience!

"*March* 16.—Out of sorts all day with splitting headache" [first experience of sun-fever, and with it upon him he went out preaching morning and evening, not knowing the seriousness of it]; "had to lie down several hours.

"*March* 18.—Had to speak sitting. Alas, that outward circumstances so interfere with holy things!

"*March* 24.—Attack of violent sickness. Morning, large crowd, good attention. Read with D. After a very trying day, evening to S——. Good, quiet crowd, and after preaching, pleasant journey back in the moonlight. Hail, day of rest!

"*Sunday, March* 25.—Preached on 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' Pastor administered Holy Communion, I helping him. This service knocked me up. Afternoon, took the mission boys for Bible reading. At night there was a lamp-light service, but I did not feel up to taking part. So hard to enter into the spiritual when the body is out of sorts. . . . Oh for a heart set above physical weakness, set on Christ!

"*March* 28.—Carr [who had joined the band] spoke by interpretation; a nice word. To me a trying day. Good for nothing.

"*March* 29.—After a sleepless night, had to preach in Tamil Church. God only helped me. A terrible day, like a century."

On April 12 the struggle which had been too long prolonged ended, and the journey up to Kōdaikānal, hill station above

fever line nearest to Tinnevelly, was undertaken, though under difficulties. The last part is thus described after train and bandy to foot of hills :

"Found a pony and coolies ready at 3 a.m. The pony turned out to be a useless thing, and it was with great effort and some walking on my part we got half-way. Then there was nothing for it but to walk. Dragged myself painfully three miles, for I had no strength, and then had just to ask Divine help and intervention. Oh, how faithful is God! Met just then boy and provisions, which Mrs. Schaffter had kindly sent to me. No sooner refreshed by these than a chair and bearers turned up from somewhere, and I was taken easily the last three miles."

The bracing hill air and the care of fellow-missionaries soon put things right.

"Feeling much stronger and better. Finished Mozley on *The Baptismal Controversy*, and thankful to have read him. Glorious walk with Harcourt, with grand views. Changed over to a lovely little room. May it be a sanctified one to me. . . . Read Tamil and Hebrew Psalms. Oh for more heart towards Thee! Glorious hill climb in morning; exquisitely beautiful views. Read some chemistry with great relish, also some Greek Testament. Thank God for renewed health."

Here friendships were formed with missionaries of the Madura mission and with C.M.S. missionaries from Travancore. But the Plains called, and June 1st records :

"The Schaffters, Carr, and Ardill breakfasted with us, and we got all coolies off and a fair start by 1 p.m. Half-way down had a picnic tiffin and reached *tōpe* [grove at foot of hills] about 6. Then bandy confusion, and off to Periakulam, where we dined with the younger Chandlers [American Madura missionaries]. After dinner more bandy confusion, and off by about 10 p.m. for station, which we reached about 4.35 a.m.

"*June* 2.—Luggage scenes. And then off in train. Arrived in Palamcottah about 2 p.m. God fit me now for His work!"

The busy week after return from the hills closes as usual with "Looking forward to Sabbath rest and joy." Rest and joy were apparently granted, for the last word of the next

entry is: "Carr preached on 'Thy Kingdom come'; very sweet and sound. Happy day; a delight."

Once more we have pages of the ordinary round; and yet from another point of view there is something kaleidoscope-like in the variety of the days' details. A real life was being lived as it is being lived to-day wherever sowers go forth to sow in the morning and in the evening, knowing not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. It held its dull hours, and its vivid hours, and its hours of sore self-searching; when to this sower, as to all true sowers, the longing to see the seed spring up grew almost too strong for expression, and the heart insisted upon questioning, Why does it not spring up more quickly? Lord is it I? An outward "joining the Way," if that had been the objective, would not in some cases have been difficult to effect; but that was never for one moment the aim of this itinerating band, and the inward and spiritual is something more keenly contested by the powers of evil than any—except those who have set their hearts upon it, and it alone—will understand.

"*June* 12.—Preaching in four spots, including Brahman quarter. At one spot we found people were apostate Christians; had been baptised and bore Christian names. Had a solemn talk with them, and they promised to consider their ways with a view to return. Alas! how one misses conviction of sin in these preachings! Visitors to tent. One old man who listened to me, but seemed soulless and only wanted to try to borrow a pen. A young Brahman clerk in Sub-Registrar's office here, willing to talk and hear the message.

"Then to V——, where a large crowd, including many Brahmans, heard quietly. Some of the leading Brahmans sat on a verandah near me, and we had a word together after the preaching. On the way home had the misfortune to fall with my pony, which shied at some cows or buffaloes. Pony cut, and my left shoulder in pain. [He was rather badly hurt, but engaged a bullock bandy, and went on with his work as usual.]

"Visitors—the Christian Sub-Registrar. I had a solemn talk with him about his responsibility as the only Christian in this place, and then we had prayer together. I like the man, but he gives me the idea of want of moral power.

"Large crowds of Naiks [north country caste], but, in spite of their quiet behaviour, hard. Getting concerned about indifferent character of our work and about fleshliness of my own life.

"People heard well, quite different in their disposition to the previous preaching among them, and assented to the truths proclaimed. Would that they were touched by them!

"Fair crowd, but alas! the same spiritual deadness and indifference. The catechist is an old man, but spoke with great spirit and feeling.

"Went to a little village, the people of which formerly came over to Christianity and built a church, but are now back in devil worship. One man said that prosperity had returned since they had apostatised. Poor souls!

"Dismissed the bandy man I have had for some ten days. Seems really touched by what he has seen and heard, and expresses his determination to become a Christian. May the Lord bring it to good effect, and then I shall not have had my accident in vain. A night visit from the lineal descendant of the famous Polygar (who defied the British in the eighteenth century). He will not come out in the daytime, lest the people should see him, and so visited me at night. Sunday with Christians. Processioned streets with lights and music, and drew a large crowd into a rich Nādān's courtyard, the people all seated in a great square below us. Enjoyed this day with the congregation.

"Began to study Acts of the Apostles as the pattern book of missionary operations, and found much spoil. Preaching to the heathen in the little hamlet where our church is, and found them dull, ignorant, and hardened.

"Over the river is a temple where there is a great yearly festival; seems some doubt about its origin; some say that Hanuman [the monkey god through whose prowess Rama's queen, Sita, was delivered from the demon Rāvana] found a jewel Sita dropped there [when Rāvana was carrying her through the air to Ceylon], and stopped to pick it up. During last night and most of to-day scores and scores of bandies and hundreds on hundreds of sheep and goats passed this way, and a continuous stream of people. Their only object seems to be to enjoy themselves and have a good feast. It was to these passers-by that we preached this morning."

This temple is exceptional in the south, being the only one

open to those of the people who offer and consume animal sacrifices. It is built upon the bank of a river which at the time of the festival is a wide expanse of sand.

"As the people streamed back from their festival, had a running preaching for about two and a half hours. I noticed that on the top of most of the returning bandies the dried carcases of the slain goats and sheep, or portions of them, were tied. . . . How helpless we are to effect anything.

"The pastor seems much respected here [Pannaivilai]. It was pretty to see him greet and invite with loving concern the Brahmans. They came and heard quietly and courteously. Large crowds. Two Shānār young men seem more than half persuaded, but God alone can bring it to good effect. Talk with the youth who formerly came for instruction to Palamcottah, but afterwards returned to his friends. He had come two miles up the road to meet me."

This was the beginning, as it proved, of a true joy. The lad came back to Christ, fought through the long battle, and is now a worker in another mission. It was he who said, in speaking of his return to his beloved but temple-shadowed home: "I never knew before how dark it was."

"Preaching in streets again, and afterwards evening lecture on Religion and History. Afterwards, several adverse speakers who, prejudiced by bigotry, misunderstood the lecture. The chairman, a Brahman, made a long speech, in the course of which he said: 'We Hindus don't know our own religion. We have fallen; we have adopted idol worship: the golden gate is shut in these days. But if the Christians have one Saviour, in the Vishnu incarnations how many have we got!'

"Evening lecture again on the same subject as last night; more present, including Tahsildar [Government official]. Some of them sorry for their want of courtesy last night, and spoke kindly. The chairman said, 'We must look into our Vēdas and see if there be any way of light.' God bless these educated Hindus, trying to hold the impossible though they be."

In a neighbouring village, devil-worship was going on: "The idol was garlanded and lights were burning and a man was going to dance with strings passed through his pierced sides." A contrast that to the Brahmans' lecture-room; but the kaleido-

scope deals in contrasts. Sometimes a word dropped from Hindu lips was caught up and treasured. "Preached outside Christian church. One man said, as he left the morning preaching, 'They have both milk and honey.'"

"I am getting concerned about the itinerating work," he writes to his sister towards the close of this year. "We preach and preach to hundreds and hundreds of people, but find little or no response. There must be something wrong in our mode of work, or way of putting the Gospel, or in ourselves, chiefly the last, I think. Anyhow, there is want of touch somewhere. I am wondering what to do. What I long for is a little community of bachelor missionaries to be always at work in the district, sharing each other's sorrows and joys and living a life of greater simplicity than we do at present, trying to stir up native Christians to real self-denial, which is little understood by them. Perhaps I am dreaming; but I feel more and more that we ought to make a new departure somehow. Ask God to give us special guidance. . . .

"At the church here [a little northern hamlet] are two missionary graves, those of Every and Barenbrack, the first two to give their lives for North Tinnevelly. They both died of cholera, and within a year of each other—1858-59. Ragland also died in the latter year, and his body was to have been brought here for interment; but the little river which flows near was in flood, and so they were obliged to bury him apart in Sivakāsi. There is something specially touching about a missionary grave in heathendom. It leads us to pray, in the words of our beautiful Common Prayer: 'Give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom.'"

The Englishman is not the only one to be touched by a missionary's grave in heathendom. Nineteen years afterwards, the first of the converts, whose battle story is told later, went to that same little graveyard in sore distress, and seeing those two graves, received comfort. For, with her husband (the pastor) and her young children, she had recently come to the place, and immediately the children had sickened, and no suitable food being obtainable there, the youngest had died. Then the mother, distraught by the confused rollings of the wheels of second causes, lost for a moment her wonted peace, "till I

went to the place of graves," she wrote, "where they had laid my child, and saw those two graves. Then I thought, if two from a far country could give their lives for my country, surely I could give my little child. Thus I was comforted."

Keith-Falconer's Life, "a right noble one," and Ragland's, were read about this time; for missionary biography was to this missionary at least, then as always, most stimulating food, "nothing like it, next to the Word, for spiritual tonic," he used to say. But in spite of spiritual tonic, there are entries that tell of burden: "not a satisfactory day's work to look back upon," closes a day full of interviews with people apparently not in earnest about salvation. And later, after a long day's toil in the highways of North Tinnevelly: "But oh, there seems no opening of heart towards the Gospel. Lord, do Thou work!"

There is no glossing over anything felt in himself as inconsistency, want of earnestness, or want of love:

"Have to grieve over falling into petulancy and temper. No excuse, though little things come to try. Have to reproach myself with grievous failure both in walk and conversation. Heavy heart. When? When?—A European in Salt Department died. I was informed of his illness, but not knowing there was imminent danger, did not go in middle of day, and afterwards it was too late. Have to reproach myself bitterly for the neglect. Oh, how indifferent I find myself to spiritual welfare of perishing millions around."

Again, after a long talk with a hard uncivil man:

"Fear I was tempted into speaking too harshly to him in the endeavour to bring him to Christ, and felt sorry for it afterwards."

He is not satisfied with preaching and passing on:

"Feeling desire to get closer to the people than in mere street preaching." But the heart-cry is for the deepest of all: "Somewhat tried by curiosity of people (privacy impossible). Oh for perfect peace and power! Led to see the unreality of my walk, and to desire a simple walk of faith. A day of more definite religious convictions. Oh that they may be deepened! . . . Day of much conflict with me: oh for holiness!

"I just rode back in time to welcome Bishop Sargent, who has come here this evening to conduct Church Council business,"

he writes upon December 7th. "He came across the sands from Mengnānapuram in a palanquin. He is very feeble, cannot walk alone, and is not able to take part in Church services. And yet here he is going about the district in this inclement weather, heavy rain and flooded ground, and working away at mission business as though he were strong and well! It is of no use saying anything. They all tried to prevent his coming, but in vain. He just ordered his bandy and came off from Palamcottah without telling any of them.

"If we could only get a strong itinerancy, we could make it a stimulating influence all round, by getting all the missionaries out to help us periodically. I believe in a good, warm, strong force in aggressive work. I can't bear mere driblets of work. 'Iron sharpeneth iron.' It would be invaluable to get native catechists into such a spiritual hotbed as that which I long to see here.

"It is strange how happy one can be going about the country alone: I think love of study does much to relieve one of all sense of loneliness. I read a great deal and never get tired of poring over books. Tamil is an endless language; I am just entering on the poetry stage of it. If I can only get a firm grip of it, I should then like to learn Sanskrit, which is the classical language of the Brahmans."

The year's itinerancy closes with the prayer:

"Thousands have heard. Lord, who hath believed our report? O Spirit of Grace, clothe and anoint us!"

"You may be sure we are full of hurry in fair-time. It is hard keeping our hearts and spirits in any good order when we are in a cumbered condition. He that lives in such a place as this is, and that has to do with such as we have, has need of an item, to caution him to take heed, every moment of the day."

JOHN BUNYAN.

"A man should not be borne off from himself, or put out of himself, because things without him are ungoverned and disordered ; for these disturbances do unhallow the mind : lay it open ; and make it common."

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

CHAPTER VIII

The Burden and Heat of the Day

"Carr down with typhoid fever. The Lord bless the means used and spare his life!" so closes 1888. Nursing in a place far removed from reliable medical help as Palamcottah was at that time, holds many an experience like the following, which occurred after forty days of unrelieved distress:

"I telegraphed at daybreak last Tuesday to the Trichinopoly doctor, asking if he could come at once. He replied: 'Yes; can come by the night mail to-night.' I wired back: 'We shall expect you.' On Wednesday, accordingly, we got all ready for him, and I went to the station to meet him. To my great disappointment he had not come, and shortly afterwards I got a telegram to say: 'Unavoidably detained; may I come to-night?' I replied: 'Yes; do come without fail;' and again we made preparations for him, and again I went to the station to meet the Thursday mail train. Once more he had disappointed us, and it required all our faith to believe that it was all right. However, a further telegram came: 'Will come to-night without fail.' Once more, yesterday, Friday, I went to meet the mail, and this time he turned up. It seems that he had three cases of typhoid himself at Trichinopoly, and had great difficulty in leaving."

"We do miss Carr so much," he wrote to his sister, "for he is bright as a sunbeam when he is well." On February 3rd there is a short glad journal entry: "How thankful we are to have him [E. S. Carr] able to join us in the breaking of bread again!"

From the midst of sick nursing he wrote to his mother on February 18, 1889, in reference to a local trouble:

"But I suppose it is the same all the world over. The whole world is more and more decidedly 'taking sides.' On the one

hand there is more true missionary spirit and more out-and-out Christianity than ever there was, and on the other hand there is more open-mouthed infidelity. People are feeling that they must be either one thing or the other. There is no longer a middle path. It is good that it should be so. It is a sign of the times. It speaks of the coming end. 'The darkness is passing away, and the true light is now shining.' Darkness and light are beginning to be seen in the essential difference of their character, and to be more and more widely separated the one from the other. Soon the Kingdom of Light and Heaven shall be perfectly manifested. The great final conflict will come, and Satan shall be cast out and Christ shall triumph. 'He must reign.' Europe seems arming for war, but the Lord reigneth. All these kings and hosts are grasshoppers before Him. If He blows upon them, they will vanish away. All things progress towards the coming event. He that shall come will come."

A few days later came suddenly the first great sorrow:

"*February* 28.—English mail; news of dear mother's death. So unexpected. What a mother! How it takes me back to the morning when I left her for India; how gladly she gave me for the Master's work. And now no more here, but There. Oh for grace through this blow for every one of her family. And we also bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants (especially for this Thy servant) departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their (her) good examples, that with them (yea! with *her*) we may be partakers of Thy heavenly Kingdom.

"*March* 1.—A day of terrible effort. Quite unstrung after yesterday's mail. And now these long anxious weeks terminate in Carr's departure for Madras. Last packing. [Details of seeing him off follow.] Back to Palamcottah. At 5.30 usual prayer-meeting. I spoke on Ezra i.—Call to missionary work. So relieved to get alone after the tension of the day."

The first sorrow: no missionary ever forgets his first sorrow, borne, in spite of sympathy around, alone. Letters written to the scattered members of the family were some relief in the desolation:

"I should like to be with you all at this time," he wrote to his elder sister. "It must have been terribly trying. But dear mother gave me gladly and unreservedly to that missionary

work which admits of no opportunities to indulge private affections.

"And now, may the Father of mercies and God of all comfort Himself draw near to you all at this time. We are gathering homeward one by one. It is but a little way on before. The Lord sanctify us wholly and fit us for His glory."

During all the intervals of life, whenever opportunity offered, Tamil study was continued as strenuously as in the first year. Among the books of the year were the *Mahābhārata*, a great legendary heroic poem in classical Tamil, and the *Kurral*, also in classical Tamil, a book full of delightful old-world wisdom, often quoted in later days. Soon Sanskrit was added, as of value in understanding Indian thought, and in helping to win a way into the fastnesses of Hinduism. And always something in English was on hand—missionary biography, scientific treatise, history, travel, or poetry. But beyond all, at all times without a break, whether in camp or journeying, there was daily deep digging into the inexhaustible mine of Holy Scripture.

Camp was, as always, full of the usual:

"Tried by servant's remissness on the top of a bad night. Brahmans would have none of Christ. Crowd of Vellalars heard fairly well. Pallars said that to become Christians would bring trouble, so they must risk the trouble in store after death. Farther on little groups of Vellalars and others heard us gladly. Admitted truth of Christ, but tried to excuse themselves on ground that God had not given them believing minds. Much interrupted by an irrepressible man who first said God was not One but many; then, beaten there, said finally that God, not we, is responsible for sin. Poor man, thought he was so clever, not knowing how wicked."

Then, with sudden shifting of the scenes not uncommon in a district which has seen mass movements in the past:

"Here about sixteen houses, after being in Christian Church ten to twenty years, have just lapsed into heathenism. Cause, some business about mission land. Turns out that they have had idolatry quietly going on in their houses all the time without any mission agent's discovering it. Mixed marriages a great cause of weakness here. Had long talk with pastor about it all. Need of much stronger discipline."

In pleasant contrast to this we have a later note about another congregation:

"We formed in procession and marched with singing to a neighbouring village. Good open-air preaching, two of congregation taking part. Afterwards marched back singing to village headman's house, where in courtyard a large company assembled for prayer-meeting. I spoke on need of individual consecration, and then a member of congregation spoke on preaching to heathen. He used an amusing but good illustration, likening European missionaries to first cock crowing; catechists and schoolmasters to neighbouring cocks which take up the cry; and ordinary Christians to the cock world at large, joining in the chorus of preaching to the heathen."

There were often visitors to the tent, followers of one or other of the ancient philosophical systems of India, each requiring separate study and sympathetic approach. There are no notes of these conversations, doubtless because they were too prolonged and too intricate for a journal which deals in brevities; but there was never any doubt in the mind of its writer as to the importance and, divinely speaking, possibility of winning these who are the hardest of all to be won. "Some visitors—young caste men convinced of the truth, but afraid of taking up the cross," is an entry which paints a picture at a stroke. "Where are the Corneliuses of India?" Some were found, two in that second year, and both were laid hold upon in open-air street-preaching; but the greater number of such won for Christ in this land have been, as he always affirmed, first influenced in Christian schools and colleges; and he had the fullest sympathy with such when the work was truly spiritual and the winning of souls kept first.

"He was very quick at giving replies that silenced the opponent." This is a reminiscence from Rev. H. Schaffter of the C.M.S. Tinnevelly College. "A very conceited young I.C.S. man seated next to him at a dinner said in a bumptious way, 'You missionaries are needed only among savages; these Hindus are far too civilised for you.' 'Can you be unaware that Greece was at the very pinnacle of this world's civilisation and learning when St. Paul preached the Gospel there?' was his reply.

Considering that the young man (now knighted and an M.P.) particularly prided himself on his classics, Walker's 'Can you be unaware ?' kept him quiet for the rest of dinner."

He did not much care about answering a fool according to his folly, but was sometimes driven to it ; a stock argument, built upon an illustration according to familiar Indian fashion, is this :

"Here is a filter, a large earthen vessel pierced at the bottom with holes through which the water drops. The holes are many : the water is one. So religion is one : the holes—Christian, Hindu, and so on—are many."

To this he replied—and there was no answer to the question :

"But the water I see coming from your hole is dirty; the water that comes from my hole is clean. If the water in the filter is all the same water, how do you account for that?" For however sympathetically the subject be approached, no one can honestly affirm that the complex compound now known as Hinduism issues in anything comparable to a flow of pure water. Those who so regard it cannot know much of the nature of its various ingredients. The Hindu at least, if he is sincere and thoughtful, is dumb before the fact which he finds himself unable to contradict.

"To my cheer and joy Harcourt turned up and joined me," is an entry in March ; and together the friends worked in the towns and villages under the Western Ghauts, then, as now, wholly given up to idolatry. Again the Sunday record, written in the now familiar Dohnavur bungalow, is full of the restfulness of that little place of peace: "Happy day. Quiet, helpful, a delight." But in a town near by a great heathen festival was in progress, and the streets of the town were crowded with castemen dragging the temple car through the streets by huge ropes ; while the dust-filled air rang with the shouts of the excited population. At such times the people are too much taken up with their own affairs to listen ; but booklets can be given away, and sometimes there are chances for quiet talks on the outskirts of the crowd. A day or two later, the Brahmans of that always friendly, though entirely unmoved, town, listened

obligingly; but claimed at the end of the preaching that all religions were good—theirs for them, ours for us. The next day was spent in the market town of Vallioor, near Dohnavur, where a crowd, "though rather a restless one," gathered. But though some listened there was not much spiritual response, and he writes from that little market town to his sister:

"I look out from my tent here on thoroughly Eastern scenes. On one side is a rock into which a temple is built, confronted by a large square tank into which broad flights of stone steps dip. Here the people come to bathe and wash and beat out their garments. On the other side is a threshing-floor. The oxen are treading out the corn, with unmuzzled mouth, and going round and round in small circles. The straw is piled up in stacks close by. Everything is so different from England; while the hot sun makes one feel broiled, or rather stewed, for the skin is all wet with perspiration.

"Everywhere we find sad indifference to spiritual things. There seems so little desire for the holy and the true. The people who do become Christians are often influenced by secondary motives. They think that to become Christians will raise their position. Yet often people, who have come at first from such considerations, become afterwards true Christians.

"To-day is market day here; some of us are going out soon to preach to the marketers. The other day we saw one of the famous Hindu car processions. After the car, and following in its track, two men were performing penance: one was dragging himself on his chest over the path the car had taken for a very considerable distance; the other one was rolling from side to side over every inch of the ground. The people make vows to do this kind of thing to remove sickness, etc. I wish I could think that it was under a sense of sin, as we read in missionary books. But I can't. In fact, my opinion is that sense of sin is a very rare article indeed in India. It is merely with the idea of removing sickness or averting disaster."

"I wish I could think . . . but I can't."

> "The face of things appeareth not the same
> Far off, and when we scan them nigh at hand."

If Euripides had been a missionary, could he have expressed a missionary truism better?

Journal and letter of this missionary, as of many another, show

the invisible tracks of that messenger of Truth whose first duty to the novice is to show him the truth. For, however sincerely he has tried to understand the conditions of his field before he entered it, and however disinclined he may have been by nature to dress up facts in fiction, the new missionary usually finds (unless he is in one of those rare places where things happen as one wishes they would) that he has all unawares nursed some illusions; and these bright babes of the imagination have to be disinherited before he gets far on his road. Eventually, if he is made of the right stuff, he becomes keener than ever; but something has gone and something has come. His adjustments are different from those of a year or two ago. The call he hears now, sounds with another voice, less sweet but far more insistent. He knows now, knows it intensely, that the call of a land is not its conscious desire, but its awful need of God. The sound of his brother's blood crieth unto God from the ground; he has stood in the secret place with his God and heard that cry from the ground. But the letters only tell what letters may—never the innermost:

"You complain about the deadness of souls and work at home? How would you not complain here, where all the influences are against you as a spiritual worker, and where men's consciences seem to be utterly dead to holy things. In England at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that the conscience even of the most ungodly is speaking on the side of the truth which you teach; but here there seems little or no conscience to touch. However, that is God's part of the work. Ours is simply to witness in faith. . . .

"Books and reports give you but little idea of the real state of things. You need to be behind the scenes and to view things in their proper light. Occasional visitors cannot do that, and so they give expressions to strong utterances either for or against missionary work. Some people look out only for the bright side, and others only for the dark side. The reality is generally a fair combination of the two."

And again from the heart of a Hindu town:

"We find them everywhere so indifferent to their souls' interests. One is tempted to ask, Can these bones live? and

driven back upon the old prayer, Come from the four winds and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. The Hindus have a deep-rooted objection to anything foreign in the way of religion. They are so proud of their own, that they will not see the folly of it, and, alas! one must say, the filth of it. You find intelligent men worshipping gods whose history, according to their own books, is one tissue of sin and crime. It is the old story, The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not. It is partly, I think, that they have lost all sense and conception of what true holiness means. To them wisdom, so called, is everything. I have often noticed that where we should use the word 'holiness' in Christian phraseology, the Hindu uses 'wisdom.' We say, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' But the Hindu philosopher says, 'Without attaining high wisdom no man shall be absorbed in Brahma.' What is sin with us is only 'ignorance' with them. And, I take it, that is one reason why they don't loathe sin and long for the religion of salvation and holiness."

On, and still on; scores of places are mentioned; on through the glittering heat of March, April, May, for there was no going to the hills this year, the weeks spent in sick-nursing being, he considered, sufficient holiday; on, in some degree of relief after the light rains of June began, till July, when "A little tired; very tired; dead tired; not diligent; feeling of weariness and lassitude" tell what it must have been: for missionary endeavour is not a picnic, but sheer hard work.

Still the Star of Sunday is welcomed: "Right welcome! Who would not call the Sabbath a delight?" Then, in a different vein:

"Brahmans heard well and in numbers, also others. Very hot ride. Evening; Brahmans came in crowds to hear, but at last interrupted and spoke ungraciously. Conversation followed, and trust it was not in vain. The flesh does rebel at being accused of preaching for pay. Have need of patience. Feeling anxious about the preaching, and not up to much. First to the Brahman quarters; a large crowd, but some objected and it got noisy. By a mistaken idea of ours, some of our friends got too near their temple [hence the disturbance], and the scene was getting noisy when I called off my friends. Then planted ourselves at top of public street hard by. Some of the younger

Brahmans followed and started rival meeting, following us and speaking at a little distance, raising noisy cries. We quietly kept to our own work and our own message, and after awhile they desisted. Oh for wisdom and patience and love!"

A note written at this time in a small mud room where, even between meetings, privacy was quite impossible, and the clamour and chatter of voices seemed to intensify the heat, says simply:

"Not much time for Bible-reading; but rest and peace like a sweet calm in one's soul." Rest, peace, and sweet calm were needed for that work. The next entry is: "On way here pained to the heart by blasphemous words about the Lord Jesus, uttered in derision in the streets. Contradiction of sinners."

But no one who has not heard such words, and seen the look of scorn on the clever faces, can realise to the full the poignancy of that pain.

"To God be the praise for a quieter and freer course for our witness" is a happy entry on the next page, but followed soon by "So tired." For another week the fight was fought to which there could be but one end. Then:

"Carried in chair by bearers to Ambāsamudram [an experience of physical misery never forgotten], thence by bandy to Palamcottah. After frightful jolting reached Palamcottah about 7 a.m. Doctor pronounced it fever—proved to be typhoid. Every one kindness itself, but Mrs. Harcourt more than kind; nursed me till we got a nurse (a fortnight's delay), and afterwards too, giving up all her time to me. The good Lord reward her."

This, in shaky handwriting, written after recovery had set in, covers the weeks.

"The worst of it was I could not pray," he said long afterwards. ["But little drawing of heart after holy things," the poor journal confesses in its weak handwriting.] "I could not think of a single word; and I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for the prayers that came without effort into my mind. Every night the beautiful Third Collect came; how it comforted me! 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of

Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.' It said everything I wanted to say, and said it perfectly."

"He lives in my memory," writes Mrs. Harcourt; "his was a unique personality. Though of a quiet and retiring disposition, he was a man of no mean abilities, and he soon acquired the Tamil language; and when he delivered his Master's message, he spoke with a fluency and earnestness that attracted attention and went to the hearts of his hearers. They could not but feel he had sat at the Master's feet and been imbued with His Spirit. I had the privilege of nursing him through an attack of typhoid fever. I say privilege, because I valued the quiet talks we had together during the time when he was convalescent; it made me feel it was good to be there, raising one's mind to higher and holier things."

The next few entries in the journal show him just as he was, ill or well:

"*September* 8.—Surprised by a letter from Peel [C.M.S. Secretary at Madras] refusing to sanction my Coonoor plan, and requiring me to go to Madras a [plan which might end in being ordered to England to recruit]. Hope I may be led aright.

"*September* 9.—Wrote protest and appeal to Peel; must now wait quietly for leadings.

"*September* 11.—Telegrams sanctioning my going to Coonoor.

"*September* 16.—On way to Coonoor (Nilgiri Hills). Scenery up Ghaut lovely. Tonga pace very rapid, horses changed every few miles, and as soon as fastened in shaft off with a rush and a plunge. May I be a witness here!"

It had been a trial to leave Bishop Sargent in weak health:

"He will not be able to work on much longer, but he is one of those who will die in harness. They are the right kind after all, whatever people are pleased to say about them: they love not their lives to the death."

"*October* 8.—Out of gear through telegram announcing that Bishop Sargent is sinking rapidly, and I am away and useless.

"*October* 9.—Telegrams about Bishop Sargent.

"*October* 11.—News of Bishop Sargent rallying.

"*October* 12.—Telegram announcing Bishop Sargent's death. Have not realised all it means yet, but for him it is glory."

"Thank God for His mercies to me on these hills," is the last journal word as the hills are left. "A day's march nearer work" ends the first day's journey towards the plains.

It was sorrowful to find the Bishop's old bungalow deserted, stripped inside, and empty without him. It was thereafter occupied by the Rev. and Mrs. Kember, who lived there until "that blameless missionary," as he used to call Mr. Kember, went to behold his Master's face in brightness.

The November journal tells of settling into a new bungalow: "Ardill kindly came to stay a little and cheer my loneliness." The care of all the churches began to press heavily: "Many anxieties about the Tamil Christians." These had been anticipated: "In my last talk with Bishop Sargent I asked him what he felt about things in general. 'I'm not sanguine. I'm not sanguine,' was all he said, shaking his head sadly. He would never say much." This, from a later conversation with one who asked concerning past history, is sufficient to show there was cause for anxiety in the hearts of those who watched for the spiritual good of the Church. The anxiety was shared by the C.M.S. Committee at home, and the Rev. John Barton came to Tinnevelly towards the close of 1889 to co-operate with those on the field in reorganising the work.

A home letter of December 20th refers to this event:

"There are many changes ahead, and each one needs careful consideration. They do not affect me much personally, as my own wish to be free for directly spiritual and evangelistic work is pretty well known and understood. But still I have to help with advice and co-operation in settling plans for the future conduct of the mission. Mr. Barton is firm enough in one direction—to promote the spiritual work at any cost; and there he just hits off what I have long felt about Tinnevelly. We want less of policy and more of downright, straightforward Gospel work in reliance on the Spirit of grace."

" The one thing that shone out among the tumult of my thoughts was a lively sense of God's goodness."

FRANÇOIS COILLARD, *On the Threshold of Central Africa.*

CHAPTER IX

The New Epoch

PERHAPS this chapter cannot begin better than with a paragraph from Mr. Carr's "In Memoriam," written for the C.M.S. *Review* of November 1912, although it looks back, and forward, past the boundary of the year.

"Mr. Barton found Mr. Walker's experience, gained during the four years he had been out, of the greatest value. Mr. Barton devised the outline of the new Church Council and Circle System; but the whole of the detail was worked out by Walker in his tent, while itinerating from village to village, mainly in North Tinnevelly. The fact that the constitution has required so little alteration during the last twenty years speaks volumes for the wonderful power which he possessed of appreciating a situation. Previous to the one District Council started in 1892, the number of Councils had been reduced to four, Walker being made chairman of the two in North Tinnevelly. Efforts were made by the Home Committee to find a senior man who could come out and be chairman of the new single District Church Council; but when these failed, he was asked to be chairman in 1892."

For the present, however, there was no hint of this:

"I baptised a convert; seems an intelligent man; once fierce opponent. Happy busy day; a delight. Douglas and Storrs [who had joined the mission the previous year] came out. Preached in bazaar street, where Storrs spoke by interpretation. An old Brahman objected, but pleasantly. Preached in large Muhammadan place; surprised at size of it. Got a good crowd and had an address. Afterwards a champion of Islam came to argue. By God's mercy all went on quietly and we had a good talk together. Breakfast with Grubb [Rev. George Grubb] and his friends. Open prayer-meeting of missionaries; fine word by Grubb."

A mission followed ("The Lord deliver me from idleness" is interjected between compressed records of work of all sorts). Then on February 17th, a date of some importance to the Tamil Church :

"First meeting of new Executive Committee of Central Council, of which I was elected secretary. Last meeting of mission: Grubb on 'Be of good cheer,'" a word which, as the next entry is "Weary, disgusted with self; have need of patience," must have seemed not untimely.

"Grand times we have had," he writes upon February 24th. "Many, I believe, got a distinct blessing. He [George Grubb] is a plain, uncompromising speaker, hits straight from the shoulder, and has a voice which rings through the church and out into the street beyond."

The month held a special cheer :

"Off to meet Carr; such a joy to see him again. Praise the Lord! Prayer-meeting. Carr took it and spoke so *really* [a great word with him]. So glad and thankful to-night. Looking forward to happy Sabbath."

And the next entry is :

"A happy Sabbath : I believe in the communion of saints."

Then, for unbroken weeks, camp. The entries are of the briefest description, a mere record of work and passing on. Sometimes there is a personal touch :

"Threw myself on the church's bare floor and slept two hours. The Vellalars argued much with us; but I assured them that He must reign."

The North Tinnevelly tour, during which the details of the proposed new schemes for the better organisation of the Church were hammered out and shaped into working form in the intervals between preachings, correspondence, callers, and all the other sundries of itinerating life, began in June :

"*June* 4.—Off with Carr for N. Tinnevelly.

"*June* 11.—Catechists joined us during the night with an enquirer. Business letter-writing. Tamil lesson with Carr. Evening to Sivakāsi. Rain was falling, but we took our stand in the *mandapam* of Saivite temple [outer porch, not sacred

part]. Close by was a rhinoceros on view for a trifle, and that attracted some people to neighbourhood. At first undisturbed, but afterwards an infuriated Hindu antichristian preacher objected to our being on temple premises, and we withdrew outside, getting a most attentive audience.

"*June* 13.—In morning two stands; good hearings. Business filled up most of the day. Hardly a moment's breathing-time. Took V. and R. [enquirers] in Bible, and also new enquirers came. Evening, Sivakāsi again, goldsmith's street, bazaars; large crowds. Long enquiry to-day into a church building account. Left with an uneasy feeling about such accounts."

There was uneasiness of another sort, as a letter dated June 26th shows:

"Z. has been inventing new and novel schemes at this late hour, and I cannot agree with him, and so we are rather at a deadlock. Our Missionary Conference is to be held on July 7th in Palamcottah, and the whole question will be discussed then. But I don't think he will meet with much support. I am afraid that he is vexed with me about it, but my first duty is to the work. Please ask in your prayers that we may be specially guided at this time. It is a most critical one for Tinnevelly, and much depends on the decisions of the next few months. Mr. Gray has written to say that they have no wish to divert me from the evangelistic work, and therefore I feel easier about that. They are trying hard to find a suitable successor to Mr. Barton, but it needs a man of peculiar gifts. God alone can send us the right head, and we are just looking up to Him in this matter."

The threatened deadlock in mission politics ended as such complications have a pleasant way of doing when there are no private ends to serve, and what both sides desire is the best good of the work in question:

"Last Monday was our Missionary Conference. I had been looking forward to it with dread, as Z. had been suggesting new schemes with which I could not agree at all. However, on the eve of the conference, he came round to my view of things, and so all passed off harmoniously. It is decided that our fourfold itinerancy is not to be interfered with. The evangelistic work must be vigorously carried on."

In the meantime the itinerating work and all else involved

in everyday life went on peacefully, in spite of disturbing influences:

"You don't know what a lot of things the missionary has to attend to. It is not all preaching to the heathen by any means. I have had to settle disputes between mission agents and remove misunderstandings. As I write, some men have been to me with a catechist whose arm is in splinters and head bruised. He has been beaten by the Roman Catholics because some of their adherents have joined our ranks. And so we go on, all kinds of things to think of and occupy attention. I am talking to a young Hindu as I write this letter. He has studied in our Mission College, but, like so many others, he is held back by ties of earth and family and sin. It is no easy thing to touch the conscience of an idolater. Familiarity with materialistic worship blinds him to sin and to all ideas of God's holiness and purity."

Where there were congregations or schools, these were visited; isolated Christians were hunted out and strengthened; disputes were put right if possible, and harassed pastors were cheered: "Pastors to breakfast" is a usual entry. And all the time, side by side with the preaching to the Hindus, was that which was never held to be less important—the effort to build up the Christians in godliness. But it was a grief to see the great towns unmoved by the message of salvation; there they stood, as they still stand all over India, a sorrow, a defiance, and a challenge all in one.

Upon August 5th the journal entry is:

"A new epoch; our wedding-day; service [conducted by Rev. John Barton] quiet and solemn; neither of us very nervous. . . . Got off, amidst showers of rice, in bullock bandy at 8.15. Salute and an old shoe as we passed Mr. Schaffter's later on. May God bless this union, and make our lives bright with His presence and praise."

"Bring out how very human he was," writes Mr. Storrs; "for instance, it is no desecration of his character to tell you that it was only a month before he was engaged that he gave Carr, Douglas, and myself quite a sermon on the superior advantages of the single life for missionary work. I don't believe in halos either in church windows or biographies; but I love to see a

man as he is, at least as so far as either painter or biographer can know him." And this being exactly what the writer feels, and what doubtless most readers will feel—others will have dropped off by this time—the human is shown.

But even in this curious age there are some to whom reticence is more natural than speech where such things are concerned, and a very few extracts from the journal may suffice to give the human introduction to the new epoch.

It began at first unconsciously upon his arrival in India, and was continued on the hills during that time of convalescence after typhoid in 1889. The journal entry: "Thank God for all His mercies to me on these hills" may well have included this, as then hardly realised, mercy. Doubts as to the rightfulness of anything of the sort are evident enough in its pages to account for the aforesaid sermon to the three Cantabs; it was given in all sincerity. But a few days later the entries are human to the core:

"*December* 27, '89.—Seem to be carried away into some whirlpool.

"*January* 1, '90.—Distressed and perplexed.

"*January* 2.—Engagement with Miss Hodge [of the Church of England Zenana Mission]. May the step prove to have been the right one.

"*January* 4.—A walk with her; more hopeful and happy.

"*January* 5.—Such a happy time. [It was Sunday.] Sweet day of rest; a delight."

To his sister Sarah, upon June 14, 1890, he writes:

"I think Miss L. [an old and honoured friend] doesn't like my being engaged. She ought to be here, and then things would look different. I have a settled kind of feeling that it is all for the best. People don't know how matter of fact missionary life is. I didn't till I came and saw for myself. There is not much romance about learning a hard language, and sweating under a hot sun, and preaching day by day to hearts as hard as stones. It is God's grace alone which can support a man and make him happy amidst it all, and we should thankfully receive all the helps He gives us by the way. I think my views on many subjects have been gradually changing since I came out to India. It has been four years of real discipline."

Thus it was settled. The comic element was not wanting. "Did you ever hear of a man's having to read his own marriage banns?" he once asked. "Well, I had to!" A distinctly serious bridegroom-elect, reading his own banns before a small and very intimate English congregation—it was an experience undoubtedly more enjoyable to others than himself.

"*August* 6.—Reached our destination [Kuttālam] about 5.30; afterwards a quiet day."

Followed an actual holiday. For ten whole days, if Sunday duty is excepted, there is not an entry about work: walks up-stream to the beautiful falls, bathing, more walks, long happy talks, thus the time passed. But no missionary can rest on his oars for long at Kuttālam; for the pilgrims are a perpetual call, and all around are villages, and near by a town with its temple, whose huge tower, once struck by lightning and split down the centre, still stands strong. So, after the first few days, the page fills as usual.

"*August* 19.—Confirmation by Bishop Caldwell in Kuttālam church, a centipede stinging my leg all the time," is an entry which did duty more than once when in later years the little Indian children, who became as his own, clamoured for a story. "Well, I'll tell you a story: Once I was helping a poor sick Bishop, when suddenly I felt something like a live red-hot needle creeping slowly along my skin. I couldn't go out of church, because I had been told I might be needed any minute to help the poor Bishop; so I had to stay and go on with the service, and try not to let anybody know anything was wrong. So I looked like this (straightening his face into stoic calm), and nobody knew till the end of the service; and then I went to the vestry and shook down—a great big centipede!" The children were sure Mrs. Walker must have known, and one day rushed in force to ask her. But she shook her head. Nobody knew.

Then, on August 29th:

"Back to Palamcottah. Getting house a little straight. Desk and office paper rummaging. Wrote appeals for Tinnevelly itinerancy for men, and for a ladies' itinerancy; a lecture to the Y.M.C.A. on 'An unpopular study'; business."

Such are some of the headquarters' entries.

Then, on September 11th: "Off to Nullur."

Nullur is an outstation, needy, as all outstations are. It has a central church and congregation, and Hindus live in the villages round. In September the place is bare as a board, with the great outline of hills shimmering through the heated air to the west. Here Mrs. Walker worked among the women—Christian and Hindu. Then came camp, the first camp together, then home.

"*October* 3.—Reached Palamcottah about 3 a.m.; taking up [floor] mats and laying new ones; struggling with housework.

"*October* 4.—Housework. Phugh! [too human this to omit]. Arsenicing mats [to keep termites from devouring them piecemeal] and getting straight."

So the journal; and Indian missionaries will understand. For servants here, though made of the friendliest material, have certain views with which the average Westerner finds himself at variance; and house-cleaning, if drastic, is not a soothing undertaking.

Then North Tinnevelly and more house-cleaning; for the missionaries lately resident there had gone, and all was chaos. Then came "heavy correspondence, business, street-preaching with Douglas, miscellaneous writing, Committee meetings, writing of Council minutes. Back to Nullur, preachings for Christians. Storrs on 'An obedient Church.'"

Then Palamcottah, with the usual string of engagements. "So glad of Sabbath prospects," breaks as ever into the middle of entries of the dullest sort. But the time had a brightness of its own; there was hope ahead for the district, with three new missionaries at work, or shortly to be at work in camp, and a women's itinerancy planned for needy North Tinnevelly, that great expanse of black cotton soil with populous towns and hundreds of villages practically unreached so far as the women were concerned.

"Storrs is to come with us for Council, and that will be a great help to me," he writes to his sister on December 31st. "We

had our Missionary Conference last Saturday, and that gives me a great deal to think of, as the bulk of the work falls on me."

So much for the work. The colleague just mentioned shows something of the worker:

"I think," he says, in speaking of the absence of distinctive things to tell concerning his friend, "it is partly that, with his exceptional powers, he was so utterly unobtrusive that I have little doubt many people who met him only once, thought he was a very ordinary man. With those who knew him it was more the influence of a strong man who had made God's will his law of life than the brilliance of his attainments which made them trust him so absolutely.

"One thing I remember, in which he and I joined heart and soul, and that was a protest we sent home against the manipulation of missionaries' reports so as to show only the rosy side. It wasn't a nice thing to have to do, and we had difficulty in getting a unanimous vote from the Missionary Conference; but we did it, with good results. If ever there was a true man of God he was. I seldom met anyone who approached him in his unworldliness. You felt he was a man of God. And he was so sympathetic. I can quite understand what you say about his self-depreciation. He was always very sensitive, and when he had to rebuke, it cost."

But more than ordinary though he was in attainments and in earnestness of life, the lighter side of things appealed as much as ever. Mr. Storrs recalls a familiar story:

"At Pannikulam the pastor's calf got into the vestry and ate some pages of the Church Register. I remember Walker telling the story, and how the pastor concluded his lament with, 'And it was a consecrated calf too! I was going to offer it at the Harvest Festival!' Walker's enjoyment of the story and his taking off the woebegone supplicant remain in my memory to this day."

And letters to his sister occasionally take time to tell the ludicrous:

"You know how poor people at home sometimes stick on to a clergyman or district visitor for what they can get? I will give you an amusing instance of a similar thing here. An Indian pastor went to visit one of his village congregations. Up came an old man, one of the Christians of the good old

days (so called). An amusing conversation ensued. *Old Christian*—'Ah, sir, these are bad times. The *vēdam* (Christian religion) has gone to sleep.' *Pastor*—'No, no! the *vēdam* has not gone to sleep. It's we who have gone to sleep.' *Old Christian*—'Not so! the *vēdam* has gone to sleep. Why, in old Mr. S.'s days we got so much rice every week, given free gratis. And now the *vēdam* has gone to sleep.' There's a lovely story for you. Poor souls, I fear many never get beyond the temporal advantages of Christianity."

Two small stories belong to the time in North Tinnevelly. The Sāchiāpuram bungalow, being empty, had fallen a prey to rats; and these animals had got into the way of helping themselves to the cotton seeds often found in mattresses stuffed with cotton. One night a rat was discovered inside the Walkers' mosquito net. "Don't let it out!" he called to his wife as he jumped out to get a stick. She did not relish being inside the net with the rat, and managed to get out without letting it escape; but the story was told against him for many a day; it was too characteristic to be forgotten. It was always one thing at a time with him—the one thing at that moment was the extermination of that rat. The other story has a more missionary flavour.

The walls in the bungalow do not run up to the roof; from her bedroom, hour after hour, Mrs. Walker used to listen to him dealing with the catechists in an adjoining room. A rule had been made that no mission workers were to cultivate land near their mission station, as such entanglements had been found to result in work neglected for the sake of gain. As each catechist came into the room it used to be, "Will you give up your lands?" A long circuitous reply. "Will you give up your lands?" The previous answer would be repeated with variations and amplifications; a third time the question would be repeated. More involved communication. Then, "You must choose between your lands and your work." Many men were weeded out during those tedious and often disappointing days, but not till each one had been pleaded with in private.

Upon December 31st, as usual, there is a clear look back: "Another year gone, brighter than the last; but oh, so full of imperfections."

"That Thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so Thy likeness shall be formed in me,
I pray; the answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but Thee,
And never time for anything but these.

"And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl, and hum, and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless."

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER X

The Daily Round

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE produced many letters and journals, written with a fine pen in ink now faded, and with much economy of space, upon the very thin paper of the time; but to the Indian missionary at least, these letters are fresh with the freshness of young spring leaves. Every little character sketch, every small story, is a fragment from the real. We can see, and hear, and feel, as we read; and we wonder, as we turn the flimsy and slippery pages of these well-worn letters, where all the people of whom they tell are now, and how their contact with that ardent life affected them.

"I have had a week of terrible rush in Palamcottah. All the agents have been in, and we have had special meetings for them on 'The will of God: knowing it, doing it, and loving it.' Of course, whenever the agents come in, it brings business; for many have got matters of importance to discuss in connection with their congregations. Then we have had our Missionary Conference, and have been busy drawing up new regulations in connection with our new system of Church organisation. It fell to me to prepare the scheme and pass it through the press. We have had, too, a Committee on marriage irregularities, which I have discovered to be sadly prevalent. Besides, I have been drawing up a practical scheme for the C.E.Z.M.S. to show how the proposed Ladies' Village Mission will work. And we are just on the eve of going into the district. I am setting two Tamil examination papers for Mr. Kember's Theological Class. So you see I am Jack of all trades.

"I am making an analysis of the Four Gospels. St. Matthew and St. Mark are done, and I am at work on St. Luke. The missionaries here have found them helpful, I believe, and so I have taken St. Matthew with the Christians also. What a mine of precious truth the Bible is, ever full of new beauties. I have

had many precious things shown in it to me by the Spirit since I came to India."

He writes about an itinerating tour just accomplished:

"We had our first preaching without interruption; but our Hindu friends were on the look out for us, and when we moved to our second station they were all assembled in force. When they attempted to interrupt, I told them that we could not allow that; but if they wished to hold a preaching of their own, at a little distance, I would gladly come and listen. This little ruse had the desired effect. They only wanted to show their cleverness by asking questions about the Bible from Hindu tracts. So my friends passed on and had their preaching undisturbed, and I went and sat down, with a great crowd of Hindus all around. I was plied with question after question. They did not seem to care much about the answer, so long as they could ask the questions.

"It was market day, so we went to market in hopes of finding a concourse of people there. We were not disappointed; but we had scarcely commenced operations when some Hindu Vellalars, bedecked with ashes and necklaces of Saivite beads, carrying a large Bible and a packet of Hindu antichristian tracts, burst upon us with a following of admirers. We tried to go quietly on with our preaching; but they were determined to interrupt, and forced their way round through the crowd till they and we were standing face to face. The old pastor was speaking, and they heard him for a little while; but they could not be kept quiet, so he entered into an argument with them, and they made me (or pretended to do so) umpire. They asserted that Christ was not Divine, and were going to read some of their tracts to prove that the Bible says that He was only man. Here the old pastor was too smart for them, and undertook to prove from the Bible that Christ is God. He had chapter and verse at his fingers' ends, and they had to desist on that point. 'Well,' said they, 'the Bible says that He was also man.' That, of course, was accepted, and the Incarnation was related. They declared, however, that the Incarnation was an impossibility. Asked about Vishnu's supposed incarnations, they asserted that Vishnu was not God, and their supposed *avathars* were false; pretty good for Hindus. They believed in no gods but Siva. They were taxed about the Hindu triad, which includes Siva, but fenced out of it.

"I sent off the others to preach elsewhere, while the pastor

and I remained behind to talk with an old Brahman, who took the lead of the rest. He was something of a Vēdanti [philosophical pantheist] and was prepared to allow the work of Christ and everything else, since his creed was, 'There is only one entity and all the rest illusion. God is we and we are God.' The conversation was friendly and courteous. I flung a Sanskrit stanza at him which commanded a little attention. But the old gentleman would have his way; we parted the best of friends.

"After another address he interposed again. He said that, of course, there is one God and one Vēda; but you may find the true God and true Vēda in Christianity and Hinduism alike, for they teach, among other things, that we must be good and truthful and upright. I replied, 'No; put your Hinduism right away at the other end of the village, for we can't allow it to stand in the same corner with our holy Gospel.' He persisted that one and both were good; but we pressed him about atonement for sin, and about the holiness of the true God, so different from the character of Vishnu, whose emblem, the trident, was painted on the foreheads of our auditory. To know what real indifference to true religion is, you must itinerate in a heathen country."

The above extract, and many other similar extracts from letter or journal, will strike straight against the modern feeling as to the proper way of approach to men of another religion. But to understand, for example, the word about putting Hinduism in a far corner of the village, the tone with which it was spoken should be read into the stiff line of print. There would be no stiffness in that tone; only an earnest eagerness, an entirely loving purpose, and above all a tremendous conviction, which the Hindu, quick to apprehend all that touches true emotion, would perceive and appreciate. There is a winning way of saying even such uncompromising words; only let there be love enough behind, and the keenest thrusts give no offence of the kind that turns a seeker away. It is enough to say that, after his death, the Hindus of a town in Tinnevelly were heard talking of him as a man Heaven-sent. They at least did not misunderstand his "method of approach."

The life now being lived was full of chances to get to know the Christians as well as the Hindus, for it was lived under

conditions almost similar to theirs; and in the familiar daily intercourse of such a life the missionary grew to understand the real difficulties of the people. One such is mentioned in a home letter, and he often referred to it in after years, feeling it accounted for much that is distressing and disappointing:

"Living, as I am doing here, right in the midst of the people, I wonder how they manage ever to get privacy; their mode of life differs so much from the English fashion of every man's house being his castle. Certainly ours is the more conducive to private religious exercises, and I can't help thinking that Indian publicity does much to prevent their growth in grace. Still, God's work is not dependent on customs or circumstances, as one has found by experience. I had a nice long talk afterwards with the pastor and inspecting schoolmaster. In these free chats one gets to know about the difficulties and trials of the people, and certainly on these occasions I realised something more than before of the temptations of our agents."

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." Many a missionary, conscious of the sometimes rather unbeautiful side of itinerating life, has thought of the verse with a kind of wonder. There is nothing poetic or at all sublime in some of the experiences now to be related; they have only the merit of truth. The first concerns a bandy journey by night; the bandy men have lost their way, and the somewhat disconsolate missionary, whose feet feel anything but beautiful, only rather tired and dusty, is walking ahead to point it out to them. In one of the bandies sleeps a fellow-traveller (Mr. Douglas), unconscious of the imminent.

"I hear his bandy go crash, bang, smash against the rough loose stones. Cries of surprised dignity proceed from within. Let them sympathise who know what is the sensation of being suddenly jerked from a comfortable sleep by the pitchings of a Tinnevelly springless cart. Bandy travelling over a cross-country path is far from a bed of roses. The jerks and jolts and lunges beggar description. And it suggests a problem of equilibrium to watch the angles of inclination which the bandy assumes on the side of a bank so as just not to upset."

A day's romance :

"A day of plagues with me. The room in which I was staying swarmed with insects, and I was obliged to take off my boots and put them in the sun to get rid of their secreted population. Finding it impossible to sit still, I paraded the room backwards and forwards, in enforced patience, for the sun was too hot to allow of my going outside. The people crowded round the doors and windows and stared with open mouths; they had not seen a European for many years. In vain did we beg for a little respite from stares; it was for all the world like watching an imprisoned animal pacing his cage. We tried to speak to the people of higher things, but no! they would only stare, and stare, and stare. Wasn't I thankful when four o'clock came and we could go out to our preaching! We got a grand crowd, and as it was Census Day, spoke to them of the Lord's Census in the Lamb's Book of Life."

Evening in camp :

"As I only had two camp chairs, and we were four or five in number, we dispensed with luxuries and squatted down on the side of the river bank for a talk. While we were thus engaged, the Christians of the village came to *santhippu* [ceremonial visit] with garlands and limes, in the broad moonlight. After chat and prayer with them, I retired to my tent for dinner. There was not too much room, as its dimensions were only nine feet square; my cot filled up one side and the table and chair the other, so that I had to keep my portable basin and stand outside, and perform my ablutions in public. After dinner and a quiet time, I was just going to retire for the night, and was letting down the mat-blind in the tent door for that purpose, when I heard a familiar voice outside; and, sure enough, there was the Sivakāsi pastor, who had followed me on rather urgent business, and had to return the same night for his Sabbath duties. As ink and writing materials had to be sought (I had brought none, not anticipating business would follow me out there), it was after 11 p.m. when I finally found leisure to lie down."

Night, after an exhausting day :

"At last I was alone, and soon got to rest; after the hot day, the night was cool and pleasant. Unfortunately some bullocks were tied up just outside my tent door, and they were munching straw and making sundry noises all night, so much

so that they broke my rest five or six times. However, itinerants have to take everything as it comes, so I was thankful for what sleep I could get. It doesn't do to be too comfortable in this world."

But nothing was worth a moment's thought if only responsive hearts were found ; the grief is that so often they were not.

"Our morning preaching was in the adjacent village, Pannikulam. The people have heard the Gospel, but the place has a very dead-and-alive appearance about it. A crowd soon assembled and heard us attentively, but oh for the heavenly power to reach the heart! These upturned faces, quiet and emotionless, make one long to see them disturbed with real anxiety about sin and eternity. I had business to transact after preaching, as well as letters to write. Later on I had a good long talk with the pastor, getting to know all about the people and their affairs. The grand thing about this district work is, that it puts you alongside the people and lets you behind the scenes all round. My Tamil MS. revision work occupied me till evening, when it was time to go out to our evangelistic work again, a walk of a mile across the fields. Here there was once a little congregation, now scattered—some dead, others apostate. The people there are Naiks; many of their relatives are in the Indian Army. This section of the Naik caste makes good soldiers. We got a large crowd, and quite a number of women at a little distance. 'Who mind earthly things' is the text which always occurs to me in visiting these Naik villages; you find comparatively few idols and temples in them; they live just for this world, and amass riches and build nice houses. There is little or no spiritual instinct, if I may call it so, no response to spiritual appeal."

There was one triumphant little meeting held outside a devil shrine. The magic lantern was the attraction; and the people were so keen to see the pictures that, as no other place could be found, they allowed their shrine to be used—a most unusual thing in South India. It was a thrilling thing to see this, as it were, a foreshadowing of the victory to come. The missionaries stood inside the shrine before the demon idols; the sheet was hung across the door, and the people crowded round. Thus for once at least Satan was defied upon his own

territory, and the Gospel was fully preached there in his very seat without let or hindrance.

Easter Day was marked by its own special joy. It was spent among the Christians in one of the outlying villages.

"The church was gay with plantain stalks with their long flowing leaves, and with floral festoons; and bamboos had been tied upon the inside pillars the whole length of the church, on which were placed rows of little earthen vessels which served as lamps and provided us with a gay galaxy of little lights. The church gong soon brought all the people, and the place was packed beyond the doors; right in front was a little group of musicians. They had been accustomed, as heathen, to take part in plays, and were skilful in songs. One man played a drum, another a curious-looking reed-pipe, others hand-cymbals. Their singing was certainly good and bright, and their talents were better employed in praising Christ than in Hindu dramas. With this bright musical accompaniment we had a nice little service. I spoke to the people on the first word of the risen Lord to the assembled people: 'Peace be unto you.' After the service, with a lighted lantern to direct my steps, I wended my way back to the tent. It had been an Easter Day wholly different from those one used to spend in England. No stately cathedral or bright evangelical Easter service or other grand accessories of worship here. Only a few simple village folk, many of them with but a feeble comprehension of the great mystery of the faith; and yet doubtless this is the direct line of the declared will of the risen Lord, 'Go ye and make disciples of all the nations'; and so one can go to rest to-night satisfied with the privilege of helping to do His missionary will."

The Lord's Day was still the star of the week:

"I used to enjoy my Sabbaths at home thoroughly; but I think they are even more delightful in Tinnevelly—real rests by the way. . . . A happy day of rest, a lying down in the green pastures. I for one find it very easy to call the Sabbath a delight." Such notes are scattered about in letters as in journals.

"Oh, the luxury of Sunday!" he writes of a happy Dohnavur Sunday; "it is like drinking of the brook by the way. Mine was a very happy one to-day. I had nice leisure during the day for Bible gleaning, and got a dip into the missionary teaching of the Book of Joshua. The fifth chapter showed me the equipment needed for missionary success, and the

sixth showed me how to take the strongholds of heathenism. The itinerating missionary finds his marching orders clearly laid down in that chapter.

"(1) Compass the city: day after day, month by month, going round the district with prayer and faith and the 'witness.'

"(2) Take up the ark: the showing forth and displaying to view of the Lord Jesus Christ—in His glory, in His atonement, in His revelation of the Father.

"(3) Blow with trumpets: the clear ringing note of the Gospel. We itinerators need to be like those priests who went on continually and blew the trumpets. While the sound of the trumpet was heard, no voice of man or word of human wisdom was allowed to interrupt.

"(4) Shout with the great shout: the shout of faith and victory.

"After getting this helpful gleaning, and having a time also over the Greek Testament, I got ready for the evening work. We gathered for prayer, and then proceeded to the neighbouring Brahman street, about half a mile away. The Brahmans there are Vaishnavites [worshippers of Vishnu]. We had paid them a visit a year or so ago. Not wishing to intrude too much on their privacy, we stood at a little distance, and sent a schoolmaster who knows them well to fetch them to the preaching. They heard well for some twenty minutes; but I watched their faces, and could see that they had but little interest in what was said. But here again it was for a witness unto them. The message of the Gospel and the preaching of the Cross, though foolishness to them, was set before them. After the preaching, we gave them Gospel booklets. One youth, who knows a little English, attempted an argument; but we left a couple of our friends to talk to him, and walked off to an adjoining village to begin our preaching there without delay. The poor folk here were a great contrast to their proud Brahman neighbours. After a preaching here also, we moved on to a hamlet inhabited chiefly by Shānārs. Here we got a fine crowd, who seemed greatly taken with the music. They are living close to the mission station; but though some for a time made a nominal profession of Christianity, they are without God in the world. All we could get out of them was that they wanted rain, and had no care for anything else. Truly the god of this world blinds the eyes of them that believe not. However, I was taught to-day that, whether the people hear or whether they forbear, we must compass the city and blow the trumpets."

July saw three of the itinerators ill at once in one of the North Tinnevelly bungalows. It must have been a trying time; but it was utilised for indoor work, such as hymn translation and the usual official correspondence. "Cares and anxieties of the work pressing upon me," the journal says. September brought a personal anxiety: Mrs. Walker was ill. "Cause for alarm and yet thankfulness," says the journal. A home letter reiterates this truth, which was to be a rock-bed of confidence through the long distress which followed:

"We have the deep conviction that the Father never makes mistakes in dealing with His children. The heavenly Potter must shape us as He will. It is a good thing to rest in His love, in perfect assurance that all must be well. Think of us especially in prayer at this time. It is one more to my present burdens, but the Lord is strong to bear them all."

And in December, when the trouble was growing more acute and the choice had to be made, not for the last time, between flesh and spirit, he wrote:

"Humanly speaking, I see no prospect of my getting anything like a long furlough for some years to come, as all the responsibility of the new system here rests upon me. I am to try it, and report on it. If I run away before I have done so thoroughly, it will be shirking my duties; we are both ready to do whatever the Master shows to be right. You need not talk about it, but just pray that guidance may be given to us at this time. I have strong views about a missionary's duty to his work."

The year closed with the now usual long spell at office work.

"Carr and I are having a regular overhauling of the office, starting a more correct system of the book-keeping, etc. Carr is very good at all this kind of thing, and when a new man comes to take up this department of work, he will find everything in proper order. We had a grand tearing up of all the useless papers and receipts relating to the distant past, so that now the place is clear and orderly."

"Oh for more of Christ this year!" So the year had begun. Those who looked on felt there had been more of Christ.

"The keeping of the Missionary Society's accounts is as uninteresting as any other office work, as toilsome, as unspiritual; we do not expect to see the Glory of Christ in this drudgery, but it does appear in the man and woman who perseveres in it joyfully for the love of Christ, and in the power of His grace. The anxieties and discouragements which attend the working of Christian schools, colleges, medical missions, etc., may be endless: we do not expect that their success will be more brilliant because they are religious institutions; they will be at best but as the weak and common element of water; but if Christ is manifested in those who labour in them, Christ Himself will be there, and there will be effects which bear no proportion to the feeble organisation. We shall find the good wine, where we toiled in drawing mere water out of the common well, and shall recognise the Divine Guest, and behold His glory, where others find nothing but the poverty and the pathos of human endeavour left without encouragement."

CONGREVE, *The Spiritual Order.*

CHAPTER XI

The Common Task

It was in the year 1892 that the new single District Council was started, with as its chairman Mr. Walker, and its vice-chairman Mr. Carr. Both had come out, with the thought in view of direct spiritual work among the Hindus ; and though that work still went on whenever possible side by side with ministration to the Christians, the main duty of life now was what the world calls secular, in that quite unromantic place, an ordinary mission office. If it is true (and surely it is) that "the finest life lies oft in doing finely a multitude of unromantic things," their lives were fine ; but they did not always feel fine, and the period we are entering now is marked by a certain greyness of atmosphere, in spite of the cheerful tone of letters already quoted, and still to be quoted : for the true missionary keeps the tiredness out of his letters. "He used to sit down to table with a sigh," is a most descriptive word from the one who knows most of that time. For the brightness of later years had not as yet become the habit of life on common days. On uncommon days, days of special strain or need for effort, such as the presence of less intimate friends, he would make an effort, and emerge from the grey, bright and cheery. But the "level stretches white with dust" tried him, as they try most of us; and it was the sense of failure on common days which led him eventually to seek and to receive that gift of joyous constant peace which, particularly towards the end, so singularly distinguished him.

The year opened with a tour in the district with Bishop Gell and his chaplain, Rev. S. Morley (afterwards Bishop Morley of Tinnevelly). The tour was mainly in the interest of the Christians, but it was utilised whenever possible for reaching the Hindus.

Such opportunities came unsought, for the Bishop of Madras, being connected with Government, was received everywhere by Hindu officials with acclamation both politic and polite. Upon his arrival at the station where he was to alight for his first camp, the Christian schoolboys met him with banners and lyrics; and the Hindus, not to be outdone in demonstrations of respect, provided a brass band.

"But by an amicable arrangement," explains a home letter, "the Christians sang their lyrics and the Hindus banged their instruments in orderly alternative, and thus, with quite a crowd of people to escort us, we wended our way to the travellers' bungalow. I could not help contrasting this with the far different welcome we sometimes receive when we go as simple preachers of the Gospel.

"Among the Bishop's visitors were the peons (messengers) connected with the various Government offices, each in his uniform and gay shoulder-sash. The Bishop gave them a home-thrust when he said he hoped they did not oppress the poor or take bribes. The spokesman of the rest, who looked a hardened old rascal, replied that it was true some peons did these wicked things, but not virtuous gentlemen like themselves. All the same, he looked a rogue every inch. Wherever he goes the Bishop takes every opportunity, private and public, for preaching Christ to all who come near him, and these peons did not escape.

"After dinner in the moonlight the itinerating band arranged for an open-air preaching to the heathen, and invited the Bishop to come and speak. We had a capital preaching. One of the evangelists spoke first, then Mr. Morley by interpretation. Next came the old Bishop, and it was grand to hear him preach the Gospel to that crowd of Hindus. If only all bishops were like this one!"

Tinnevelly has been blest in her bishops; all have been keen evangelists.

The last of these times of witness-bearing was an impromptu meeting just before the train moved off. "An open-air meeting on a railway platform with a bishop as preacher; grand, wasn't it?" concludes a home letter.

"The Bishop's tour in Tinnevelly is just at an end," he had written to his sister a day or two previously. "We have had a

frightfully busy time in Palamcottah. The Confirmation and Ordination, followed by a series of special services, councils, etc., took up every minute of my time. It was almost amusing to see the crowd of pastors and agents who flocked to the office in the intervals between the meetings, each anxious for an interview about his own particular work. It was a case of so many interviews to the hour. My letters simply had to accumulate unopened in a huge heap, and it took me a hard day's work, with the assistance of a secretary, to wipe them off; but now I am free again."

The hymn "Veni Creator" was translated during this tour. The thought of it sets the whole to music, which harmonises with the memory of the gentle and saintly Bishop.

"Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace.

"Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

One duty of the time was, as a home letter remarks, "curious." A missionary had died twenty-six years previously at a North Tinnevelly mission station. Since then the church had been built, and her relatives wished her to be laid near it. The "curious" duty was performed, and to an incredulous new arrival some years afterwards the tale was told of the exhuming, re-coffining, and re-burial of the poor lady. Let us hope, as the letter hopes, "that she will now be allowed to rest in peace till the Resurrection."

Office work was in full swing again, when news came of the illness of a beloved Indian friend, Rev. W. T. Sattianādhan of Madras, who was then staying in his native village near Palamcottah, where he had decided to retire in his old age so that he might witness to his Hindu relatives; his death was his witness. The loss was great to the Tamil Church, for he

was a man of beautiful character and rich gifts. The tale of his conversion has often been told. He was won to allegiance to Christ by the power of the Spirit in using a lesson given one morning in school by William Cruikshanks, a blind Christian teacher, upon Genesis v. That night the schoolboy threw himself upon his knees and prayed for the first time to God his Creator.

The remaining work of the year can be thus epitomised: camp, when possible; councils; standing committees and sub-committees; the writing up of minutes; Tamil revision; *panjāyats* [court of five]; correspondence; business accounts; harvest festivals; the examining of schools; translation of hymns; correction of proofs; setting of examination papers in mathematics and kindred subjects; correcting the same; study of the Toda language by way of holiday diversion; preparation of estimates for mission buildings; enquiries into irregularities, such as marriage of Christians with heathen, and so on; dealing with enquirers; coaching of fellow-missionaries in Tamil. Sometimes a day is comprehensively summarised, "Miscellaneous." And besides all this, there was the haunting insistence of anxiety for all the churches.

But as certain of the words in the above summary will mean little to the happy multitude, the initiated, to whom they open of themselves, will forgive explanatory paragraphs from the home letters.

"*Council.*—I had close work to-day at the new regulations for Council. What a pity that such elaborate organisation is needed. One wonders how the pastoral department was managed in Apostolic times, whether they had pastorate committees at Ephesus and Corinth. Anyhow, St. James was the chairman of the Council at Jerusalem, though I can't imagine that Council making money grants for the repair of deacons' houses, etc. etc."

A meeting of Council is thus described in a previous letter:

"We were now ready for the business of the Council. I sit at the head of the table, with the vice-chairman and secretary on my right. On either side are the pastors, elected agents,

and lay members of the Council, while in the background during part of the proceedings the whole body of the agents are allowed to be present. A suitable portion of Scripture is read, and prayer offered for God's blessing on our deliberations. And now the minutes of the last Council, with those of the auxiliary circle committees, are read and discussed. I try to encourage independence of opinion, and so occasionally the scene is quite animated, a considerable amount of energy both of speech and gesture being expended; my sharp rap on the table is then necessary to restore dignity to the proceedings.

"It wearies me, and so I am sure it would weary distant friends who have no personal interest in these matters at issue, to hear all the routine of business questions. Discipline has to be enforced; church building schemes have to be discussed (we have five such schemes on hand); money has to be voted for the repair of schools and agents' houses; plans have to be concocted for endeavouring to stir up our people to liberality and self-support; increases of salary have to be considered; new agents must be appointed, and some existing agents need to be transferred. It used to be said that the Tinnevelly Councils ought to be called Ām, Ām meetings (Yes, Yes meetings), because the members said 'Yes' to whatever the chairman proposed. It certainly is not the case now; for the liveliest interest is evinced in every part of the proceedings, and many of the resolutions on this occasion were only carried by majorities when I put them to the vote. Let them see that they are responsible for the funds, and you need not fear lest they should go to sleep over the administration of them. I wonder my knuckles are not sore with rapping on the table to attempt to curb interest which threatened to be over-keen! Three hours' work involving close attention to business proceedings conducted in a foreign language is not so easy as it sounds, and so we were glad to adjourn a little before 3 o'clock for half an hour's respite."

"*Writing of Minutes.*—The rest of my day was occupied till after 9 o'clock at night in writing out the minutes of our two days' Council. I have found by experience that it saves time in the long-run to write out the first rough draft myself; but it is real hard work. Twelve pages of foolscap, written closely in my small cramped handwriting; and memory hard at work all the time to recollect for accurate record all the minutiæ of the business deliberations of two long days, with only scrappy notes to assist it. It was as much the dread of

continuing the task on another day as anything else which induced me to scribble away till the work was accomplished. But we get our reliefs in the midst of every troublous task, and mine came in the shape of the English mail. And one outcome of hard work is the relished enjoyment of a good night's rest."

"*Correspondence.*—I had rather a large budget of letters to answer this morning before breakfast. The cheap post is very convenient; but oh, the toil it brings to anyone placed in a position of responsibility! I dread an accumulation of unanswered letters, and so try to clear them off and deal with them as they come."

Sometimes correspondence included answering the interminable questions asked by "some dabbler in missionary matters," usually sent in the form of a printed set of enquiries upon all manner of subjects:

"When a man in England wants to write a book about missions, he sends a regular plague of troublesome questions to be answered. I undertook to fill up the said form and set to work. Mr. Somebody or other wanted to know whether we use a special form for the admission of catechumens, and other equally superfluous matters—a long string of about fifty cross-examinations. I came to the conclusion that if we missionaries wasted our time often over such red-tape forms, we should never have any catechumens at all."

"*Tamil Revision.*—If anyone wants some close work, let him undertake the revision of a long Tamil MS. My difficulty in this case has been increased by the fact that the writer of the MS. [Commentary on Genesis] has freely used current anglicised commentaries, and extracted from them many details, scientific and linguistic. So I have had to do work with the Tamil Bible on one side, and my Hebrew Old Testament and Septuagint on the other. Not being fortunate enough to possess the English original from which my author extracted his statements, and not being credulous enough to believe all that one finds in English commentaries, it has been necessary to verify all the facts for myself. Here goes for a few of the miscellanies which I have had to verify as well as possible from a limited library: the number of species of birds in the world; the distance of certain fixed stars; the number of stars in a little patch of the Milky Way, counted in the object-

glass of a telescope during the space of one hour; the determination of the exact number of years spent by Jacob in Padan-aram; the identification of all the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth; the meaning of almost every name mentioned in the Book of Genesis. These, and a host of other such. And added to all these, the correction of the Tamil spelling; the improvement, where absolutely needed, of the Tamil style; the necessity of attention to the doctrine and, above all, to the spiritual application of the history—and the task is formidable enough to make a reviser hesitate before he undertakes to correct and prepare for the press a Tamil Commentary on an Old Testament book, especially when daily business obliges him to interrupt his work continually."

"*Panjāyat.*—To-day we were to hold a *panjāyat*, to enquire into a family dispute which is disturbing the congregation. It was a last attempt to keep the Christians of the place from going to law before unbelievers (one of them had already filed a suit in the Government court), and so, much as I disliked the whole business, I was determined to do my best. At noon we assembled the rival parties in the tent, and held a formal enquiry. They are rich people, and it was a question as to the fair and proper division of the property—a knotty question in India, where so many diverse rules and customs prevail. As I watched the keen interest which they all took in the matter, and tried from time to time to restrain the all too animated voices and gesticulations, I wished, with an inward sigh, that they would display the same interest in the cause of the spread of the Gospel among the heathen."

The *panjāyat* lasted for several days, and at last ended without appeal to the Civil Court.

Harvest Festivals.—The first had been held at Sāchiāpuram, North Tinnevelly, in the previous year, on his initiative. It proved such a success that the idea was taken up all over the district. These gatherings of the Christians within a given area to their central church were made times of special effort to help them. Many of them had been, as they expressed it, "born in the Way," and needed to be renewed in heart; others were recent converts to Christianity, and needed to be converted to Christ. For to quote the word of a missionary to the South Sea Islands, it is true that often, even in the case of converts,

this second conversion is required; though the change effected by the first (conversion to Christianity) is at times so great that we are liable to mistake it for the real thing, conversion to Christ. So there were mixed meetings, and separate meetings for women and children; as well as the great event of the festival, the meeting when gifts in money and in kind were brought and offered in church, or if they were reluctant animals, in the church porch or the great *pandal*, an open booth made of mats. The singing was always a feature of the meetings; it was most enthusiastic, and accompanied by every known variety of instrument obtainable. To meet the new need, new hymns were translated, the nucleus of the Gospel Hymn-book (translation from *Songs and Solos*), now in its eleventh edition.

"I believe in doing things carefully and conscientiously in God's service," says one of the letters with reference to the preparations for the first of these festivals; "and have little sympathy with that laziness or casualness which won't take the trouble to shape and arrange things beforehand. We do not deserve success and blessing, if we will not take the trouble to prepare ourselves for it."

"One who was conspicuously faithful in little things," a line he under-scored in the Preface to Silvanus Thompson's *Life of Lord Kelvin*, quite accurately describes him as he was even in those early years; so too does a couplet from Ibsen's *Brand* which he liked and sometimes quoted:

"Aye, the times for greatness call,
Just because they are so small."

Now that the Harvest Festival is a recognised institution, not only in the C.M.S. but in other missions, it is interesting to read the last sentence concerning the first festival written on almost disintegrated paper:

"It has provided a model for imitation for other places. There is nothing the Indian enjoys more than a festival, and I don't see why we should not give our Christians one of a thoroughly Gospel character, a holy convocation unto the Lord, a real feast of tabernacles wherein we may draw water with

joy out of the wells of salvation. 'They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.'"

Constant itineration in the district, and the allied business work involved in the chairmanship, led, as a previous letter has shown, to close contact with the people, which resulted in a thorough knowledge of facts. Sometimes an opinion formed upon matters of mission policy is expressed with the utmost clearness :

"I consider the system of buying land and settling poor Christians upon it, is a failure in Tinnevelly. Many are the instances I could cite of bad consequences arising from this well-meant mode of charity. We have excellent rules in these mission villages, but it is almost an impossible task to eject the offenders from house and land. It is easy to make good rules for a good object ; the wickedness of man thwarts our best intentions."

But in speaking of such things he always took care to add a word to the effect that it was easy for us looking back to see where mistakes had been made ; it was a very difficult matter where the first missionaries were concerned. For he had no sympathy with the spirit which criticises unkindly the pioneer who fought his way blindly through the undergrowth.

All through the months there had been increasing anxiety about Mrs. Walker. A letter of February 23rd tells how the choice fell.

"It is settled that B. sails in the *Goorkha* on April 2nd. It is all in God's hands, and we are content to leave it there. If by His goodness (and His mercies are great) she gets stronger in a year or so, I shall hope to take four months' leave next year and come and fetch her out again. But it is hard to see far ahead, and needless too."

On April 2nd Mrs. Walker sailed for England. The journal entry upon the evening of that day is :

"Took Tamil service in Zion Church (Mr. Sattianādhan's church, Madras), and preached on Psalm lxxxiv. 4 : 'Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house : they will be still praising Thee.'"

Such experiences were worth all that they cost. They

brought him to the place where he could look up with confidence, and say:

"I know Thee, Lord, Who hast kept my path and made
Light for me in the darkness, tempering sorrow,
So that it reached me like a solemn joy:
It were too strange if I could doubt Thy love."

Then came the tussle with life's minutiæ, and the scrimmage of departure for the hills.

"I had just time after office work to shove my things into a bag, all except a few odds and ends which I gathered up in a scuffle and stuck into my rug strap, and then we were off. A very uncomfortable journey (part way), the carriage crammed with people."

This in the blazing heat, when everyone is in an impolite condition of perpetual drip, is an exhausting detail; but everything is forgotten when at last the plains lie below, simmering in pink light and lovely to look upon, for then with quite startling suddenness comes a new and delightful sensation of physical comfort, almost energy; to enjoy which pleasant feeling to perfection, it is necessary to have been most uncomfortable and quite devoid of natural vigour for some little time, an experience procurable perhaps only in the tropics.

Some years later, the question of this annual migration was thrashed out with a younger missionary, who had protested against it on the ground that some of the civilians stayed down through the heat, "and if they can, why cannot we?" "They want to save up 'leave' and go home," was the answer; "you want to save up strength and stay out."

Among the walks of the year was one to Mukurty Peak, the tooth-shaped peak from which the Todas of the hills pass, they believe, to Paradise. The women missionaries of the party, among whom was Miss Ling, pioneer in work among the Todas, rode ponies which had to be propelled with some difficulty across the mountain streams. The first night was spent in a small bungalow out on the Downs.

"The ladies on one side, Bishop Hodges (of Travancore) on the other, and I slept on a table in the central room," says

the journal; "and next morning early we started for Mukurty Peak with a Toda for our guide, a good thirteen miles across hill and valley along a rough Toda track. Arrived at the foot of the mountain, we had a steep ascent of about two miles, which was real collar work; but no words of mine can describe the scene. It was perfect. Just below us was a dizzy drop, with Nilgiri Peak on the other side. Across another valley was a magnificent range of hills, which looked perfectly blue in the light which fell upon them. I enjoyed my table bed at night."

It was during this expedition that Miss Ling passed her *viva voce* in Toda, he himself, to his amusement, being examiner; talks with the Toda people in their groups of beehive-shaped huts, called by the people *munds*, and the examining of a little Toda school, were items included in this, the great walk of the year.

"If ever the history of the Toda Mission is written," writes Miss Ling,[1] "his name will have a great deal to do with it; for his help in encouraging and directing my Toda studies, for his care of my Toda boys, as I sent them to him one by one, good and bad, and for his ever-ready counsel about the Toda work as in all other matters."

With the exception of one or two such days, the record reads much as if it had been written on the plains:

"Address preparation; heavy correspondence; evening, Bible reading; afterwards, evangelistic service in Masonic Hall, by which solemnised myself; dealing with souls; sick visits; sermon preparation; Toda *munshi*; glad of Sunday."

And so on as of old.

The plunge into camp and office work was made as usual early in June. One entry is briefly, "Harassing"; but the time was lightened by some of the sweetest of our hymns:

"'Sun of my soul' taking shape in Tamil. Translated 'At even, ere the sun was set'; 'Jesus shall reign' and 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day' shaped themselves."

But the journal, after three months' daily round in detail, breaks off abruptly.

[1] Whose book, *Dawn in Toda Land* (Morgan & Scott), tells something of the story.

Up till August 22nd it is an impersonal record of places visited, things done. Upon the 22nd the entry is briefly, "Office work. Wrote to B. and S." The mail before had brought bad news. One of the two letters written that day tells as much as a letter may:

"You have probably heard how serious B.'s case is. . . . It is a most anxious time, and is like putting one's Isaac on the altar. But the Master has an indisputable right to do with us just what He will. It is walking by faith every day; one cannot see ahead; but doubtless He has provided some better thing for us, which we know not of. One's soul has to wait for Him and for His will amidst the throng of many duties. If it were not for the grace and rest which He gives, flesh and blood might well quail. I expect more definite information by next mail. Better, far better walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light. I am prepared to stay or come away, as He may direct."

Verses he underlined in Whittier tell the rest:

"Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.
What to thee is shadow, to Him is day.
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

"Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.
And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through."

"*September* 15.—Arrived at Palamcottah [from camp]. Office work. Packing for England." Thus the journal; and overleaf nothing of detail, only two or three lines of larger writing, covering fifteen months at a stride:

"In England till October 1893, when returned with B. in

the *Kaiser-i-Hind.* Arrived Tinnevelly November 17th, and was struck down with malaria or similar malady, being more or less *hors de combat* for weeks. A fortnight at Mengnānapuram set me up fairly, and returned to Palamcottah January 23rd, 1894. Diary not resumed till after this."

But the time in England, though marked by a blank in the journal, had been well occupied. For several months he did secretarial work in the C.M.S. House, and many calls came to preach on behalf of missions. One sermon preached at St. James's, Holloway, had for its text, " Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The date was the first Sunday in 1893. Mrs. Walker had just undergone a critical operation, and the result was still unknown. Upon that day the sermon, as one describes it, was a deep personal word, full of faith and triumph. Ten years afterwards, in speaking of the time, he said, " I experienced then what it was to be given victory over anxiety."

On the voyage out, he took Bible-readings with his fellow-passengers, one of whom contributes a note upon the last chapter of Joshua, which she took down at the time :

" Earth's labours ended ; when all the work was ended that God had given him to do, Joshua died. *After* these things : What that summed up ! *After what things shall we die ?* He was buried among the people for whom he had laboured. Abundant labours, great influence."

Read in the light of August 24, 1912, the words are good in their appropriateness to his own end.

"See this my garden,
Large and fair!"
—Thus, to his friend
The Philosopher.

"'Tis not too long,"
His friend replied,
With truth exact,
"Nor yet too wide,
But well compact,
If somewhat cramped
On every side."

Quick the reply—
"But see how high!—
It reaches up
To God's blue sky!"

JOHN OXENHAM, *Bees in Amber.*

CHAPTER XII

Letters from Camp, written between 1887 and 1892

FIVE years' camp, five years' office; thus, after the language study time was over, the first ten years divide. The meaning of those years was sometimes obscure to the one who lived through them, conscious of something within himself unspent. "I feel half used," he said one evening in a moment of rare unveiling; and he looked away and beyond the narrow limits of the compound wall and then up to the stars. No one who, knowing him well, heard him read C. A. Fox's poem, beginning:

> "Lie silent on me, patient hand of God!
> Ambition beckoning me to yonder height,
> Her golden trumpet glittering in the light,
> Tempts my rapt soul to scorn the lowland sod; . . .
> Yea, leave me not, O God! for why should I
> Excel Thy creatures in pre-eminence?"

could miss the sound of a prayer in his voice. But the ten years worked together for the last fifteen and a half, which stand apart. The work then to be done demanded qualities of mind and heart, insight, knowledge of character, and much else which could not have been otherwise acquired. Those ten years, so ordinary in appearance, contained within themselves a jewel-mine; digging deep, the miner found his jewels.

The ten years did not fall abruptly into two distinguishable halves, for camp and office merged the one into the other; but 1892 marks an invisible boundary line, and seems the place to pause again and use what may be used of the more personal home letters written within the margin of those first five years.

"After being out in the hot morning sun, and then riding home some miles to one's tent, one does not feel inclined to

write superfluous matter," so an early letter of the camp series begins; and those which follow were for the most part written under canvas, which, to go into material detail, meant, in a stuffy tent, if it were the windless season, or with papers flying round in bewildering fashion, if it were not. Camp life is not conducive to ordered thought. In the hot weather one's brain substance seems to liquefy, and in the "cold" the tempestuous wind, which cannot be shut out in tent or bungalow without shutting out the light too, seems to blow one's ideas away with one's papers, and the sense of a general confusion is complete. Add to this, weariness which may be considered chronic, and those who can command leisure, quiet, and coolness will, if they think at all, wonder no more at the occasional dulness of missionary correspondence, but rather that it is ever anything but dull.

"The life of an itinerating missionary is a grand school in which to learn the lesson that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. I can recommend it as admirable discipline to luxurious Christians who think that they could not possibly exist without this favourite picture or that particular diet. This lesson learnt, a great many costly pictures and superfluous dainties would find their way by a kind of natural alchemy into the treasury of the C.M.S., or I would rather say, the treasury of the Lord. But itinerating life has its own peculiar charms; and if I took up my parable, I should not call it Mara (though good water is hard to get sometimes), but Elim, for it has many a well-spring of Christian joy and is shaded by many a palm tree of particular providence."

To his sister :

"*August* 25, '87.—I feel strongly, more and more, that it is not enough just to move about preaching. We need to get hold of individual souls, and to that end we need the Divine power of God the Holy Ghost. If only we are privileged to see anxious souls pressing forward for salvation, how blessed the work will be, worth ten times all the needful physical exertion. But here, as everywhere, indifference is the great obstacle in our way. People are anxious enough about the bread that perisheth, but for the most part there is little or no hungering after that which endureth unto everlasting life."

To one tempted to introspection :

"*October* 29, '87.—This will reach you too late for your birthday—that is why I sent a postcard last week—but it will not be too late to convey birthday greetings. Your text in my birthday book, as you may possibly remember, is : 'In the Hand of God.' There is no safer place than that. 'No man shall pluck them out of My Father's hand.' And it is not merely in His Hand, but indelibly fixed there : 'I have graven thee upon the palms of My Hands.' We must look, therefore, not at our own oscillating and wavering state, but at the strong Hand which holds us ; not at the ruinous tendency within us, but at the safe bulwarks without us and around us. There is no doubt or uncertainty about it. 'The righteous'—those who cast themselves on Jesus' righteousness as their one and only hope—are in the Hand of God. And our work is there too, a feeble unsatisfactory thing, but in the Hand of Omnipotence. I know full well, from often repeated experience, all your feelings and sense of despair and doubt and unworthiness ; but we must not give way to them. We stake our all on Jesus and His precious Blood and the power of His endless life. And they never lose who risk their soul's salvation there. You little know all the doubting and shakings which I have experienced in India. Why are God's dealings thus ? Why does the everlasting Gospel make so little headway ? Why is the Christian Church so weak and dead and dark ? These and a thousand other doubts and fears, besides those personal ones which I have already mentioned, rise up within one's mind. But doubt is of the devil : faith is of God. And one anchor-truth holds firm, even in darkest hours—if Jesus is not the world's true Saviour, at least there is none other. In other words, it is the cry, the out-leaping cry of Peter, 'Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' After all, it is the internal evidence for the truth of the Gospel, rather than external arguments, which is soul-convincing. It is when we taste and see that the Lord is good that we realise the companion truth, 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.' So we will trust and hope and, by God's grace, love ; for we are in the Hand of God. May you realise this new year much of the blessedness which springs from such a consciousness."

To his friend, Mr. Edgar Pritchard :

"*November* 4, '87.—We do want another man definitely for

itinerating work. You Lay Workers' Union members must press the subject of itinerancy more and more. The C.M.S. hold the supreme importance of this branch of the work in principle, but they so often leave their itinerancy undermanned that in several missions it is practically in abeyance. They have established one in the Telugu Mission; but Mr. Stone, who was told off for that work, has now been placed in charge of a large district, so that for the time being the itinerancy is a nullity. More men is the cry everywhere. We want men who will live and die in the foreign field.[1]

"That such societies of young men as the Mpwapwas will spring up all over England, to will and work for Christ, is my hope and desire. But the first-born must set a good example to the younger sons, and must be the leader in vigour, in zeal, and in faithfulness."

To his sister:

"*November* 19, '87.—We have just had the expected visit from X. Alas! for primitive simplicity, or Prayer Book rubrics. Conference of missionaries; much talk about Councils and Bodies; but oh for a good Apostolic prayer-meeting!" is his journal entry for the day. "We are not sorry to see the last of him; for he decidedly leans towards Ritualism, and was unwise enough to defend and commend it publicly to our pastors and agents. Alas! that in the presence of gross idolatry Christians can consent to play at what to me is little better than idolatry. But in India all the unhappy divisions of the home Church are being rapidly introduced, and thus the spread of the Gospel is hindered. It is all perplexing to the thoughtful mind; but what can we do except hold on our way? Union is clearly impossible, except at the expense of vital truth. Satan's choicest weapon is the blade which cuts asunder the union of the Christian Church itself.

"I see that Spurgeon has withdrawn from the Baptist Union. I feel almost sorry for it, for if the good leaven is withdrawn the whole lump must deteriorate. He has witnessed nobly and manfully for the truth; but one feels grieved that it should be needful to form still new divisions and schisms. However, the true spiritual Church is one, and it shall be manifest in the end

[1] The Tinnevelly itinerancy is now being worked by a brave old man of over seventy. The work is hard; it is trench work. Where are the volunteers?

as a perfect Church, not having spot or blemish or any such thing. It sounds too good to be true, in face of all its palpable blemishes now visible to every eye; but grace can effect it. Fancy our talking about perfection and perfectionism in this world! In what body of Christians or in which individual do we see it? 'I shall be satisfied in the Awakening with Thy likeness.' That is the true hope which we should keep before us, while we seek the more at the same time to be imitators of God as dear children every day. The ideal is one thing, the practically attained quite another; and while we know no limit to the heights up which the Christian ought to climb, yet, when we turn and look below, it is but a very little way which we have climbed as yet, so little that many of us are ready to cry, 'Have I climbed at all?' Nevertheless, God is faithful. If He were not, there would be no hope.

"There certainly seems a great stir at home just now on the missionary subject, and so we must not be surprised to find opponents rising up to depreciate the work of missionaries. I fancy that no one is more ready to depreciate their work than the missionaries themselves. At least, I speak for myself. But I have no patience with English clergy sitting down at ease at home to criticise missionary work. Why don't they come out and do better? They would get the heartiest of welcomes."

To the same:

"*November* 19, '87.—Fancy, three ladies who sailed with Keyworth, and that is since I came, are dead. For myself, I never look forward, except in the way of the blessed Hope. One day is enough. To-morrow we can safely leave."

To his friend:

"*March* 9, '88.—I am glad to see that the C.M.S. have passed rules making room for the use of English lay agency in evangelistic missionary work. It is exactly what I corresponded with Mr. Stuart about before. It only remains to see how it will act. The young men selected must be humble and unambitious, and those with whom they are sent to work must be men of humility and love.

"I was glad to receive your nice long letter the other day. It contains a long list of work engagements; but be careful lest they accumulate too much. It is better to do a little well and prayerfully than to fulfil a whole world of engagements with undue haste and rush.

"I am glad to hear of a little network of Mpwapwas bands, if I may call them so, gradually spreading over the country. May the Christian young men of England get on fire with missionary zeal. Please give my warmest brotherly love to all the Mpwapwas. I love to hear of their welfare and their order in their course. It may be that the new rule will open the door for not a few of them to enter on the missionary enterprise."

To one too much given to self-examination:

"*April* 19, '88.—I think you make a mistake about yourself in taking dark retrospects. What is the use of looking inwards, except to humble ourselves and get us to the dust? Who dare write anything but failure over a single day of life? But, surely, instead of useless complaints, we should seek to remedy, in God's strength, what is wrong. Is it neglected prayer? Well! let a definite time be set apart and jealously kept for prayer. Is it a neglected Bible? Well! it is in our own hands. Let us seek time to read it. Above all, there must be more looking Christward. He is our righteousness and our salvation. Then why do we seek righteousness in ourselves? I think that you take morose views. There is the Word, there is the Throne of Grace, there is the Fountain and the Wardrobe. Vain self-accusations (though who does not need to accuse self?) do no good. We must seek new grace for each new day."

To his sister:

"*June* 8, '88.—I am glad that A. is softening towards spiritual work. He must have found out by this time what the half-and-half people are worth. Oh, if men would only start their work on principle and not swerve from it, what a power they would exercise over all! It is this trimming and compromising which spoil all, and they only lead in the end to disgrace and disaster. I have been having a good dip into Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticæ,* an exposition of the Book of Revelation, from a historical point of view. It is a masterly unfolding of the book, and I am thoroughly enjoying it.

"I have heard nothing of C. lately; I suppose he is settling down, as they call it. How easily we all 'settle down'! Thank God for everything which shakes us up."

To his friend:

"*July* 18, '88.—The great Missionary Conference is over

now. I must say that I have been a little disappointed by the ordinary tone and character of the deliberations. It hardly bids fair to inaugurate a new departure in the era of Missions, as was predicted. But we shall see. Anyhow, it is a sign of the times, and a significant one. Fancy such a concourse on the missionary subject fifty years ago. At least it shows that the Christian Church is beginning to wake up and to realise its mission to the world.

"*July* 25, '88.—It was cheering to hear of three more missionaries from among the Mpwapwas. May God bless them, and equip them for His holy service! We are spreading the roots of our little Mpwapwa tree by degrees. I expect we shall have a foot in the town of Mpwapwa itself before long. Well! it was a small beginning, when we met to consider ways and means in my old room. But the cause has grown; and St. James's will soon have six or seven representatives in the foreign field. Thank God. Let us do so heartily, and take courage."

To the same:

"*March* 12, '89.—It is a strange story which Gordon had to tell of Uganda in the February *Intelligencer*. One wonders what is going to happen next there. I like Eugene Stock's tone about it all—chastened, patient faith."

To his sister:

"*September* 21, '89.—I don't think it is needful for me to send any notes on Conditional Immortality for W.'s benefit. Any critical examination of the subject would probably be lost on him. The thing he needs, and all such people need, is a vision of God's holiness. They prate about His love, but know nothing of His holiness. 'Our God is a consuming fire.' So says the New Testament, as well as the Old."

To his friend:

"*February* 24, '90.—It was so nice to have our little Cantab quartette complete at last. We are having nice times in our Chummery, as we call the little bungalow where we all chum together. Don't we have grand hymn-singing! Mr. Carr has his younger brother here on a short visit, so that, for the time, we are five of us packed close together in one little house, all Cambridge men. I am not really in the house, as I have a tent pitched in the compound. We sang lustily last

night some of the old hymns: 'The crowning day is coming,' 'There shall be showers of blessing,' 'To God be the glory.' And we end our days by kneeling together round the table, and having prayer and praise all round. It is cheering to encourage each other with the old missionary watchword which has been my stay in Tinnevelly, 'He must reign.'"

To his sister:

"*April* 19, '90.—We are proposing to inaugurate an annual Kōdaikānal Convention, of the Mildmay or Keswick type; and Carr and I have been making the first overtures on the subject to-day to the American missionaries up here. I hope we shall be able to carry it through, as it might prove a grand time of stir-up every year to S. Indian missionaries.

"We have a ritualistic chaplain up here, and so have had to protest and take our stand. However, he is of a kindly disposition, and has promised at least to allow us to administer the Lord's Supper in our own style on alternate Sundays.

"*May* 5, '90.—I don't think I told you that the Madras Committee have asked me to take a kind of oversight of the Ootacamund and Wynaad Mission, spending my holidays up there. It will add to my duties, of course; but I shan't object to a change of work in lieu of holidays. The district is some 400 miles away from Tinnevelly. Certainly there seems a whole crowd of work awaiting me in the near future.

"*June* 2, '90.—Here I am back in Palamcottah once more. We had a glorious holiday in Kōdaikānal, and I am feeling better than I have done for months past. Our convention was a decided success. I am chairman of Committee, but shall probably be on the Nīlgiris next year, in which case I shall have to think of someone suitable to succeed me; it is to be an annual convention.

"*December* 31, '90.—There is a little word I have been thinking of, at the beginning of Joshua iii.: 'Go after it.' If we set out on this new year with the Ark of Christ's presence to lead us, and go after it, all will be well whatever comes. May you know much this year of the experience of going after it.

"*January* 12, '91.—So you see a missionary's is not an irresponsible work. We are introducing up here many new plans for the more thorough and systematic conduct of the work. You don't know what a systematic old thing I have

become! I can't bear a picture to hang crooked, or a thing to be done casually.

"We shall have to return to Palamcottah at the end of the month, *en route* for Church Council at Nullur. I am going to have the itinerating band out there with me, D.V., and spend February in evangelising. Pray for us, that in all our work we may keep the Master full in view, and seek to lead others to Him. On the Sunday before leaving Palamcottah I preached for the new year on Joshua iii. 3: 'Go after it,' taking the Ark to represent Christ. If we go after Him this year it will mean to us what it meant (though in a material sense) to Israel—guidance, assurance, victory, succour.

"To-day is the Hindu Thivāli, a sort of Feast of Lamps, held in honour of their god Siva. They go in for fireworks (crackers, etc.) and illuminations, and make it a time of special festivity. It commemorates Siva in his character of fire-god. But Hindu festivals are rather fairs than religious holidays. They drag their gods on large cars through their streets, and so on. But as for seeking the God Who made them, and calling on His Name in solemn worship, so far as I know there is nothing of the kind at all. Hindu worship consists in going to the temple, while the officiating Brahman priests anoint the idol with oil, garland it with flowers, wave incense before it, and present offerings to it. This is called *Swāmi tharisanam* (the vision of God). What a vision of what a god! Their prayers are the daily recitation of certain mantrams, or prescribed stanzas, and not at all the uplifting of empty hearts towards the Divine supply. Alas! one seldom finds a sense of sin, a seeking of salvation, a sincerity about truth and light. But we are coming to a real missionary age, I trust, in which heathenism will be attacked with something like that vigour which is called for by the exigencies of the case.

"*June* 26, '91.—I don't know whether I said much in my last letter about a letter from the Home Committee asking me to be superintendent of the Tamil Church. It will mean a tremendous responsibility. Mr. Barton was only here for a year, and so did not get the full burden of it. Besides, he was largely helped by others. It is no light task to superintend fifty-five thousand Christians, specially when along with it you have to introduce and write a new set of rules. No actual step has been taken yet, but I shall have to begin in real earnest by and by. Meanwhile, until things take a more definite shape and are handed over to me, I am quietly going on with my itinerating

work. You will not forget to pray, I feel sure, that all needful grace may be given to me, and wisdom for the arduous work before me.

"*July* 13, '91.—We all rejoice to hear of the work in Uganda. But the history of the Tinnevelly Mission makes me dread anything like making too much of a mission field. When we begin to praise ourselves, God allows disaster to come and humble us.

"*July* 28, '91.—At last we have got a proper understanding about the conduct of the mission. Until a suitable layman of good business capacity can be found and sent out from home for the office part of the work, Carr is to assist me in the conduct of affairs. We have a lot of work before us. It will be like a new start in the mission. We are going to bring the office down to our end from the other end of Palamcottah, where it has been for many years. A building is being prepared for it here, but it will be six weeks at least before the change can be effected. Meanwhile, I have plenty to do in preparing plans for the great changes which lie ahead. It is not easy to get people out of the groove in which they have been travelling for twenty or thirty years.

"I have had quite a poetical fit lately, and have been casting in a Tamil mode a lot of Sankey's hymns. I am going to do two more, to make twenty hymns in all, and then I must stop for a time.

"I go to North Tinnevelly next week for Church Council; I suppose I have almost done with long evangelistic tours. In future my strength will have to be thrown into the nourishing of spiritual religion in the native Church. After all, if we can help the native Christians to strive for Christ, we are doing more than our own services can effect to witness to the heathen.

"*October* 21, '91.—The years seem to draw on apace nowadays. With so many younger men gathering round the work in Tinnevelly, I am beginning to feel quite a patriarch! Well, each year is only bringing us nearer the end of all, and the full realisation of all God's promises by Christ in the Gospel. May this new year be very full of rich experience of His Presence.

"*March* 7, '92 [just before Mrs. Walker sailed for England]. —Here we are at Mengnānapuram, in the district round which I am working as hard and as fast as I can, before the hot weather drives me to the hills. There is a great deal to do, but there is nothing for it but a steady effort to do it. I am arranging the work so as to spend each week-end in

From a photograph taken a few years later.

Mengnānapuram with B. Fifty-five thousand Christians are not easily kept in proper control. Think of the trouble which sometimes arises even in little congregations at home, and then you will get some idea of the difficulty one has to face here. The congregations have suffered from Bishop Sargent's long and protracted weakness, and his consequent inability to move constantly about among them. I need your prayers that both wisdom and strength may be abundantly given me for the work.

"*April* 26, '92 [at Ooty after Mrs. Walker had sailed]. —I hardly remember what was the last news I sent you. I have two English services each Sunday and a Tamil one, though I generally get someone to preach in English for me. On Wednesday evenings we have service, and on Thursdays we have private Bible-readings here. I am taking the Book of Joshua as a missionary study. Next Sunday is C.M.S. Sunday, with a missionary meeting the next day; correspondence with Tinnevelly is heavy, and gives me a good deal of trouble and anxiety. Then I have some manuscripts to take through the press, and other miscellaneous duties, sick-visiting, etc., so that I am not losing much time during my holidays. But I am wonderfully well and strong and not a bit fagged. B. persuaded me to sit for my photo in Madras. I have sent the proofs home to her and ordered copies to be forwarded. She will supply you by and by. I can't say whether they are good or not. All I know is that the martyrdom of sitting for them is over.

"I am enjoying the quiet so much, and the cool air. It is such a treat after all the rush and heat of recent work in Tinnevelly. I feel like a ship quietly riding at anchor after a stormy passage."

"If no supernatural power is expected to attend the Gospel, its promulgation is both insincere and futile."

ARTHUR, *Tongue of Fire.*

CHAPTER XIII

The First Mission to Travancore

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four, like its predecessors, held abundance of the usual, broken by the first tour to Travancore, from which sprang many fruitful missions.

The usual included the organising of two Episcopal tours and one special mission, the oiling of the wheels behind the scenes being part of the duty of the missionaries on the spot:

"We had very busy times here. The Metropolitan Bishop Johnson of Calcutta's visit gave us plenty to do. Besides the usual routine of church services we had special councils and conferences. Almost immediately after his visit came the Bishop of Travancore [who came at the request of the Bishop of Madras to hold confirmations]. He has been moving about our district for the last two months. As you may imagine, there have been all sorts of arrangements to make for him. In fact, we have been kept constantly on the stretch with the arrangements and organisations of his tour. It has been real hard work, and no mistake. And now we are on the eve of the special mission [taken by Rev. Edgar Thwaites and Martin Hall], and so have all sorts of preparations to make for that. In addition to a weekly prayer-meeting we are having some extra meetings in private houses, in order to invocate a special blessing upon the work. When I tell you that we receive dozens of business letters every day, each one of which requires a great deal of time and thought and attention, and that a multitude of other matters also press upon our time, you will see that a lazy life is out of the question here. I am managing withal to find time to read with a Tamil *munshi*, as I want to improve my knowledge of the language."

And all along there was the heavy weight of the great heathenism without, and often the ache of heart over declensions within; for a determined effort was now being made to purge

the Church from pollution, a work which demanded perhaps more spiritual energy and hope and courage than any other.

Some years previously he had written after a tour among the scattered churches:

"I was distressed about the state of many of the Christian congregations. They have not had a thorough overhauling for years. Bishop Sargent had neither time nor strength for visiting all the little congregations; and X. has rather been going in for grand new plans than for investigating the condition of our native Church. So it remains for us to try and prune the vine, by lopping off dead and useless branches and rendering the conditions of growth more favourable."

Wider and more intimate knowledge confirmed the early impressions, and the time was full of keen distress: "The Lord guide us aright" is the prayer at the end of a journal entry of special sorrow in this connection; and again: "Heard of revival in Uganda. When shall we have wave of blessing in Tinnevelly?" There is still the same strict self-judgment wherever he touches upon himself in these notes: "I spoke unadvisedly with my lips; Lord, set a watch. Oh for a heart sensitive towards Christ" closes the record of a busy day.

Among the duties of life from this year onward was that of examining fellow-missionaries in Tamil; and the different records, as his press letter-book shows them, suggest an examiner as interested as any examinee could be in the result. This is how a failure is dealt with:

"Health has been against him, as you know. We are more than sorry not to be able to pass him in all his subjects. He is a conscientious man, and will, I am sure, remedy his defects." "It was hard to have to plough him," he said one day in recalling this incident; "he was such a good fellow. When he got my letter telling about it, he wrote back: 'I bow to the Truth,' Truth with a capital letter; fine, wasn't it?"

Those who did not know the private story of his own great disappointment at Cambridge wondered sometimes at his gentleness with failure; but those who knew it wondered more at the gracious ways of God, Who does not shrink from allowing such things to shadow the lives of His beloved. The memory

of that failure to touch the highest seemed to exert a humbling, chastening influence upon a character which might easily have been other than chastened and humble; for on every side in India frank and open homage was paid to his gifts. Such homage never seemed to touch him. God's secret ballast is a wonderfully steadying thing.

He was always very thoughtful for those going in for examination. In the case of one who was distracted by the sharp, interminable squeak of squirrels abounding in the roof of the bungalow, he arranged to have somebody to drive the little creatures off; and when the examination was held in a house where he could suggest the kindness, he had soup taken to the candidates during the morning, saying, "It will help them through." Once a more than usually nervous and unbelieving examinee was given a slip of paper just before the examination. It had, scribbled upon it in familiar handwriting, these words:

"Calm, though this mortal body quail
Before the strain and stress;
Calm, for Thy hand doth never fail
Thy child to soothe and bless."

Three days later, when the ordeal was safely accomplished, another slip of paper, with more scribbled writing, was the first intimation that failure had not been the result:

"Calm, though the strain and stress are gone
And nervous tension cease;
Calm, though success is ever prone
To rob the soul of peace."

But the letter-book of the year shows more difficult things than the passing or ploughing of fellow-missionaries. Many of the pages tell of long enquiries into disputes, negotiations about rearrangements of workers, and efforts to smooth the way for such transfers as were from time to time required for the well-being of the district; a score of records of such undertakings tell something of what lies behind that weary thing, authority, with its attendant burden of responsibility.

Sometimes an enquiry, to deal with an oft-recurring form

of trouble, resulted in no certain pronouncement as to who did what, but only to a decision as clear as possible as to the mission's duty towards the matter in question :

"We have carefully, with the assistance of able assessors, investigated the whole matter in a private enquiry. But the evidence is so conflicting that no conclusion can possibly be come to on it. On the other hand, it would be wrong to decide on mere probabilities and assumptions, especially when such grave matters are involved. As you can see, the charges involved are really criminal ones; and therefore we have no right to prejudice them by assumptions.

"We recommend, therefore, that the Madras Corresponding Committee suspend both these teachers without a day's unnecessary delay. It is uncertain what course they will take, *e.g.* one may bring a criminal action against the other; but with such uncertainty before us they ought not to be in mission employ. Their suspension ought to be *sine die*, so that we may not be bound to employ either again of necessity, even should his character be cleared in a Court of Justice."

Literary criticism was another matter to which much thought was given; for with him the forming of an opinion involved a thorough personal study of the manuscript in question. "Do you mean to say you go into all that Tamil yourself?" once asked a younger man, trained in a different school, glancing with real concern at a pile of manuscripts on the study table. "I hand such things over to (he named his Indian factotum), and he reads them through and gives me his opinion." "And you endorse it?" was the amused rejoinder. "That's not my idea of work." One of the many letters written to the veteran Dr. Murdoch, secretary of the Christian Literature Society, upon this subject shows his way of dealing with it.

"I return the *New Upanishād* which you sent for careful examination and criticism.

"1. I have enclosed in it a paper of suggested criticisms, most of them verbal, but a few touching on the doctrine. Some are by Krishna Pillai [Christian Tamil scholar and poet] and some by myself; but in most of them he and I are agreed.

"2. I think that Mr. C. has exaggerated matters; I con-

sider it free from error in doctrine. His criticism about the Hindu idea of sacrifice is all very well; but have they no thought of propitiation for sin in what they do? Surely some of them have. Anyhow, the writer of this work builds no arguments on Hindu sacrifices, except to show that they deem sacrifice a necessity; and he carefully separates off by itself the great Sacrifice of Calvary. . . . In some places the language on this subject is almost too Christian in idiom for Hindu readers.

"I agree with Mr. C., however, that the Sonship of Christ needs more careful expression. It is not a mere love relationship, as the writer would have it. Surely the Eternal Generation is more than that.

"3. On the whole, however, it is well worth printing, and it does not deserve Mr. C.'s censure.

"The style, it is true, is a little mixed; but it may well be allowed to stand with the corrections we have suggested. The title may be altered as desired by the critics."

But the real work of life was still mainly evangelistic, and many weeks were spent in the district. Whenever possible, Mrs. Walker worked alongside, taking women's meetings and seeing to all which would otherwise have been left undone. When the Travancore tour was undertaken, she shared it. "God give grace and preparation," is the journal's word, as the last accumulation of office work was disposed of, and the last raid into the district accomplished, before August 9th, when a start was made for the land seen in mists from the hilltop eight years before. "God's presence go with us."

This tour was the result of a proposal made by the Rev. J. H. Bishop of Travancore, that a mission should be held in his station. This led to a larger invitation, and with the co-operation of Archdeacon Caley, who was then in charge of the diocese, a more extended tour was arranged, embracing the chief centres of C.M.S. work. It was intended for the Christians belonging to the mission; but the blessing overflowed upon the Syrian Christians, who are members of the indigenous Church, founded, its people believe, by St. Thomas. For many belonging to that ancient Church attended the meetings, and were greatly helped.

The meetings held in 1894 were unique in the curious

mixture of their audience. There were C.M.S. people, and people from the Reformed Syrian Church; some from the Jacobite Syrian Church, and occasionally members of that curious schism still called the Six Years Party.

The movement which resulted in the formation of that Party "began in the Spirit, and ended in the flesh," is the journal note upon it:

"A prophecy that Christ would come in six years attracted many from Tinnevelly and elsewhere. A prophecy of three days of darkness was not fulfilled, and so opened the eyes of some. Heathen and Muhammadans crowded round the Christians, waving lighted torches in their faces in mockery of the failure. Gradually got from bad to worse. J. J., the leader, is dead; but his family are hard as rocks and practically without faith."

"They stood on the shore, crowds of them looking across the water, watching, watching." So an Indian friend described the scene which ended the power of the schism. It was a pitiful little episode of the sort upon which the imagination lays hold, and paints in colours; for the early morning sky was breaking into gold across the calm waters when the weary, disillusioned people turned to see torches shaken in their faces, while the very light of day seemed to join with the mockers in one long shout of derision: "The sun has risen! your faith is vain! Where is the darkness you foretold? Where is the sign of His coming?"

It would not be difficult to write a readable chapter copied verbatim from some public account of this first tour in Travancore; but it seems to the writer that most of those who read will care more for a few notes from the journal, which was not written for the public, than for any official record. The notes at least show things as they appeared to the missioner at the time, and incidently they show him too: sincere and set upon sincerity in others; quick to be cheered and inspired by any evidence of blessing, but chary of accepting appearances for reality; disheartened by seeming failure, but turning from all weakening thoughts to his God, with Whom was his work. To the outward glance at that time he was a successful preacher, who drew crowds wherever he went, and never fed those crowds

upon chaff. The notes show something deeper; even the heart of a man not given to much self-expression, but set upon the one thing—the winning of souls. A dotted line divides one day's notes from another; the whole condensed paragraph gives a fair epitome of his impression of that particular mission.

"Very pleasant here, but want to see something more out and out. Raise up Thy power and come among us! . . . The interpretation dragged. God bless His word and clothe it with power. . . . We had an after-meeting with considerable impression; tears and groans all over the church, which I checked in order to point them to Christ. May the Spirit of God deepen the work and make it real!"

For that section of the people of Travancore who were chiefly affected by the mission are, unlike the Tamils, naturally responsive and easily moved. To speak to them is like playing upon a finely strung instrument—a touch, and the strings vibrate; a temperament which is not without its dangers, hence the "check."

"In evening were punted across breakwater in a *wallam* [native boat] to opposite side. Bishop [Rev. J. H. Bishop] had a preaching to heathen, and gave away tracts; but they were rather a mocking set. . . . Evening, large congregation. There was response at after-meeting. How helpless man is in dealing with souls! . . . There was a full church and close attention. Had a good after-meeting; I got several individual cases with pastor's help. One woman, weeping copiously, said she wept because she was a sinner, and Jesus had to die for her. It was a sweetly simple statement by one who could not even read. . . . Crowded meeting; concluded with Holy Communion. Now the mission is over and results are with God. May it produce fruit which will remain."

The first prayer-meeting preparatory to the next mission was a lifeless affair. "The place seems dead. Lord, breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

But the next meeting closed with a solemn after-meeting. The journal continues:

"Held an after-meeting for these and others who stayed with them. There were audible sobbings in various places from both men and women, and many stood up as professing

to yield to Christ. Cannot lay stress on these methods or numbers, but trust there was some stir. 'Let God arise!' Seemed real impression, and several men and two women stopped behind as enquirers; of whom one young man was a R.T.S. colporteur, who was much cut up, and another was the post peon (a Tamil man) who had just brought letters. The latter was rescued from the great Tinnevelly fire of eight years ago. I had told the story of that fire, little thinking that any one present had been in it. He had scars from the fire about him. A good many stopped for after-meeting, but the conviction did not seem very deep. I long to see God at work in men's hearts.

"Morning service. I preached on 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' Seemed real impression, and we had groups of men and women to talk to at the after-meeting. Afternoon, testimony meeting; a good many testified to blessing received, amongst others the young colporteur and one of the Six Years Party. One man said he had got a double blessing in the grace of private prayer and in love for his enemies. The burden of several was, 'The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' Some women also had the courage to witness. God grant it may be all real, for I warned against unreality. Evening, we had final service. Breathless attention. Afterwards Holy Communion, young colporteur partaking for first time."

The next mission:

"Large, spacious church well filled. Had no after-meeting except for prayer; but people visibly affected, one man and one woman rather noisy in their distress. Evening, a good deal of emotion and weeping, etc.; had to keep it all in check, but trust there was some real impression. God bless His word. . . . Morning, large congregation, and many stayed to hear further. Find it difficult to realise their standpoint; they look unhappy, but are not thoroughly broken down. Afternoon, agents' meeting. There seemed to be real feeling and conviction here. Evening, very full church, but did not realise much power. Many stayed behind, but I felt weak and helpless. Lord, when we are weakest, work Thou! . . . Church packed, porches ditto, galleries ditto, including the tower recess beyond gallery. An inspiring sight; must have been 1200 to 1300 present. Breathless attention. Longed to see God at work. Evening, seemed real impression. Fair number of men stood up to be prayed for, after solemn warning against formality in doing so. Long

dealing with anxious. Seemed real distress and conviction of sin. God the Holy Spirit strip the work of what is forced or unreal, and use His own Bread in His own way for the salvation of souls. . . . Last day, morning after-meeting, but no one stood up. The standing-up here seems a real test of anxiety when properly managed. Afternoon, testimony meeting; no readiness to get up and witness; it was evidently a real effort. Several spoke of conviction of sin, a fair number testified; but I came away disheartened. Why? The work is with God. A youth came to the bungalow and said he had found salvation this evening here. Others hung about to speak, but time hindered. Final meeting, church packed from chancel to porch. Closed with Holy Communion. God bless His own word."

The next:

"This is a Christian village, which, like all of its kind, has proved anything but an unmixed good. Opening service, seemed considerable impression; and at after-meeting about a score came to the front round the table, some weeping freely. Pointed them to Jesus. . . . Much larger congregation. Nice after-meeting. One young man, a mission agent, said he had been for three years seeking assurance in vain. Had once written on paper after mission service, 'My sins are forgiven'; but afterwards crossed it out, fearing to believe. Hope he got help. Nice number came forward as enquirers, including several mission agents. One of these latter, a young man, had a long talk with me. But the women seem untouched, as also many of the old Syrians of the congregation. God the Spirit, come Thou, work Thou! . . . Morning, preached to 1200 people. Very many stayed, as being anxious or undecided. Quite a large number of mission agents seem awakened. God make it all real!"

The meetings closed with a memorable after-meeting. "Last meeting, many dedicated themselves with tears. And now it is in God's hand. Lord, give fruit that shall remain." Next morning before dawn, some held a stirring prayer-meeting. "Final informal prayer-meeting in bungalow at 7.30; a good deal of emotion and sobbing. God bless them all."

The next mission began with difficulties:

"God, give strength and wisdom here; for it is clear not all are in sympathy. Thank God some are. No after-meeting; felt the whole thing too large. Lord, undertake for me! . . . Feel

out of element. Everyone is very kind, but long for simplicity. Difficulties I had feared, however, are disappearing. After-meetings for agents, very solemn time. God has made Isa. xlv. 2 true to me throughout this mission. Many visits to-day, chiefly young men; some of them evidently in earnest about the Christian life. . . . And now the mission is over, and the results are with God. May there be fruit unto life eternal."

The next meetings were held in a town "said to be a very Sodom":

"Many stayed for after-meetings, and there seemed to be real impression. God increase and deepen it! . . . Seemed real touch. Much response; people thawed and stirred. God make it a lasting work!"

"Don't feel at home here," begins the next mission note; "but God has helped me marvellously hitherto, so that we may not doubt now. Don't like the society claims here. Long to be shut up to God's work."

The mission was now nearly over. At the last places visited there was sometimes solemn stillness, sometimes apparent response. "Some real tokens. And now the mission is over and the work with God," is the final entry on October 1st, after nearly two months in Travancore. "With God" was always a favourite word.

Constantly through the journal there is mention of the ministers of the Syrian Church [Kaṭṭanārs or Achans, as they are called indifferently] who attended the meetings and came for quiet talks. From the blessing then received—for the message was life to many of them—grew those wonderful conventions held afterwards for the people of the Reformed Syrian Church; meetings so great and so greatly blessed, that for some the word, "He that soweth bountifully," is always connected with the sight of the preacher standing on the slightly raised platform among those thousands of listening people, his face white with fatigue after the tremendous exertion of a long interpreted address, his hand held out in entreaty; one could almost see the seed thrown out broadcast. And there was no sowing of mixed seed. But this was of the future, and the mist again covered the coming opportunity.

The next step was to plunge into office routine again.

"*October* 4.—Arrived at Palamcottah after two and a half days on the railroad. Found Miss M. had died of cholera. 'The night cometh, when no man can work.' Miss W. down with serious illness. The bungalow in which Sheldon and Hawkins lived burnt down, and other trials abounding; but the Lord reigneth. Business at office.

"*October* 5.—Conference. Quiet day, conducted by Douglas. Address on Interruptions most practical and helpful. Evening solemn and searching. Oh for more reality, for more Christ! In the interim, office work.

"*October* 7.—Downhearted about state of Palamcottah Church and congregation. Lord Jesus, come back and set all wrong right!

"*October* 8.—Conference with some offended friends. [The rock of offence was a caste trouble.] Only a few turned up, but we had a nice friendly talk together.

"*October* 31.—Office work; meeting with friends about the caste difficulties. Had a friendly conference, but they were firm in their stand about it. May God overrule it all for His glory! The end of a most tiring week. Thank God for the Sabbath."

The next duty was the reading and straightening into shape of matter contained in thousands of brittle slips of palm leaves scribbled all over with fine yellow lines of intricate Tamil. These were the Tamil documents belonging to the mission, and they had to be thoroughly overhauled, a work demanding good sight, time, and long patience. To a friend, who a year or two afterwards wondered at his patience in trying to get at the heart of Tamil financial circumlocution, he said, "You wouldn't wonder if you had seen the documents we had to tackle at the office. These are nothing to those!"

The year closed peacefully so far as inward peace was concerned. Christmas Day was a "happy home day." The last sermon of the old year was on "Behold, I make all things new." "Felt deeply the weakness and insufficiency of the delivery," the journal says.

"*December* 31.—Office work all day. And now the year is over, with how much of failure and lost opportunity; but the precious Blood!"

"Like the staircase in ancient houses,
  Long-winding and strangely dim;
It is faith that is needed in climbing,
  Faith, rather than length of limb.
But there's light at the different landings,
  And rest in the upper room;
And a larger range of vision,
  And glorious thoughts to come.
How much of our life resembles
  Time lost in going upstairs;
What days and weeks seem wasted,
  But we're climbing unawares!"

A favourite poem from C. A. Fox.

CHAPTER XIV

Climbing Unawares

Eighteen hundred and ninety-five and 1896 were years of serving tables, chiefly Christian, but occasionally, when opportunity offered, Hindu as well. Festivals were held all over the district; and to all these festivals as many of the missionary party as could be spared went, and shared in the proceedings. Concerning one such gathering there is a bright little note:

"Meetings for men and women separately. An experience-of-the-past meeting; most interesting accounts of first introduction of Christianity in various villages. A happy festival."

There is much that is depressing in the sight of nominal Christianity, and the journal bears witness to the fact. But to those in the midst of a heathen land there is something exhilarating in the sight of a company of people who do acknowledge the true God, and would turn with abhorrence from idolatry. "Take the most worldly of the congregations, and imagine if you can what would happen if someone attempted to put an idol upon the Communion table," he said to one who, shocked and distressed by discovery upon discovery as to the nominal character of much of the Christianity of India, was almost tempted to wonder if there were any reality anywhere. It was enough; the dullest imagination dare not pursue that thought; the mere suggestion of what would happen, were such sacrilege attempted, was enough to prove all was not wholly nominal. And again: "If a great persecution came and purified the Church, we should be surprised perhaps to see how many would burn at the stake rather than deny Christ."

But he never shut his eyes to the painful side of things because it was painful; and once when a fellow-worker of extremely

optimistic views who had been rating another for grieving over the Church as "dead," prayed, after taking a mission for Christians, "O Lord, save this poor *corpse* of a Church," he went to the rebuked one half amused, half thankful: "It's all right about E. His eyes are being opened; and when once they are opened, he'll say stronger things than any of us, and mean them every word!"

But discouraged he never was, if discouragement means that weakness of spirit which makes the hands hang down and the knees feeble. His happy duty, like that of all true missionaries, was to go on loving the people, hoping for them, serving them, knowing that however things may seem, his labour would not be in vain in the Lord.

With the exception of the festivals and sundry raids into the district, the record of the month is: "Office, hard at it and little to show for it." Occasionally there are appreciative notes about younger fellow-missionaries' first attempts in Tamil preaching:

"Hawkins preached so nicely his first sermon in the vernacular in our Palamcottah full service. . . . Douglas fired away bravely in Tamil. . . . Storrs in Tamil, so earnest and solid and real."

Nothing seemed to give more delight than a living message from a fellow-missionary, whether in Tamil or English. Many can recall the keen eyes fixed on the preacher, and wondered at the earnest heed that was being paid to something perhaps very simple. But then simplicity always pleased him if there were reality behind: "Harcourt took my place and preached. His delightful simplicity is refreshing."

But it was no flabby charity. "Y. preached; very nice, but too much scolding. Far better let [the then bone of contention in the Tamil Church is mentioned] alone in sermons just now. L. preached. He thinks the world is getting better and more Christian" (no commentary, only two significant notes of exclamation). "Mere vague nonsense" summarises one sermon, and "ashes" another. But this is rare. Never had preachers a humbler listener. "I go to learn," he said once, when to

judge by repute there was not likely to be much taught. The most immature fledgeling of a preacher, if only he were in earnest, could count upon his sympathy.

It was the same with books. With the exception of scientific books and standard works of history (he admits to a great hunger for history), his books are annotated. The books on history and science are usually marked for the illustrations they suggest. Others, if the subject-matter suggested doubt, have query marks down their margins; and all are marked profusely where they carried their reader with them. "I enjoyed the notes in the margin as much as the book," wrote a friend lately in returning Sir William Ramsay on *The Seven Churches*. But with books, as with people, the occasional queries never detracted from the approving underlinings. A book, however, which appeared to him pernicious in tendency had short shrift:

"Reading Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, and not at all convinced of its soundness of argument; *petitio principii* with a vengeance. . . . Finished it. Very specious and misleading."

"Do you ever read without a pencil?" asked one also addicted to the use of pencils. "Not often; especially not this sort of a book" (pointing to one whose conclusions he did not follow). "You see, if my books fell into other hands, I would not have it supposed I endorsed all that is in them." "Not proven" was a characteristic comment. "If my mathematics have done nothing else for me, they have taught me to distinguish between hypothesis and proven fact."

But the journal of this year, though touching upon people and books, is more taken up with less interesting matter—coils of accounts, correspondence, and so on; broken by journeys here and there, with, sandwiched between them, meetings, interviews, and private talks. Bandy journeys were rarely bliss to this traveller. "Sleepless and tormented" is an explicit entry. But nothing mattered if only there were something worth while at the end. "Have enjoyed greatly this direct spiritual work" is a note after a service of meetings for Bible-women. For he took pleasure in the homeliest form of service.

"I should have thought it a good deal to ask," said one, in reference to a similar piece of work proposed at a specially busy time. It did seem a good deal to ask a man who was at home in large affairs and hard pressed by many engagements, to spend three or four days sitting down among a few women. A look of surprise was the only answer. It was the same where work among children was concerned. The preparation was as complete in its measure as for the largest convention, and the pleasure seemed sometimes in inverse ratio to the apparent importance; for the little and humble was often welcomed and accepted, when (the guidance being clear against it) that which in man's view was great was declined without a pang.

The time was not without anxiety. A proposal had been made by the Church authorities at home which those most conversant with the facts on the field believed contained a menace for the future. The matter has been laid to rest, so it is better left undisturbed; but it gave the C.M.S. missionaries of Tinnevelly infinite trouble, and they were as one in resistance. An entry of October 26th is suggestive of the tension of the time:

"Writing to Parent Committee about the question, and my convictions that I must resign unless proper assurances are forthcoming. May I be willing to be led by the Master!"

A prayer that must have come from the ground of his heart; for few things would have caused him greater grief than severance from the C.M.S., and the thought of forcing the Committee's hands, it need hardly be said, was far from his intention.

The next month brought a fresh contingent of missionaries to South India; one of whom, who was detained for a time in Madras, noticed with surprise that when the subject of the Tinnevelly brethren's action, which was the topic in C.M.S. circles there, was discussed, the mention of the proposed resignation of "Walker of Tinnevelly" always created a sensation. Tinnevelly without "Walker of Tinnevelly" seemed even in those days an impossible thing to contemplate, and there were many hopes freely expressed that this man of strong convictions would not be forced to resign. Happily matters did not come

to this pass, and the incident might be left untold were it not that it shows one side of that many-sided character. He could set his face as a flint.

May, like most Mays thereafter, was spent at Ootacamund (Ooty is the shortened name by which it is familiarly known in S. India); and as always, with the exception of long walks and an occasional day on the Downs, the journal reads like a continuation of life on the Plains. For the Chairman of Council, whoever he may be, takes his office with him wherever he goes; and even if it had not been so, then, as afterwards, there was always any amount of work saved up for "the holidays." Among other items this year was the charge of St. Thomas's, one of the churches of Ooty. It is beautifully situated on the gentle slope of a hill, with the lake at its foot. Round about are the garden-graves of many English sleepers. On a sunny morning it is a picture of glad, sacred peace; but in the evening, even if it is fine, the brightness and the beauty somehow seem to stay outside, and when it is wet it is dismal indeed. A church interior with very few people, sitting far from one another, and farther from the unfortunate preacher, in a dim grey atmosphere, cannot be called inspiring. (How is it that there is so little radiance at the best of times in worship?) "If preachers are human, they must find this depressing," was the inward thought of one who entered the place for the first time on an evening after the thundery rain of May had set in. In the season the services are taken by missionaries; Mr. Walker took them in 1895, preaching always in the evening.

"It was a wonderful time," writes a friend. "It was not only the splendid preaching which filled the church to overflowing, so that chairs had to be put all down the aisles; it was the way he visited, just like a pastor, looking up the sick and caring for everybody. I shall never forget the help of that season. We had never known anything like it; and it was wonderful to see the church packed, and people turned away."

"What a pity it is he is not a real clergyman," was the remark, made in all good faith, by one of his hearers, wife of a "real clergyman"; by which, of course, is meant not a mere

missionary, but a Government chaplain. The mere missionary heard it and laughed. But laughter is far from his journal:

"Rain fell before the service, and so thinned congregation badly. Felt 'down' in consequence. But God can speak to a few as well as to many. Oh to see souls being blessed!

"Prepared sermon; felt slack after strain [a long spiritual strain just over]; not much desire and life in it.

"Asked God to give a fair evening, and full church, and great blessing. He gave a beautiful evening and an overflowing church. May He command the blessing too!

"Preached to full church. My last address in St. Thomas's this year. Have tried to preach Christ. May God bless the message!"

That year the Ooty Convention, now annual, was conducted upon holiness lines, Dr. Soltau of Burmah, then in Ooty, being chief speaker: "A very solemn, searching time. Dr. Soltau's address touched my conscience and life. God help us all to put away the leaven and to live holy lives at home!" is his journal note.

An early reminiscence has told how he avoided what he thought of as holiness teaching. In speaking of the matter late in the nineties, he said, "The Spirit taught me directly through the Word what I now see to be the truth upon this subject"; and he taught that truth as he believed it was taught to him, with no uncertain sound. But as early as 1885 we find him preaching in his farewell sermon at St. James's on "No more continuance in sin." He had dealt just before with cleansing, under the heading, "No more atonement for sin"; then came this passage, somewhat striking from a young curate who thought of Frances Ridley Havergal as one who walked in perilous places:

"In Job xxxiv. 32 we read: 'If I have done iniquity, I will do no more.' I want to be very careful to declare to you the whole counsel of God; for it is quite possible to hold a gospel which is not a perfect Gospel. I fear there are many who think of salvation from hell rather than from sin. But the Gospel proclaims salvation, full and free, from sin, from the power of sin. It is perfectly true that God saves from the

punishment of sin; blessed be His holy Name for that: but the Gospel, if it is to be a Gospel of peace to this longing soul of mine, must give a Saviour who will deliver from the power of sin; I want to have done with it. And thank God, this is the salvation of the Lord our God: we are to be saved not only from the guilt but from the power of sin; there is to be no more continuance in sin. When God's people crossed the river Jordan, God broke down the bridge behind their back; and there is a startling truth in the Lord's declaration to Israel: 'Ye shall return this way no more': between them and the land of Egypt and that wilderness in which they had journeyed so long, there rolled the waters of the Jordan. So God has broken the bridge behind our backs; there is to be no more compromise with the world, no more flirtation with sin, no more indulgence in forbidden fruit, for between us and the former state of sin rolls the river Jordan of eternal separation. 'Therefore,' says St. Paul in another figure, 'ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'"

Straight teaching, called by whatever name. But now there was something added, even a clear showing forth of the way of deliverance, which led many a life into new freedom and victory and peace. He was always strong upon the importance of spiritual sincerity. "No heart purity without a clean sweep of doubtful things as well as sins." And no leaven, known as such to him, was ever tolerated in his quarters.

A year or so later, he and Mrs. Walker received an invitation from the Mission Council of the Keswick Convention to become Keswick missionaries. As the invitation did not affect their relationship to C.M.S., but only held in it hope of more backing up in prayer, they accepted the proposal. No mention of the matter occurs in either journal or letter; but he greatly looked forward to increased power and grace in India through increased sympathy and prayer in England.

Looking back one day, and contrasting his present with his past attitude as regards the Keswick movement, he told of how he had watched things from the outside. What would the meetings do? The ends of the earth were still unevangelised; Christians were still massed in England: would the

annual convention end in being a mere "talky talky," a sort of spiritual picnic; or would it send men and women out to obey the last command of Him they owned as Lord? When this began to result, he began to draw towards Keswick.

The Bible-readings for missionaries connected with the hill conventions were for most of the succeeding years his charge and his opportunity. Among the hundreds of letters received during the weeks of late August and early September, 1912, few are without a reference to those sometimes wonderful gatherings. What seems to have impressed people most was the sanity and robustness of his teaching. The sentimental and anæmic had no attraction for him, and to the end he was suspicious of anything unbalanced. "He's like a man with one foot on the precipice edge and the other dangling over," he said once of an earnest but not very discriminating brother; on the other hand, he was not afraid of going as far as the promises go, and had no sympathy with those who would whittle down those promises and assurances till there was nothing vital left in them. He agreed with Hudson Taylor, "God may mean more than He says, but never less"; and he himself in his experience and therefore in his teaching was climbing unawares.

In July, meetings on the same lines were held for Tamil Christians. "Practical holiness meeting going on in church, addressed by Handley Bird and others;" but weeks spent out in the district investigating all manner of wrong matters lead to a sorrowful entry: "Down-hearted about the people; your cumbrance and your burden and your strife. Anxious thoughts about future course; and yet why anxious?" It is the old story: "Casting all your care upon Him," that is one side of life; "The care that cometh upon me daily," that is the other. There is no escape from it if we share the burdens of our Lord. It is part of the paradox of life.

Towards the end of the month he writes from camp to his youngest sister:

"We are in the district for what we hope will prove a month's tour. Many things keep occurring to interrupt our journey, but I have managed to resist them all thus far. You are asked

to come and give addresses here, and go and take part in something there. Moreover, friends write to say they are coming to stay with us and see the work. Well! we have to give a flat but polite 'No' to all outside invitations, and to tell visitors to come and rough it with us in the district. Thus we manage to stick to our work; but I am always afraid of some letter coming with a message which will necessitate our return to Palamcottah.

"We are staying now in a little thatched bungalow, with just one room and a dressing-room in it. Our dining-table and camp-cots, with a couple of chairs, take up the one room. Here we live and sleep and receive visitors. After a few days of this, we pass on to a new centre."

But all invitations did not receive this flat but polite "No." Here and there in India, scattered far from one another, but one in heart, there are men who are not satisfied with the prevailing mediocrity of Christian life, and long to see their people rise above it. The Madura American Mission was one of the first to discern that a man with a message had appeared, and September of that year found him with the brethren there. Such invitations were never sought; he was incapable of seeking opportunities for himself, and often marvelled at the sang-froid with which some invite themselves to their friends' domains, or propose themselves for work of any sort. Moreover, his own mission was needy enough. But when invitations reached him, as they did from this time onward increasingly, each was carefully considered; and if by pressing into a month the work of two he could find time to accept it, he would go to the help of his partners in another ship with unfeigned willingness. "And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came," was always a favourite word with him.

Two sorrows marked this year. In response to his earnest plea for a women's itinerating band for North Tinnevelly, the C.E.Z. had sent out two sisters, of whom he had written in December, 1891, with thankfulness: "The Misses Turner are settling down to work nicely in Sāchiāpuram. They are bright and cheerful, and will get on splendidly." Now suddenly came

the news of one of the sisters taken. The date was August 24th, 1895. "So teach us to number our days," he wrote in his journal that evening, seventeen years to the day, before his own tale of days was to be told in full. Another sister came to join the bereft one in North Tinnevelly: she lies like a seed to-day in the south, as her sister lies in the north: such graves take possession of a land. Only a few pages later the record tells of another, one specially beloved by all. "Lord, it is Thy voice," is the solemn entry now. "Make me hear."

Meanwhile the home life went on quietly; it included towards the end of the year a somewhat anxious charge, for a fellow-missionary, Rev. Ll. G. S. Price (who had joined the mission in 1891), had had a bicycle accident, and had come to his friends the Walkers to be nursed. The cause of that accident was one of those small matters too English in spirit to be fussed over. Mr. Price was cycling full speed when he saw an old woman making straight for annihilation. It was a case of himself or her, and the choice had to be made in the flash of a second. A bad smash was the result, but the old woman escaped whole.

On October 28th, Rev. S. Morley was consecrated Bishop in Tinnevelly and Madura, and the journal notes the event:

"I could not enjoy all the ritual, or relish the non-participating Communion which many observed, or go with all the Metropolitan's sermon as to Episcopacy."

There followed immediately preparations for the new Bishop's reception in Tinnevelly; then office work again, with, for recreation in the evenings, a Tamil classic read aloud with an Indian friend in the sing-song of the East, a most curious thing to hear. And heard it was all over the house, and out into the compound; for the study was a corner of the verandah, and the two voices sedulously chanting now in the depths, now in the heights, carried far. Passing Tamils would stop to listen, charmed by the sound of their beloved cadence. The very beggar, snatching at bits of dead (and sometimes living) cactus or euphorbia in the hedge, would pause in the forbidden deed, caught by the mystic joy. For to the true Indian, from the Brahman serene upon his daïs, to the coolie baby swinging in

his mother's one spare garment from the branch of a wayside tree, there is nothing in all India like the sound of his own song.

The *munshi* was a remarkable man and a true brother, Krishna Pillai, the poet; "catcher of men," as the people called him, because wherever he went he was like a fisherman set upon catching fish. His books, written in classical Tamil, are still a way of entrance to hearts hard to reach by other means.

December brought the Kembers, who had been home on furlough:

"Heavy floods in river yesterday, and to-day six people washed away and drowned. Roads under water all round station and bungalows at that end. Kembers returned. Quite a business to get through floods to meet them."

This meeting of fellow-missionaries was a duty of pleasure, never omitted if it could possibly be accomplished: "I wish I could help you," writes an old friend in response to a letter asking for reminiscences; "but I fear I can only write commonplace thoughts about such an extraordinary and holy life" (the words are allowed to stand, though they would have horrified the one about whom they are written, as indeed would the whole book). A "commonplace thought" follows:

"He had great love for all members of the mission circle. No matter what amount of work he had, he would always welcome them when returning from leave, or arriving for the first time at the railway station. I have often been sorry that I wrote to him once from Plymouth, where my homeward-bound steamer called, that I would be in London Docks probably next morning; because the ship missed the morning tide, and he actually waited till the evening, though he was very busy, to welcome my family and me."

The year closes with the prayer: "Longing for better things and for more real work; Lord, show me Thyself and Thy full salvation."

"No one can fully estimate the results of the work of one man who has the courage to do and dare for what is true and right at any cost."

T. W., *Commentary for Indian Christians on the Acts of the Apostles.*

"The light hath flashed from Heaven,
And I must follow it."

COLERIDGE, *Zapolya.*

CHAPTER XV

To Pannaivilai

A SENTENCE from Mr. Carr's "In Memoriam"[1] explains the action of 1897.

"Owing to the attitude of the Home Committee toward ecclesiastical matters connected with the Indian Church, Mr. Walker felt that he must devote his time to work which he believed would be more fruitful in results for eternity than that which his position as Chairman of the Council enabled him to do. Accordingly, with the full concurrence of the Home Committee, he resigned the chairmanship of the Council and went to live in Pannaivilai, where he could give himself more entirely to direct evangelistic work amongst Christians and non-Christians."

Long ago he had learned that "even the monotonous ought to be consecrated," and the new life offered, though under a different form, perhaps, as much monotony as the old; and he proved afresh, if he had ever doubted it, that what the ground offers to the corn of wheat is not the rapture of welcome, but only a quiet place into which it may fall and die. "But I could not go on turning the wheel in the direction in which I saw it turning, so I had to drop it," was his way of putting it.

Naturally, there were and will be diverse opinions about this decision. We are not concerned with them here; our only business being to set forth what he did, and so far as may be why he did it. He took the blame that was lavished upon him quite calmly, as all in the day's work, and with equal calmness the petty buzz of talk. The announcement of a local newspaper, that the Rev. T. Walker used to be a hard worker, but had now retired to the district to pray, was a small echo of the

[1] *C.M.S. Review*, October 1912.

chatter of the time. But a word of understanding when it came, as it did sometimes from unexpected quarters, was gratefully received. "Perhaps you can do more for the Church now that you are only a voice crying in the wilderness," wrote one who was his exact opposite in views; so the letter was a surprise and a cheer. Years afterwards, when it seemed to him as if he had spent his strength for naught so far as his own Tamil Church was concerned, the word in that letter was quoted: "A voice crying in the wilderness. Well, it is something to be allowed to be a voice."

But the decision cost. For some years he continued to act as vice-chairman of Council, but in 1900 felt constrained to retire from that position for reasons set forth in full in a memorandum addressed by himself and Mr. Carr to the C.M.S. He rarely spoke of what it meant to him to take this line, and to hold to it year after year; but made as he was, he could not do otherwise. One of his underlinings in *The Ring and the Book* sufficiently describes him and his attitude towards life: "All conscience and all courage"; and another, one of many such underlinings in *The Biglow Papers*, exactly shows what it was not:

> "No, never say nothing without you're compelled tu,
> An' then don't say nothing that you can be held tu,
> Nor don't leave no friction idees layin' loose
> For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use."

The year of that decision, 1897, opens with a vivid hour, vivid still in memory. The punkahs were waving sleepily upon that Sunday evening, and the congregation, a few missionaries, fewer civilians, and a few Indian friends had settled down for the sermon. The preacher gave out the text: "The powers of the world to come." The words were read with piercing solemnity; they seemed to cut through the sleepy air like a knife. All sense of time, place, and people passed suddenly; there was nothing left to think about but those great and solemn powers, the powers of the world to come. A certain nervous mannerism in the speaker which would have been disturbing if the subject had been less finely handled, was forgotten—all the

personal and trivial was forgotten; this present world with its puny powers seemed as nothing, a shrivelled leaf. Only the Eternal was important. That was the sense of the hour; it deepened life for at least one who heard. But the preacher never knew.

The journal has a note for that night which pulls the curtain back:

"Sermon preparation; much emotion of soul and even pain of heart in preparation. Preached on Heb. vi. 5 as a New Year's message. Holy, awful Powers of the eternal age! Lord, help me and all to yield ourselves to Thee, and live in the light of them this year and evermore; not for this present evil age, but for the coming Eternity."

Office work continued for awhile. Twice its duties included answering a summons to appear in Court; but upon each occasion there was a happy interposition. The first time neither claimant nor defendant appeared; the second time was even more notable, for the case was one of exceptional delicacy and difficulty, and a verse occurring in the morning reading of the day he had to attend Court was a great cheer. The journal entry is: "Evidence not required. Psalm cxl. 7: 'O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle!' proved true." The story went out that he had appealed to the Prince of Wales. "They did not know I had gone higher, even to the King of kings." But upon February 8th there is a break in the usual, and a single urgent note: "Oh for clear guidance! Letters: one to Mr. Fox (Hon. Secretary of the C.M.S.). Oh for clear guidance!"

For upon that day he had written the last of a series of letters to the Home Committee, this time asking definitely to be set free for the work to which he believed his Lord was calling him. It was not his habit to deal in coloured speech; and the word "agony" in particular he rarely used at all, holding it sacred to the One of whose sufferings alone it is used in the New Testament. But for this once, the word is pressed out of him:

"I feel that I have reached a point when my obedience to

the Committee is in danger of clashing with my obedience to God. Will you believe one who is writing after much prayer and thought and agony of soul on the subject?"

The answer to that letter was the untrammelled freedom granted him from that day forth till the hour when he wrote in his journal "Interrupted"; and found the interruption no interruption, but rather as a rest in a bar of perfect music, a measured pause leading straightway into the glory of the service which excelleth.

"May the Covenant God Jehovah uphold you in your work always." These, the concluding words of Mr. Fox's letter to which this appeal was the reply, were strength and comfort to the one who at that moment was torn between what seemed to be the conflicting claims of a double loyalty. It was a position set with possibilities of distress such as only the very loyal will understand; but it ended in peace.

The months which passed before the freedom immediately given could become an accomplished fact, were spent chiefly at office work, with its multiplicity of engagements, to which the coaching of a fellow-missionary in Tamil had been added by way of practice in patience. And he was a capital teacher, very patient with stupidity, at least so his pupil of that time found him, and quick to welcome the least sign of small intelligence. For example, that particular pupil happened to be keen upon the history of words; and he would hunt through his Sanskrit and Tamil dictionaries till he had satisfied her upon every minute question, thinking nothing a trouble if only the result were appreciated. Sometimes excursions would be made into a kindred subject, and the background of certain English words would be ferreted out: "rice," for example, which comes to us through the Greek from the Tamil; "cheroot," which is badly pronounced Tamil, and various others. But the great joy as the way opened for more extensive study was to read books far from the examination track; or to search into that fascinating by-path, the "run" of the Tamil language, a line of study which though it interested, did not appeal to the friendly Hindu *munshi* with whom his pupil's mornings were

spent. But the journal record is not illuminating, being merely of the line-a-day sort, dealing mainly with bare business, with here and there a prayer : "Oh for a soul athirst for the Living God!" till we come to an asterisk in the margin :

"*July* 20.—Packing. Examination of candidates for mission work. After dinner left for residence in Pannaivilai [a day's journey from Palamcottah]. The Lord direct and bless."

Pannaivilai : the name recalls a needy district, with its Hindu villages and towns ; there were many Christians sprinkled about, and they alone offered work enough and to spare.

The first thing naturally was to get straight. The bungalow had been cleaned out by the sexton; but cobwebs festooned its corners, and rats and bats had a gay time in every room and verandah. It was an interesting house to explore; for it had been built in the dim past by a missionary with a mind not cut to the usual pattern, and he had built his house to match his mind. It had an upper room reached by a stair from the end of the verandah; a most useful room when converts came, the lower rooms being about as safe as an average conservatory, made as they are of windows and doors with pieces of wall between. This upper room had large windows commanding a view of life in general, another most useful quality in times of siege; and through the cracks in its boarded floor it was likewise possible to see most of what went on in the central room below; altogether a room made for the battle days so soon to come. That central room below possessed one reliable piece of furniture, a table of the massive sort, with a top so inured to life's vicissitudes that it was impossible to do it any further injury. To the discomposure of the head of the household, who enjoyed its time-worn expression, Mrs. Walker had that table-top scraped and tidied generally; but the table itself remained at least solidly unshakable. There were a few chairs by no means so sure of themselves, and a sideboard was set at one end of the room. The bedrooms opening on either side had curious cane beds, with little boxes which could be locked fitted under the place where the pillow should be, and there was a general sense of the ancient everywhere.

The compound, that important adjunct to the Indian house, was and is delightful. Great mango trees, grouped about the well, make patches of cool shade. Many birds live in those mangoes; notably the delightful little Paradise fly-catchers, whose long white tail-ribbons may be seen floating in and out of the green shadows. Close to the house on the northern side grows a flame-of-the-forest, a blaze of fiery glow in June; a cork tree showers its white blossoms on the ground near the gate to the west, and palm trees stand wherever they can, guarding a patch of blazing sand, covered at that time with scrub, to the satisfaction of the village goats who browsed on it, and whose unmelodious noise was the torment of the family.

A minute or two's walk from the house on the northern side is a large Hindu village; nearer still is a shallow lake, with a shrine set on a narrow palm-covered strip of sand which runs into the water, and when the tank is full is an island. From this shrine night after night during festival times could be heard the tom-tomming and the shrieks of the devotees, a most weird and heathenish noise. That shrine, on nights after the coming out of converts, was a very pandemonium.

On the other side is the church, and the Christian village, where the pastor lived in a little long house, close to the bungalow gates. He was the man of beautiful spirit mentioned in an early journal. Isaac Abraham was his name, and his life was truly patriarchal; his way with his troublesome flock, such a patient, gentle, guileless way, was good to see. This dear old man was much in the bungalow, and his earnest and very detailed prayers were something to be taken into consideration in planning out an afternoon; once launched in petition, he went on.

The first prayer-meeting in the new home, which he and a few kindred spirits attended, was convened to pray for revival in the Indian Church. That prayer still waits for its full answer; for revival in the sense intended at that prayer-meeting has not been granted yet.

The first Church service: will it be believed that it is remembered chiefly because of a very small incident, the premature death of a butterfly? The congregation had settled

down for the service, and a typical Tamil congregation is not unlike a typical English congregation in its usual expression; so that the general effect was of decorous dulness, the dulness which one imagines would sustain a most tremendous shock if suddenly it could see the Church Triumphant at worship. While things were so, quietly, uninvited, a great velvety black-and-crimson swallow-tail butterfly floated into the church. It fluttered over the heads of the people sitting on the floor, such a joyous, sinless, lovely thing fresh from the hand of the Creator, and dressed in such garments of delight that its beauty seemed to sing aloud; but no one except the children took any notice. Presently it settled on a wall, a splash of vivid colour on the bare white-wash. Then cautiously advanced an ancient catechist, armed with a spotted handkerchief. He covered the radiant creature, and carefully crushed it; the new-made wings crackled in the handkerchief. Then he gathered it up, wiped the wall, walked to the open door, and unfolding his handkerchief threw the remains out on the sand.

There are moments when it is difficult to love one's fellow-man; but the old catechist had never read Blake:

> "Kill not a moth or butterfly,
> For the last judgment draweth nigh"

would have seemed inconsequent folly to him; and it was only excess of zeal: are butterflies allowed in church?

The months that followed were strenuous; missions were taken for Christians, and special meetings for workers, for men and for women; Bible-classes, meetings for prayer and prolonged waiting upon God, and numberless open-air meetings for Hindus. A Sunday school for men, women, and children was organised (Mrs. Walker's special care), and teachers were trained. Every kind of activity likely to lead to the good of the people filled those months; and there was much individual work which does not lend itself to description. The hot part of the day, when no one came for talks, was utilised for Tamil coaching and the usual correspondence, still a formidable pile, though not official now; and there was always other work of various kinds, the revision and criticism of Tamil

manuscripts being perhaps as time-consuming an occupation as any other, for such literature is usually voluminous and written in running hand, which cannot be read off like print.

Much of the writing of the time is scattered to the wind, but God's wind loses no seed. Possibly the most fruitful of such seeds were the hymns dealing especially with fuller life in Christ, many of which were written at this time. These hymns, like many another contribution to the Church's good, floated out without a name, and the anonymous led to the comical upon more than one occasion: "There are no good writers of hymns now," remarked a guest with emphasis one evening; "the modern translations are worthless. Now this" (quoting the first few lines of one) "is grand; it is one translated by Fabricius" (an old German missionary). "He knew how to write good Tamil!" The translator of the hymn in question did not contradict.

But he did not write, of course, in the higher Tamil, though he was tempted to do so, as he could often have expressed himself more perfectly and much more poetically through its medium than in the simple form. But the classic words, packed with meaning, and many of them perfect picture-words, would not have been generally useful; so, often the right word, the rich word, had to be ruled out, and a more ordinary substituted. Every hymn was tried first upon a little group of spiritually-minded Indian friends before it passed into print. Some few of the higher words were retained, even if not at once intelligible, because it seemed worth while trying to enrich the Church's vocabulary; and sometimes new phrases had to be coined to express ideas hitherto unexpressed, an experience which suggested the early days of Scriptural writing when common words became ennobled by new connotations. But in spite of the presence of an occasional classic word, the hymns grew simpler every year, and the last are the simplest of all. "Yes, it's a pity," he said to one who rather demurred at this perpetual shifting out of the richer element, "but you'll find what I have written now will be more generally understood." Few of the hymns are mere translations, none are slavish. Some

are finer than the originals; often quite trivial little English rhymes have dignity in Tamil; but again, according to the translator, at least, some lose: "'Our blest Redeemer,' the poetry of it! I can't touch it," he said; but however handicapped he may have felt, he knew when he heard of the hymns being sung by the nuns in a certain convent, that the wind was carrying the seed to needy places, and rejoiced.

Nothing during those months or ever afterwards was allowed to interrupt work. One day's entry reads:

"Eight a.m., prayer-meeting. Tamil proof sheets (Pearson on *The Creed*). Heard of my father's death. Lord, make me hear the voice! Correspondence. Coached ——. Evening to Savalai (a Hindu village) to Hindu Naiks."

Not a word was said of the sorrow of the day to the one who was coached that afternoon, till after the Tamil lesson; though the white, drawn look about the face had told of some trouble. That day has often appeared since like a text in black and gold upon the walls of memory: "The night cometh. I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day." Private grief must give place to the day's work, he would have said if he had been asked about it; and verily he lived out the hymn in which he delighted:

> "Come, labour on!
> No time for rest till glows the western sky,
> While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
> And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
> 'Servants, well done.'
>
> "Come, labour on!
> The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,
> Blessed are those who to the end endure;
> How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
> O Lord, with Thee!"

That November, in the midst of work of diverse kinds, came tidings of a fellow-missionary's bright translation. He wrote to his sister:

"Mr. Arden died in the Red Sea on his way out to take charge of the Nilgiri Mission. He was preaching on the s.s.

Massilia on the Sunday morning on Matthew xxviii. 18–20, and when he was pressing home the truth, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' he fell back on the saloon floor. His spirit had gone to be with Christ. A grand, ideal death, wasn't it? His daughter, who was with him, was wonderfully helped, and her happy face, conscious of her father's translation to glory, testified to all on board."

The story recalled another:

"Here in this Pannaivilai church there was once an old pastor who longed to go Home from the midst of his work; and one Sunday when he was preaching, suddenly the Lord called him. A perfect way to go, wasn't it?"

There was still a certain, though of course immensely decreased, amount of mission business connected with conference and council, and sometimes a page in the journal reads like a walk across a somewhat sandy desert, with at the end the sudden charm of an oasis; for the return home from Palamcottah to "the wilds," as guests who found the place hard to discover described it, was always a delight. One such oasis-line reads: "Reached Pannaivilai, 5 p.m. Revising mission Litany (Tamil); evening, picnic tea by watercourse. Quiet, calm, and rest." Such pleasures were rare enough to be immortalised. It was a breathless evening just before the rains; but the water had not dried up in the channel, and its soft gurgle among the water weeds and grasses made music for the three on the bank who had not heard water-talk for months. Then little leaping silvery fish, with blue lights along their backs, scurried up the stream; and overhead against a sky of pink and pearl, white storks in a long straggling curve flapped homewards. After the noise and glare and rush of ten hot days, it was "quiet, calm, and rest."

"We are going on our way quietly here," he writes upon August 30th. "The work is opening out. Each evening has been given up to visiting the heathen, chiefly in their own homes, to plead with them to seek salvation. Next week, D.V., we hope to begin little missions in the Christian congregations. Pray for a rich blessing upon them. Satan is busy trying to

blind eyes and harden hearts, and only the power of the living Lord can overcome him.

"We do enjoy our quiet country home. God has given us so many things which make for happiness. Next week J. is coming to stay with us from K——. I fancy she finds the rush there a great trial, and looks forward to the quiet with us; for power is more important than what we call work, and you can't have power unless you take time to be quiet in God's presence."

A few notes from the journal show how things went in the special missions for Christians. As before, each entry stands for the summing up of a day:

"Beating up for special services ending with prayer-meetings in church. Solemnised, but nothing more. Oh come, great Spirit, come! . . . J. D. G. [Indian fellow-worker] spoke; solemn again, yet no apparent movement. Lord, work! More touch in after-meeting; nice time. . . . Much more apparent impression and large after-meeting. . . . Did not see much touch to-night; oh for more of the holy Fire! . . . Trust there was real touch; many professed to enter into covenant. We rejoice with trembling; but the work is with our God."

Another mission:

"Work seems to hang rather in this mission. Oh for power and Fire! . . . Seemed real impression and work; some of the women seemed stirred. . . . Last night solemn time, the real result with Him."

Another:

"Solemn, but not much impression. Still no response, only this awful dead indifference. Lord, come, work Thou! . . . Much more response. Good attention, but did not grip. . . . Fair response; trust some were in real earnest. . . . Good attention, but seems to be some fog. . . . Last night of mission; a wedding came in the way; very little response. Oh for more power, and love, and patience!"

Those to whose lot it has fallen to take meetings of similar character among similar people will recognise the faithfulness of these notes. There is no painting, no padding, no decorating the plain fact of disappointment. But it sometimes seemed

as if there were a lack somewhere. Truly, the Lord of hosts was Strength to them that turned the battle at the gate; but sometimes it seemed as if just at the gate the foe prevailed again. Thank God for the strength that was granted, strength to go on and never despair; but would not those at the gate see more of the glorious driving back of the enemy of souls here and now, if the backing up in prayer for them were more earnest and more sustained?

It is impossible to write such words without self-condemnation. From all slackness in prayer for those who fight Thy battles at the gate, good Lord, deliver us.

But though no great revival gladdened the workers, there were some very notable conversions which have resulted in lives spent in the service of others. Several such took place quietly, unperceived at the time, during an ordinary service in church. If results are weighed, not counted, the months were freighted with treasure for heaven.[1]

Straight from the meetings which ended with the prayer for more power and love and patience, a mission to Ceylon was undertaken, though there was little physical fitness for it. "Tired and weary," the journal says. It was a case of "Faint yet pursuing" very often, where these special missions were concerned; they were always times of intense strain, both spiritually and physically.

A kind Providence had arranged for a rest day at Colombo. "Could not get on to Kandy that day [day of arrival], because line breached; quiet day reading Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*," a book which he felt was very bone and marrow. His old copy —published in 1878 and then in its 26th edition—is full of his marks; for its fervent yet calmly reasoned fashion of dealing with the eternal truth exactly appealed to him.

The next page or two of journal are similar to others already transcribed; there is always a watching for the highest, always that inward glance when disappointed, Lord, is it I? "Did not

[1] It is tempting to stop here, and tell some of these stories that shine with joy and beauty. But the book would grow too long if it tried to tell all the noble acts of the Lord which belong to it.

feel much touch. May God remove whatever in me hinders His power ! " The series closes with :

" Did not press after-meeting. God can bless His own word without our forcing results. Lord, give power to Thy word, and fruit which shall remain."

December 12th of that year was kept sacred for prayer for India and Ceylon. It was the first of such days observed generally in India, and the journal note says : " Solemn day. Oh for more desire ; oh come, Great Spirit, come ! " To the writer of that journal it had been a special day spent alone with God, except when he came out of his room for prayer with others. He was the last man ever to press outward observances upon others ; but for himself he had proved the inward gain to be won from such days.

He writes on the 21st :

" The day of prayer is over, and was one of blessing in South India, though we regard it as but the beginning of better things. We want to see the Holy Spirit manifestly at work, convicting of sin, changing lives, and calling Christians to cease from loving this present evil world."

" *December* 31.—Another year gone, and so little real work and progress in holiness. 'The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin,' " is the last journal note. So the year ends.

"Its present aspect [Hinduism's] may be compared to an immense mosaic which, having had no one maker, has been compacted together by a succession of artificers and inlaid with every variety of strange and fanciful image. Or rather perhaps may we liken it to a colossal edifice formed by a congeries of heterogeneous materials, without symmetry or unity of design—a vast, overgrown, irregular structure—which, although often falling into decay in its outlying extremities, still rises from its ruins, still goes through repeated processes of repair, still holds its own with obstinate pertinacity, and still belies the expectations of those who are looking for its downfall."

Sir Monier Williams, *Brahmanism and Hinduism.*

CHAPTER XVI

The Giant is not Awakened

There are those to whom the man they knew will be most clearly recalled by the words that he wrote or spoke, straight from a heart that burned with a great desire. It is good to see him living the ordinary life of the ordinary missionary; not to see him so, would be not to see him as he was. And it may well be that some who seeing him thus, saw no more: for he had no kinship with the holy who are so wearisome that their very virtues pall, as Faber feelingly puts it; nor was he evidently and always a flame of fire. He was just a simple, straightforward, brotherly man, with no pose and no pretence of any sort; and nothing about him to tell the undiscerning what was there. But for all that, he was a flame, and he did burn; albeit it was not the noisy crackling of a bonfire, but the still heat of a white flame. "Oh to live near to God, and so be able to write lovingly and truly!" is an entry after a note which tells of the tearing up of something written; and the prayer which prefaces a manuscript book of Bible notes might have been written before every magazine article or book of later days:

"O Lord,
Help me to speak
In all the earnestness of faith,
In all the truthfulness of hope,
In all the tenderness of love,
In all the faithfulness of truth."

That year, 1897, was a notable year in India. Some half-dozen men of the keener type, moved to deep feeling by the terrible stagnation around, had laid hold upon the Lord with more than ordinary insistence, pleading the old prayer, "Revive us again."

From this sprang the Day of Prayer, already mentioned. It was heralded by the simultaneous appearance of stirring calls to prayer, one of which was written in the quiet bungalow of Pannaivilai. The little grey-green booklet in which it appeared is out of print now, but it may be the words written then, bear a message to a later generation; for it is still true of India that the giant is not awakened. Here then are the words he wrote:

"Many of us have read, in the mythological literature of this country, the famous story of the awakening of the great warrior-giant of Ceylon. He is represented as sunk in the deepest sleep. Effort after effort was made to rouse him to consciousness and life. Musical instruments were sounded in his ear, but the clang of trumpets and the clash of cymbals failed to disturb that heavy slumber. Messenger after messenger returned to the king with the unwelcome news, 'The giant is not awakened.'

"Christian friends and fellow-workers, this land of India, with its mass of heathen cults and superstitions, lies stretched before us like a sleeping giant. We stand appalled at the very vastness of the task before us. India has been drugged by the poison of subtle philosophies and by the deadly draughts of degrading superstitions, till she seems beyond the power of all our efforts to awaken and arouse. We have covered India, or at least large portions of it, with a perfect network of Christian colleges and schools and congregations. Thank God for all that has been accomplished in the past! Praise Him for every true and earnest convert who has learnt by experience the power of Christ to save from sin. But, as we look round on whole districts where little or nothing has been done to evangelise the people; as we see large cities where, in spite of earnest effort for many years, idolatry still reigns supreme and Satan smiles at our unsuccessful efforts; as we behold, with sinking hearts, the strong fortresses of Hinduism still frowning down upon us, proudly conscious of their strength; aye! and as we look at our Christian congregations (where, by God's mercy, they have been firmly planted) bearing often but a feeble and uncertain testimony, and lacking sadly, by their own confession, the true Fire of God, the Power of the Holy Ghost; shall we not face the truth, 'The giant is not awakened'? What, then, is the remedy?

"Is it not worth our while to call a halt and ask the question? Are we so busy with our multiform labours of philanthropy and love that we have no time to stop and think? India can show, and it is second to no other mission field in this, a missionary army of hard-working men and women. Go where you will throughout this land, you will find the Christian workers incessantly busy at their work. And the cry is heard from every quarter: 'Over-work. Too much to do.' No charge of idleness can be truly laid against us, as a whole. But how is it that so much of our busy energy appears to be expended all in vain? Holy Scripture, personal experience, the voice of conscience, all these alike suggest at least one answer—we have neglected largely the means which God Himself has ordained for true anointing from on High.

"We have not given prayer its proper place in the plan of our campaign. Has not much time been spent in the school, the office, the village, or the zenana, and little, very little, in the secret chamber? Fellow-missionaries, we have toiled much, but we have prayed little. The energy of the flesh, of our intellect, of our position, of our very enthusiasm, this has been allowed to usurp, to a lamentable extent, the place of the one power which can rouse immortal souls from the slumber of eternal death, the might of the living God, the energy of the Holy Ghost. How many a day passes by in hundreds of missionary bungalows in one ceaseless, busy stream of work, without any time for quiet intercourse with God, except the few brief minutes snatched in the early morning before the rush begins, or the short space allowed in the late evening by exhausted nature. How many of us plead for India as Robert Murray McCheyne pleaded for his Dundee congregation, never ceasing to pray for them, even when sickness drove him from them for a time, and turning the very shores of the Sea of Galilee into an oratory, till God opened the windows of heaven and poured down upon them showers of blessing? Or again, how many of us pray for the souls around us in this heathen land as Robert Aitken prayed for those congregations in which he carried on his mission work, spending hours upon his knees, after a day of busy preaching, beseeching God, with strong crying and tears, to save the souls of men? We all know the importance of prayer and can preach discourses on its efficacy; but do we practise what we preach ourselves? Let us recall two scenes from Scripture history which reveal to us quite clearly God's plan for the awakening of men.

"A lad is lying in the prophet's chamber, still and motionless in the deep sleep of death. The servant of the man of God, in obedience to his master's bidding, runs in eager haste and lays the prophet's staff upon the face of the child, apparently expecting that the first contact of the rod would restore the dead to life again. The result is told in graphic language, pathetic in its simplicity and truth: 'There was neither voice nor hearing.' Then came the man of God himself. But as he looked upon the scene before him, it was the still and awful scene of death. What will Elisha do? His rod has wrought no miracle. His servant's rush of haste has done absolutely nothing. Notice well the words which follow: 'He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.' What the eager haste could not do, what the touching with his rod was unable to effect, the power of prayer could bring to pass; and therefore he got him to that inner chamber and prayed unto the Lord. His prayer was fervent, believing, and full of yearning sympathy for that poor sleeper.

"We may well pause to ask whether we have not failed in getting into loving touch with those amongst whom we live and work. Let us lay stress upon the fact that the rush and the rod of office produced not the shadow of a real change, and only ended in the sad confession, 'The child is not awaked.' Fellow-workers, we may run about our work in one long rush of busy labour, we may take our wand of missionary office and place it in every zenana and wave it at every street corner; but if that is all we do, Satan will rejoice and we shall be ashamed before him. Lift up your eyes and look on the fields! Is it not true to-day that India is not awaked? Let us go in, therefore, and shut the door and pray unto the Lord.

"Come this time to that graveside scene at Bethany. A Greater than Elisha is standing there, One who is mighty to rouse and save. One word from Him, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and the thing will be accomplished. But before the great awakening could take place the Almighty Son of God must pray. 'And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I know that Thou hearest Me always.' The will to raise the dead might be there, the stone of difficulty might be gone; but the eyes must be uplifted, the power of God must be invoked, the Father's energy must be claimed by earnest and believing prayer. The disciple is not greater than his Lord. Some of us are full of pity for the heathen round about us. We have laboured hard, following in

the wake of good men gone before us, who had difficulties to deal with of which we know but little now, to take away the stones of prejudice and superstition which have blocked the way for centuries to India's spiritual resurrection. *But still Lazarus is asleep!*

"What lack we yet? To a large extent we have forgotten to lift up our eyes and seek the resurrecting power which God gives only in answer to earnest and believing prayer. It is the old story so familiar to us all. Why could not we cast him out? Master, why could not we awake the sleeper? Christian workers, let us give ourselves time to ponder well over the clear and decisive answer, as it falls from the lips of our great Captain and Leader: 'Because of your unbelief. This kind goeth not out but by prayer.' Yes, there is no doubt about it. Here is the key of the whole position. India will never be awakened except by prayer.

"Do not many of us need first of all a personal awakening? We have got into a routine of work, and can show an honourable record at the close of every day, of business accomplished, visits paid, classes taught, addresses given. But in the light of eternity are we satisfied with that? Have souls been really sought, yearned over, loved, and won? Is ours fruit that will remain? We may even persuade hundreds, especially of the poorer classes, to accept baptism and enrol themselves as Christians; but are we sure that they are God's converts and not merely the manufactured article? Are we working ourselves with the Fire of God, and not merely using the artificial fire, the strange fire, of our own fleshly energy? Are we awake ourselves? When Zechariah was aroused as a man, that is wakened out of his sleep, what did he see? He saw the golden candlestick with its pipes, through which the oil flowed from the olive trees; and he learnt in that vision the secret of spiritual power. 'Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Are we missionaries and Christian workers all awake to that vision and that power? If we are, and only if we are, we may hope to prosper in our work and to see India aroused. We shall never evangelise this country, in God's sense of the term, by flooding it with legions of Christian workers; but only by having living witnesses, workers who are wide awake, and who know by personal experience how to find and use the holy oil. To such the promise of a faithful God will stand: 'Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.'

"Do we not need, all of us, a stronger faith in God's power and willingness to save, and a spirit of more earnest and believing prayer? Awake ourselves, by God's great mercy, we shall want to see God's arm awake and His power at work. We cannot do better, then, than get us to the dust before our Master's feet, there to importune Him and to give Him no rest till He make India a praise in the earth. To this end it is ours to pray for a great awakening in these latter days. Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days! Will all readers of this appeal join us in this prayer and lay hold of God's power and blessing for India in His appointed way? *Better, far better, do less work, if need be, that we may pray more; because work done by the rushing torrent of human energy will not save a single soul: whereas work done in vital and unbroken contact with the living God will tell for all eternity.*"

"While you aim at great things for the Lord, yet keep in view the arithmetic of heaven's exalted joy" (joy over one).

WEITBRECHT'S *Memoir.*

"Man lumps his kind i' the mass: God singles thence
Unit by unit."

BROWNING, *Ferishtah's Fancies.*

CHAPTER XVII

Life as it Was

NOTHING would have been more distasteful to the writer of the words just read than any parade of his manner of living them out; but it should be known that he did live them out. If, in recording the life as the journal tells it, more is said of doing than of praying, it is only because the prayer part naturally formed the unrecorded background. Every Monday morning was given chiefly to prayer; and the time that supplied the sinews of strength for the day's duty was won by early rising and retiring early at night. The nine o'clock bell, a gong beaten for the schoolboys near by, was always curfew; the hour after that was sacred to communion with God. But truly the day was so permeated and penetrated with this vital element that though there were stated hours, they were only, as it were, the larger beads upon a string of beads. But the life of the day went on quietly, and to the outward eye in ordinary fashion:

"Visit from a Hindu for talk. He said we must have a *guru* [spiritual guide], and while admitting that ours was possibly sinless, as the true *Guru* must be, said that though some of theirs had done wrong things at first, yet they had afterwards attained purity. He illustrated it by saying that some flowers, like the jasmine, grew on thornless shrubs, and were sweet; others, like the rose, grow on thorny stems, but in spite of thorny origin the flowers gave a sweet perfume. Our peerless *Guru* might be sinless all along, *à la jasmine*, and theirs spring from sinful origin; but theirs too was sweet in the flower or final state."

This is an early entry in January 1898, for the year began with work among Hindus, and many visits were paid and re-

turned; and many were the long interesting talks on the little shadeless street verandahs of the towns and villages near by, or in the bungalow, which echoed all over at such times with the strident Tamil and hearty laughter of the visitor when he had, as he thought, gained a point in the close argument.

"Callers; talks on the one supreme subject. They heard well, and confessed that they had no comfort from their present religion in their hearts. Friendly, but no real concern in spiritual things. Holy Spirit, breathe!"

Then came the nearer Christians: first, house-to-house visiting. "Oh to see them surrender! All break Sabbath, and won't forsake their sins." Then on to camp.

Ālvārtōpe (village of the grove), the first camp of the year, is a village on the banks of the copper-coloured river, upon whose opposite side is built one of the strongest fortresses of Hinduism to be seen in the south; a fort, so far, impregnable. "Fear sin has much power here," is the first evening's entry. "May the Holy Spirit come, convict, and convert." The journal tells the beginning of the coming of the Spirit:

"Had a visit from an anxious man who seemed really impressed; after-meeting, at which seemed real impression; a fair number confessed their sin and need of release. Large and attentive crowd; private interviews in tent; open-air meeting. Visits to Hindus and conversation. . . . Open-air meeting; large and attentive crowd. A youth came to tent and said he wanted to be a Christian; prayed with him. The Lord bless His word! . . . Last service of mission proper; full church, real movement apparent, many professed to receive Christ; He only knows. Christians afterwards had a meeting among themselves to deal with their sins; husbands to go and fetch back their wives; quarrellers to be at peace. God has turned up their sins. Prayer-meeting after they had settled these matters."

The next campaign was led by two friends from England, then touring in India—Mrs. Constantine of Smyrna and her friend, Miss Orlebar. It was intended chiefly for the Christian women, but it reached both men and women. There were

some lasting conversions from that mission; and among those won for Christ was an old woman who at once, with the utmost determination, began to learn to read, using Tamil texts hung on the bungalow walls for her first reader, "because they are large and suitable for aged sight."

The men's itinerating band came next, and as choruses were all in the air that year, classes for their practice were held under the trees in the compound.

August saw the family in camp. A little place called the Shining Village was the first camping-ground. It did not strike the unimaginative as particularly shining, but it did not prove wholly unresponsive. A new Tamil brother arrived, Paramānantham, a young gymnastic master, converted apart from human means through the direct action of the Holy Spirit using the Word of God to convict him of his sin and his need of a Saviour.

Paramānantham (heavenly joy) and Gnānāyutham (spiritual weapon), both now ordained, were true yoke-fellows through those strenuous years, and itinerating life, in spite of the disappointments which are bound to come, was unfeignedly happy.

The next camp of that season was a hard place:

"Congregation unmoved, whether afraid of plain issue or whether my own unfitness, Lord, show; only work! Shown at after-meeting that there was a big division in congregation; had a meeting to heal breach, but parties refused; gave ourselves to prayer about it, helpless, not knowing whether to speak again at night or not. Meanwhile the people set to work themselves, and the wranglers came to say that they were at peace. We had service, but the after-meeting still dragged; various visitors at tent during day to talk on spiritual things. The results are in God's hands; but one longs to see something much deeper."

On again, this time to a centre where there was quite a good-sized congregation and a most energetic pastor who stirred the people up to such an extent that it was necessary to put on the brake; for the worthy man used to bustle about right up to the moment of beginning the service issuing direc-

tions for proper behaviour: "And be sure you kneel up, you sleepy-heads!" would be the final exhortation, much required on a hot day when "kneeling up" on a bare floor without any sort of support is a weariness to the reluctant flesh which inclines to slip down into a comfortable crouch. Some seemed "really touched and turned, God knows how they stand," is the journal summary of this mission. "Lord, Thy power is what we long for. Don't know where the people here are, but His Word shall not return unto Him void." The prayer of a brother there is remembered for the cheer it was in the midst of disappointment: "If there are any windows left unopened in my soul, help me to open them, Lord." And another: "Lord, I would be sandals for Thy feet."

The next camp was pitched at a place where also little occurred to encourage. "The work has been very flat here," is the last entry; "but we commit it to God Who always causes us to triumph in every place." The spiritual triumph is sometimes all the more real when the outward circumstances are those of apparent defeat. Brainerd's life was the book on hand then: this passage is doubly marked: "All things here below vanished, and there appeared to be nothing of any considerable importance to me but holiness of heart and life and the conversion of the heathen to God."—Christian or heathen, it mattered not by what name they were called if they were without Christ.—"When I was asleep I dreamt of these things; and when I waked, as I frequently did, the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan."

The series of missions closed with a wonderful open-air in the moonlight, lasting till nearly midnight, to which numbers of caste men came from the neighbouring villages. A lamp had been brought for the convenience of those who required it; otherwise there was no light but that pure light which turns the sand to snow and the palm leaves to silver plumes. It fell upon the faces of the listeners, lighting every feature and showing up the marks on the forehead—vertical if the man were

a worshipper of Vishnu, horizontal if a Saivite; fell, too, upon the face of the preacher—a face so earnest, so full of a passion of earnestness that the only words that occur as descriptive,

> "Dazed and amazed with overmuch desiring,
> Blank with the utter agony of prayer,"

do not sound excessive, but just true. Who can say that such an hour has done nothing for Eternity?

Sometimes to the writer the turning over of the pages of the journal is like turning the handle of a door that leads straight into an inner room which opens upon other rooms, and all the walls are covered. There are slight pen-and-ink sketches there, and outlines sometimes half rubbed out; oftener canvases crowded with colour, varied as life, and clear as if painted yesterday. One such has been shown, but it should stir with the sound of a voice to be real at all. Here are two others:

The first, a crowded church in early evening, packed with Christians sitting on the floor—the men on one side, the women on the other—while squatting outside, near the open doors and windows, are the mothers whose babies are restless, and the children, tired of proceedings inside, who want to play.

It is close upon the after-meeting time, when, to those who have only dimly understood, will be slowly and patiently unfolded all they can open their hearts to apprehend, with a view to their accepting what they can understand. The preacher stands among them and pleads with such a note of entreaty in his voice that it seems as if it must soften the hardest clod of clay, and pierce the dullest conscience, and cause all within the soul to spring up in response. There is silence, that strange hush of the Spirit which is not dead quiet, but a tingling, living thing; and it holds the people—they cannot move, they sit and wait. Again the voice speaks, beseeching; still that solemn hush, not a movement in the crowd, till slowly a woman rises, stands a moment irresolute, then makes her way alone to the door, crosses the belt of moonlit sand, and is lost in the shadow of the village.

The woman led the meeting. The spell was broken; up scrambled the people, chatting lightly to each other, and dis-

persed. But there was one troubled of soul: "One visitor at tent at night; anxious," the journal says.

And another is painted in a shimmer of yellow sunshine—a dozen women with brown faces full of wholesome homeliness; one, young and bright, trying to say something, struggling for words to express the spiritual. Suddenly she finds them, and she points out through the blaze to some palm trees growing near: "I was a rootless palmyra; now God has given me roots."

There was just one break in the daily routine; it occurred after tiffin in the early hot afternoon, and lasted for exactly half an hour. Into that half-hour the book of the time was read aloud, sometimes a biography, as Brainerd's, just quoted, sometimes a poem. Milton was the poet that month in camp, and the stateliness of *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* used to contrast most curiously with the life all round the tent or little mud cottage—life uncadenced, clamouring, elemental in every mood and tense.

"*September* 6.—At daybreak a girl came from Perunkulam to take shelter, wishing to be a Christian," this, the beginning of much, is the first entry of note after the close of camp work. "All day her friends and relatives about; had two interviews with her, but she refused to go back with them. She is of age to choose for herself, and seems in real earnest. But these cases are difficult and heart-rending. All very tired. Looking for guidance to God to be kept from wrong steps or mistakes.

"*September* 7.—The girl's people all about ——'s side of house. Her mother had a long time with her: some leading men from Perunkulam asked to see her; but as she had just had her mother, asked them to defer till to-morrow morning. 'The Lord reigneth,' and we have committed the whole to Him.

"*September* 8.—Long talk with the girl's people again.

"*September* 10.—Another long interview between the girl and her friends in presence of the Revenue Inspector. She kept firm. Police head-constable came to take her deposition. Took it.

"*September* 11.—Our Perunkulam school was burned down by the Hindus in the night from anger about the girl, and our

teacher and his wife had to remove over here for fear of incendiaries. We leave all in God's hands. [The teacher's house was burned down.]

"*September* 17.—Carr came out. . . . After early tiffin Carr and —— and the girl left for Palamcottah, we holding prayer-meeting for their safe journey."

To those who can read between the lines these few sentences are full. To those who cannot, they may be somewhat empty. What they really hold is something packed with such joy, pain, confusion, calm, anxiety, and restfulness, that the conflicting sensations, if described, would leave the reader bewildered.

Outwardly it was anything but peaceful. The bungalow, as has been said, is an open place, with great doors, not one of which would lock properly; and large and numerous windows in much the same condition, unglazed, of course, only fitted with wooden venetian shutters, which had to be nailed up on the women's side, as there were always people crouching under, ready to spring through, seize the girl, and carry her off. All along she was very quiet; but there was something in the agonised clinging to the Lord, her Redeemer, for Whom she had to suffer the loss of all things precious to her, that suggested the picture of the girl on the rock with the angry waves leaping towards her, while she looks up and clings to the sign of her redemption. It was necessary to sleep in the upper room, as the lower rooms were not safe; so Mr. and Mrs. Walker vacated it, and slept in the verandah guarding the foot of the stairs. Those in that upper room used to watch in the early morning the figures of men and women stealing through the shadows of the trees, till they were close under the house; they came in twos and threes, till sometimes thirty or forty were grouped about, waiting for an opportunity to do what they might have done easily, despite the guarded stair, had it not been for the protection of God. Once they all but did it; a long talk with the mother was concluding when three men rushed the door and nearly had their way. When force failed, they tried magic; and in all four points of the compass charms were buried in the sand to draw the deluded heart back, and bewitched dust was thrown

up in the air in the hope that some particle of it might be inhaled and effect that desirable change of mind. Poison was attempted, of course; but the greatest care was exercised, and that also failed.

There was need for the prayer of the journal for wisdom and guidance, lest any false step should lead to mistake; and it was a matter for thankfulness that this, the first unmarried girl of mark ever known to come out in the district, was guided through the difficult initial experiences by one wise to think for her, strong to defend her, full of sympathy with the poor enraged relations, and yet unwavering in upholding the one who suffered most, to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord.

The journey to the C.E.Z. converts' home, Palamcottah, was accomplished in safety, and life became normal again in the Pannaivilai bungalow.

"Death, indifference all around. Let God arise," is one of the next entries. This terrible indifference to spiritual things was an increasing burden, "the burden the prophet did see." After awhile what at first appeared like the beginning of a mass movement on a small scale appeared, and was thus dealt with:

"Evening to Manalur to see number of people who wish to put themselves under instruction. B. and four Christian women took the women in church, while P. and I had the men outside. Their motives are very questionable; but it was a grand chance for preaching the Gospel, and we told them plainly to let Christianity alone, unless they wanted salvation from sin."

Another mission was held for Christians, with more hopeful results:

"Asked all converted souls to show themselves, and had a praise-meeting for them; nice stirring time. Lord, lead us on! Large attendance; a good many witnessed. God make it all real, deep, and lasting."

Then to camp again, to Ālvārtōpe, the village of the grove. At first it seemed as if the light had gone.

"No response at after-meeting, but the Word worked. . . . Little or no response, but the Word told." But soon there is the entry: "After-meeting; warm, real, and responsive." And the following evening, at an open-air meeting for Hindus, the converted Christians spoke out bravely:

"A good time; the Christians stirred to singing; they were at it till late at night. Some Hindus confessed their sin to God. A real stir all through village. Praise-meeting; many clear testimonies and much keenness. Left for Pannaivilai, many of the stirred-up Christians following us half-way or so, singing."

This singing revival alarmed the Hindus, who immediately engaged a poet-priest to come and chant Hindu poetry to the people evening after evening in the open air; and they put up an awning for him, under which numbers sat listening far into the night. But one and another of the company under the awning dropped off and joined the Christians in their hymn-singing instead.

Among the Christians who followed half-way or so, singing, was a young husband who had decided to send his wife for a visit to Pannaivilai, "to learn how to win souls," as he said.

He followed close upon the bandy in which she was travelling, his face alight with his new-found joy and hope. The bandies were going slowly; and as he walked alongside, he held his hand out to her. "What have you, who are to be a witness for Christ and a winner of souls, to do with the adornments of the world?" he asked her; and without a word—though he had asked for a great thing—she took off her jewels, heavy gold earrings, necklets, and bracelets, worn day and night from childhood, and laid them in his hand. Thereupon one of the sisters of the women's band, who was in the same bullock-cart, exclaimed:

"This is of the Lord. He has troubled my conscience about my jewels. Yesterday, as I spoke in the open-air meeting, I overheard a child say to her mother, 'When I grow up I will join that band and wear pretty jewels, like that elder sister who is speaking.' The words pricked me. I am going to take off my jewels."

She did so; one by one, other members of the women's band followed, each after a time of real inward conflict, for the action was much misunderstood. In several instances the homes of their Christian relatives were closed to them. An indignant pastor preached in church against them; a vernacular newspaper pilloried them; and life was more difficult for them than any will understand except those who know what it is to dare to break custom in India. For several years the scourge of the tongue was freely applied to each one of the very small number who took off her jewels; and the English members of that small band came in for their full share of obloquy. The teaching given by them when they alluded to the subject, which was not often, as few Christians were prepared in spirit to go so far, is set forth in the following letter written two years later, before the commotion had subsided:

"I think I regard the passage in Timothy about jewels, etc., as a principle, more than a distinct command not to wear any. The way I take it, is that a distinct principle is laid down, and that the more fully and literally we act on the principle, especially under the conditions now prevalent in Tinnevelly, the better. So that, if you want to be fully obedient to God's will, it involves a practical prohibition. I should not hesitate to say that a woman who wore none was more fully obedient than a woman who wore a few. And that is why I think workers should set the example. This may sound like a mere distinction in words; but I think it is an important one. The very fact that the women shrink from taking off their jewels, and that from fear of ridicule, shows that their obedience is at fault. Besides, what do Christ's workers want to adorn their bodies with gold for, when souls are perishing? Christ's principles bring blessing in proportion to our full execution of them. St. Paul does not say, 'A woman must take off all her jewels, or she cannot be saved.' That would not be the Gospel method at all. But he says, 'I will . . . that women adorn themselves in modest apparel . . . not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.' That surely is the enunciation of a principle. And my spirit of loyalty to Christ would say at once, 'Very well, I will carry out that principle to the uttermost.'"

One of the Tamil booklets written at Pannaivilai dealt

with the question, and also with two other delicate matters, debt and caste-keeping. This booklet has been, as the writer knew it would be, most unpopular; but it has worked. *Custom and Liberty* is its name, and it is usually described by the unappreciative as "instructive." "Never mind; here, put this one with it," and he would produce another on a less obnoxious, or, as the Christian would say, "upon a more spiritual subject"; "put the two together, and this will help the other down!"

"Here we have been having encouragements," says a home letter written from Pannaivilai upon November 14th. "There is quite a revival among the boys of the boarding-school, and the little chaps are very keen. Yesterday, Sunday, I preached on 'Who is on the Lord's side?' and at the close asked all to stand up who meant to be out and out, God helping them. The boys were up like a shot, and quite a number of women. The men who stood up were only few and far between. But still, compared with the deadness and sleepiness of a year ago, we thank God and take courage. We kept all the volunteers back for a praise-meeting yesterday, and are having a special meeting for them this evening. There are signs of better things ahead. Pray that we, and this company whom God is raising up as witnesses, may be filled with His Spirit and be hot for souls. We are all going out to a village where G. and I took a mission before with much blessing. A heathen youth came up to me after the open-air service we held for Hindus at that time and said, 'I want to be a Christian.' It was one of those cases of immediate fruit which we do not often see. He attended church from that day forward, and has since been baptised. Now there are several other young men there under instruction. We are hoping, therefore, for a real good time.

"After our return here next week we shall have to prepare for the Day of Prayer, November 27; there are several to be baptised that day, amongst them our sweeper woman who seems to be in real earnest, and three youths who are in the boarding-school here, two of whom are from Hinduism. I believe they have all been converted here. We hope for a real blessing on the Day of Prayer.

"The very next morning I have to start for Allahabād to attend the C.M.S. Quinquennial Conference [to which he and Mr. Carr were delegates]. They have asked me to preach

on the night preceding the conference. Pray for me. I know one man at least who is hoping to get a spiritual blessing there. Ask that I may be given much wisdom to testify and to find out missionaries longing for deeper blessing. An invitation came to me to go on from there and take meetings in the Naddea district of Bengal; but after praying over it, I have declined, as I shall be away three weeks as it is. I want to see greater blessing here.

"The Day of Prayer was November 27, and a happy day it was here," he writes six weeks later. "You may have heard of the baptisms we had that afternoon by immersion in the large tank [lake]. We were at work till 10 o'clock on Sunday night, and then I had to leave at 5 a.m. on the following day. We [he and a fellow-traveller] composed three new Tamil choruses in the bullock bandy between home and Palamcottah! I picked up Mr. Carr in Palamcottah and off we went, reaching Allahabād at 1 o'clock on Friday morning, tired of the train. We must have had our pulses felt, and tickets examined by at least a dozen plague inspectors on the way. I stayed with the Russells, and it was quite home-like.

"God gave opportunities for witnessing both in public and private, and we got some resolutions passed at the conference on quite the right lines. It brought me into touch especially with a few individual missionaries, with whom I hope to keep in contact in future.

"I came on here for dinner on Christmas Eve, after a journey in all of 4670 miles. Out of twenty-six days we spent twelve nights in the train. I was just in time to take my place in preaching on Christmas Day; and to-day have been straightening up papers and clearing off arrears of correspondence."

One incident of the northern tour, often recalled with delight, was the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' Name" under the dome of the Tāj Mahāl. Four missionary friends sang it together; "the echoes were glorious."

But life is a curious medley of the great and very small. During his absence the member of his family who loved living creatures of all sorts had been given a squirrel, which daily at breakfast-time appeared to share the meal. "What will happen when the Iyer comes back?" had been a haunting

thought; but trusting to that fortune which so frequently favours the adventurous, the owner of the squirrel (with Mrs. Walker's indulgent concurrence) continued to enjoy the unwonted luxury of an animal at table up to almost the last hour. That hour arrived, and the happy return an accomplished fact, the squirrel was carefully retired. But fortune was asleep that morning. Breakfast had hardly begun when there was a scuttling of feet, and a flying leap, and the squirrel, much pleased with itself, was on the Iyer's shoulder. He turned surprised; whereupon the little beast, its tail one fat furry note of exclamation, dashed across the table into the butter and up the milk jug. Was ever a delegate to important conferences worse treated in his own home? "It is a defect in character not to like animals," he was assured. "I do like them," he returned, "in their own place," and froze a little; and for one long minute the atmosphere was chilly. It soon recovered itself, however, and the squirrel learned better manners. He would never have allowed any animal under his care to be ill-treated; but he liked them all and only "in their own place," which, as he was often told, was a sad lack in his make up. He took this disrespectful banter very good-naturedly on the whole, only occasionally tapping his foot on the floor, a way he had if too hard pressed; and he returned good for evil—if evil it were—by helping the offending member to prepare a vigorous address in Tamil on the proper way to kill snakes, a burning question just then, for the compound swarmed with them, and the creatures were having a very bad time.

The year ends with a look back and inward: "So the old year passes full of many mercies, and some fruit; but oh, the failures! We see not yet all things put under Him."

"I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope,
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope;
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Empedocles on Etna.*

CHAPTER XVIII

The Last Year at Pannaivilai

"This is C.M.S. Centenary year. I am afraid of it. These flourishes of trumpets are open to serious question. Oh for self-humiliation before God for all the great Undone, and for real sorrow of heart over the great Unreached. By all means let us praise God for His mercy. But let us realise our own remissness.

"We are all out in tents, on our first tour this year. This village is the headquarters of a pastorate, and the congregation is famous for worldliness and pride. It is the region of black-cotton soil, and the people are chiefly busy over cotton-growing, so that we can only get at them when they come over from the fields at night. We have been preaching sin and repentance, and there seems some movement; but how deep it is one cannot yet see. I am tired of the half conversions which are the order of the day in most places, in England as well as India, and am longing to see something like the reality of the '59 revival. Three of our Ālvārtōpe friends are with us, amongst them one of the converts baptised on the Day of Prayer. They are witnessing brightly and boldly.

"The day after we arrived, a Hindu of respectable caste from a neighbouring village came to see me. He had seen me once before in Pannaivilai. He was secretly enquiring after the way of truth. He professed to be willing to follow Christ, so I sent him home to confess his faith there. The next morning he came back. His friends had turned him out and refused him food. So for four days he has been staying with my Tamil fellow-workers. His people have been after him several times, but he seems quite firm. Pray for him that God may make him a real disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. So far as we can see, he is quite in earnest. He was married to a child-wife, who is now about twelve years old. Of course he cannot get at her at present. She is a mere ignorant

village child; but if he goes on to know the Lord, he may be able to win her by and by. It would have been worth while coming for this one soul; but may the Lord give us many more. It is nice to have a little band of witnesses round us. Besides ourselves, we have these three men from Ālvārtōpe, all in the dark a year ago, and another man from Pannaivilai who is here on other business, but is testifying boldly. It is just like a little cloud of promise; but how one longs to see the whole heavens black with clouds and rain of blessing"—so reads one of the home letters of January 1899.

The idea of leaving Palamcottah and going out into the district was not to settle anywhere, but only to use for a time one of the several unoccupied bungalows as headquarters, and from it, as a centre, work the surrounding country. So with the feeling that this might be the last year in Pannaivilai, every month was filled so full that the difficulty is to compress the year into a chapter. And yet as all such work repeats itself, though (at least to the workers engaged in it) with endless variety of detail, a chapter may cover it all.

The year had opened, as the letters tell, with a very happy time: a band of young men, chiefly converts from Hinduism from Ālvārtōpe, came over for ten days' Scripture study; and a Tamil friend from Palamcottah, himself a keen convert, came out to help in the evangelistic work of the afternoons. Soon the bungalow was besieged again; for a lad from a neighbouring caste village came for refuge, having been turned out by his people, who, however, as soon as they found he was in earnest enough to cast in his lot with Christians, did all they could to get him back. "The Lord keep him every day," is the prayer of the journal after a long; difficult interview.

In January this entry occurs:

"Letter to Dr. Murdoch, who presses me to be his colleague and successor as Secretary of Christian Literature Society and Religious Tract Society in Madras. Declined."

A home letter explains further:

"Did I tell you that I have been strongly pressed to become a Literary Missionary? Dr. Murdoch, Secretary of the Religious Tract and Christian Literature Societies, Madras, is

now eighty-four years old, and asserts that I am the only one he can think of in South India to succeed him. He has got the Bishop of Madras and the local committees there to support him, and has printed an address to the C.M.S. pleading with them to send me to Madras and give me up to literary work. I have declined, but he is still moving in it. It is most important; but I feel that God has called me to this evangelistic work. I should be willing to devote to Tamil Literature all my spare time in headquarters, but not to give up direct preaching work altogether for it."

It was the first of many a proposal which, if accepted, would have led to what some considered more important work. "I have several times maintained that when selecting a Bishop, the choice ought to have fallen on Mr. Walker. The best man should have been chosen. He would have been acceptable to all classes of the Indian Church; he should not have been passed over." So one outside the missionary camp wrote in September 1912. The writer did not know the matter from the inside; but he could and did appreciate the administrative gifts, the stalwart character, the clear brain, and, above all, the holy life of the man whom he thought of as passed over.

It did not appear in the same light to the one chiefly concerned. Apart from the call of his true vocation, there was an inward restraint: "The fact is," he said to one, who, rather regretting the loss to the Church general, would have been glad to see him willing to accept what some at least would have wished to give, "I never could; you see I have those awkward things, convictions." And when a younger worker, upon first hearing him preach in Tamil, declared his most characteristic sentence was the idiom, "as regards that [the proven point] there is not the slightest doubt," he laughed, quite relishing the joke: "So you have found that out, have you?" To a man who, though he never forced "those awkward things, convictions," upon others, never in the slightest degree concealed them, and who was by nature the opposite of chameleon-like, a position of leadership in the Church as it is to-day would have entailed constant strife. He was not a lover of strife; "how he hated it, and yet no one was firmer,

no one bolder when he had to fight," writes an old comrade-at-arms. But to spend one's strength in conflict within the household, when the foe pressed all around, seemed to him an impossible thing, and he turned from any position which would have involved it as a frequent duty, and gave all his strength to the one work of saving souls; or, going deeper, to the fulfilment of his one ambition to be a corn of wheat falling into the ground and dying. Upon the eve of his last journey, a fortnight before the final sowing, a friend sounded him upon an ecclesiastical question and his relation to it; his reply is remembered: "I have not changed my life purpose: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'"

Camp was the next, always welcome, undertaking:

"Open-air preaching by lamp-light to large crowd: one man tried hard to argue; but we would not, and were able to finish quietly. Preaching for men and women separately [this was a place where English women had never before been seen]. Good hearings, but oh, the world is in the hearts of men. We found the people very hard and careless. Oh for God's life!"

Then into Palamcottah, for a mission taken by Dr. F. B. Meyer, whose message left a deep mark upon the few who responded to it in sincerity; and raised the standard for the Church at large, whether it responded or not.

"*February* 27, '99.—It has been a long rush of things, one on the top of the other. We were three weeks in tents, and only had a few days here, during which I had to write a Tamil article for a magazine before going to Palamcottah for Mr. Meyer's meetings. We went into the bungalow where the Wises used to live, taking in our camp furniture with us.

"We enjoyed having Mr. Meyer with us [as guest], a delightful man in every way. His meetings in our church were crowded, and I trust that a real work was done. Anyhow, the flag of holiness was definitely raised, and may it never be taken down. I believe that God troubled many hearts last week.

"The convert who came to us on our last tour is still with us, brighter and growing, I trust. He is not yet baptised."

The next camping season was destined to be the richest of any, for it reached souls prepared by the Lord the Spirit, and the fruit abides; but it did not appear at the moment, and the entry after a day's work in the village whose name means Place of the Uncrowned King, and which held, all unsuspected, some prepared to crown Christ as King, is only: "Large crowd, most of whom heard very well."

"We came out into camp three days ago, and hope, D.V., to be here five days more. This is a little village by the main road to Tuticorin [the seaport town of the Tinnevelly district]. We can see the Tuticorin lighthouse flashing in the distance at night. In the daytime we have a nice little breeze from the sea, which makes the heat of March more fairly tolerable, and renders this a healthy camping place. We expected to find it very hot and trying; but God has graciously sent this little breeze from the Indian Ocean to temper the heat, and we all find it healthier and pleasanter just now than Pannaivilai. There is a little thatched house here, with just two rooms, belonging to the Government Engineering Department; —— is in that, and has her preaching band alongside at night. In the day we three have our meals there. B. and I have a tent as sleeping quarters, and my own fellow-workers are in tents. There is a small congregation here of very poor people, but little or no life in it. We spent yesterday, Sunday, chiefly among them. All around, scattered at somewhat rare intervals, are heathen villages. The people are so dead and indifferent. It is sad to see them living, and sinning, and passing away into the darkness, just as though Christ had never died for them. We are going out morning and evening to testify to them. Oh for that power of God, turning them from sin and Satan!"

The next move was to a Christian centre:

"All left at 8 p.m. for Pannikulam in bandies across country. Reached Pannikulam at 8 a.m. after very tiring night, bandy man not knowing road" [he himself had to walk most of the night and find the way, guided by stars]. "Bungalow all dirty and had to sweep it. Resting and reading."

Meetings for Christians followed, for it was Harvest festival time; and numbers of the people from the surrounding villages flocked in to the central station led by their catechists. Some

of these proved very responsive, and impromptu meetings over and above the many in church were held under the trees in the compound. One little band went singing home, full to overflowing of the new choruses and new happiness. Then the band returned to Pannaivilai.

"Our people here seem to be sticking," he wrote in sorrow that month of March: "God has blessed some, but the vast majority are hardening their hearts against His truth. Pray for them. It is becoming a question how much longer we ought to stop here. For nearly two years we have been preaching a full salvation. If they won't have it, I feel that we must move on. But God will guide us.

"We may possibly have some baptisms in our tank here next Sunday, Easter Day; including the man who joined us two months ago, and has been with us ever since.

"I wish all the Centenary services were over. I am afraid of all this fuss and noise. 'Down in the dust' is our proper place and attitude."

"*May* 30, about 5.30 —— called us to say that the girl of whose wish to be a Christian we had heard, and who has for some time been closely watched, had come to the bungalow at about 3.30 a.m. It happened that I had been awake then, and heard a clapping of hands. It turns out that this was the girl clapping to wake someone. The Lord undertake it all."

Once more heavenly wisdom was required to steer a straight course through very troubled waters, where wrong piloting would have led not only to the shipwreck of this single soul, but to that of many another; for, to change the figure, any mistake in dealing with such a situation results in the shutting of the door of spiritual liberty upon others still imprisoned.

Close upon this time of strain the bungalow filled with guests for the Harvest festival; and a few days later, escorted by Bishop Morley, who had come out for the festival, this second young convert girl was taken in safety across the dangerous strip of country between the jungle land of Pannaivilai and civilisation, where protection was possible; and shortly afterwards there is an entry of peace:

"Reached Ooty. Found B. and —— at the Hopwoods,

with the two (convert) girls, very happy and comfortable. The Hopwoods so kind."

This is a detail which cannot be omitted. The writer of the journal was welcomed year by year for twelve years by that same dear friend, Mrs. Hopwood, to her beautiful home on the hills; then after she had been just twelve days (what days of delight!) in her heart's true home and his, she had the joy of welcoming him there. What must the pleasure of those heavenly welcomes be?

Once more the hill journal takes up the thread of steady work of one sort or another. "Preached at St. Stephen's; missionary service; but felt it a dead failure. Oh for the Spirit's power!" Few who formed part of a congregation sure to be large if it were known he would be the preacher, could have realised what lay behind the sermons that sometimes seemed alight with the Fire for which he craved, but which he never could bring himself to believe did fall upon the sacrifice. Faithless, some will say, and some will wonder; but some souls are made so.

The book of that month on the hills was M. Coillard's *On the Threshold of Central Africa*. This book and, later, the biography of M. and Mme. Coillard, were always mentioned with some such remark as "Most inspiring; true missionaries, both of them. I got some good things for my notebook from them." And what he got he used.

A favourite story was that which told of M. Coillard's attitude towards a disappointment: cases of provisions long looked forward to, arrived after heavy expenditure, a wreck: "They were not necessary, since our kind Father withholds them from us." And this: When the kitchen built with so much labour was burnt down, and the house and outbuildings had caught fire, and it seemed as if all the Coillards' possessions were to be sacrificed, M. Coillard rushed in to save what he could; "I cast my eyes on our harmonium, for we shall yet live to sing." "Grand, wasn't it?" he said with keen admiration; "that was the triumph of faith." Anything flabby, mere wordiness in religion, as in all else, he utterly abominated; but practical goodness, anything

fine written in deeds, this aroused warmest admiration. "That's true heroism," he said once about the action of a Government servant who risked his whole future prospects for the sake of right. He kept notebooks into which went notes from all he read; history, science, travel, biography, poetry, the current events of the day—all were, from one point of view at least, regarded as quarry from which treasure might be dug to be used afterwards in telling fashion. The notes were brief, mere bare bones; but though he had imagination enough to clothe them in flesh and cause them to rise alive and speaking, that power was never brought into play, for Truth was a sacred thing with him: a memory trained to accuracy and by nature retentive, supplied all that was required.

The return to Pannaivilai brought sorrow over the convert for whose sake alone it had been worth while coming, as the letter of January said. The man had smallpox, and believing the disease had seized him by order of the revengeful goddess, he went back to Hinduism. "Grieved to see his state," the journal says. "Never count a convert safe till he is safe in heaven," was an often-quoted word, confirmed by experience. But all that care could do was done to establish the converts in the Faith; and there was much teaching of the little group of young men who came out one by one, many of whom could live in safety only in or near Pannaivilai. Another of the personal notes occurs in connection with converts:

> "A gracious token of God's goodness in the shape of £50, in answer to prayer about a deficit in working fund. I had asked God if He saw fit to send what would fill the blank, and here it is."

For conversions mean expenses, and the richer the missionary's harvesting, the emptier his pockets; when, as often in India, the converted have to be provided for, educated, and prepared for life.

Sometimes the open-air preaching, which went on in the near villages almost continually during these months, was interrupted by the exclusive habits of their inhabitants:

"On the way to collect people, teacher took us down Muhammadan streets; and in one, the Muhammadans came out irate to oppose us, objecting to its being used as a religious thoroughfare. We tried to appease them, and turned back to another and more public road; but the circumstance was unfortunate."

No impression apparently was made upon those Muhammadans. They stood, and still stand, as aloof as the Brahmans, down whose street near Pannaivilai no preaching band was ever allowed to pass.

"The Harvest festivals generally keep us busy till July," he wrote in June; "but this year they are most of them postponed because of faction riots which have been taking place in the district. Several villages have been entirely destroyed, and numbers of lives lost. The Christians, among others, have suffered severely. Sepoys had to be sent for from Trichinopoly, and now things seem to be quieting down. I am glad to say that matters have been quiet all along in our neighbourhood.

"We are feeling rather at a deadlock just now. The Christians will not, most of them, obey God and forsake sin. At one time it looked as though a real movement was on foot, but it did not make headway. They want to serve two masters; and no man can do that. It is only a little company of individuals over whom we can, in any true sense, rejoice. The heathen, too; are very indifferent, and doors seem closing [because of the open confession of converts]. It looks as though the time were coming for us to carry the witness elsewhere. Pray that we may have special guidance from God in this matter.

"I have a youth newly come to me for training in evangelistic work, and another one is coming to-morrow. This will involve Bible-teaching among other things, and may lead on to new paths. It all makes one look up for Divine leading. Every step needs ordering from above. To be led of the Spirit is the life of true happiness and joy."

The next move of importance was to Nullur, the outstation visited in 1890. The journal turns its record of meetings taken, villages visited, personal talks sometimes prolonged for hours, into one single urgent prayer: "Lord, wake the dead!" Some were awakened; one notably upon a certain evening, when the Lord's Second Coming was dealt with in such

tremendous fashion, that the listener's soul was shaken and awakened. But there is little said about such happenings, partly because they were not always known at the time, partly from natural caution and fear of being too sure. "Time is the only test," he would say, if anyone was prematurely jubilant. Once when a fellow-worker rather longing to rejoice, quoted the Psalm "*Rejoice*; it says 'with trembling,' I know; but it does say, Rejoice," he answered, laying the emphasis on the other word. "Yes, but, *with trembling*. Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

"A good deal of sin came to light, and we trust there has been some real repentance and forsaking of what is wrong. God's grace alone can make the effects real and permanent,"

was his note upon this occasion; it was as far as he would usually commit himself, except when the circumstances were specially hopeful, and even then the "trembling" was always in evidence.

"A dozen or so men under some conviction followed me for enquiry. The Lord lead souls into light and liberty! Afternoon and evening a succession of visitors, all more or less touched; and some seeming in real earnest. Strengthen, O Lord, that which Thou hast ordained for us,"

this was the way he recorded what, written otherwise, would have sounded much more.

Sometimes hindrance to blessing was found in want of love among the workers. Once, just before starting for camp, such a discovery was made:

"I was detained till 11.30 because of a breach discovered between Q. and Q. Trust it is healed; but it took a lot out of me. Walked to camp. Other troubles from the Palamcottah office; altogether feeling down."

But uplifting was at hand:

"Many visitors to camp," is the next day's note; "and one Hindu youth professed to follow Christ. God make him true." Upon the same day another convert whose coming out as a Christian had been the signal for a good deal of disturbance in the Pannaivilai bungalow, now well accustomed to such scenes,

came through the ordeal of again seeing his relatives, who followed him to camp:

"He held firm. God keep him! Good gatherings and a door of utterance. The Lord cleanse and use the work of the last nine days! Oh for more power and grace!" Then back to the Christians: "A good deal of chaff. God give some true wheat."

Early one morning in December a messenger arrived at the Pannaivilai bungalow to say Mrs. Thomas of Mengnānapuram had passed away:

"Had to send for bullocks, and be off in a rush. Mrs. Thomas was 87, having completed 61 years of service in India about two months ago. She had not been out of the tropics since 1863; a quiet, faithful life and testimony."

This was a record he quoted more than once when there appeared to be a tendency to over-emphasise the importance of red tape, in such matters as strict rules about furlough and the like: "Don't let us have too many hard-and-fast rules. No one can get guidance for another. Let us be free to 'follow the Gleam.'"

Upon December 26th there is an entry of much moment.

"Quiet time, thinking of future plans and weighing invitation from Syrian Church, Travancore. At last seemed to me that if Travancore call is a real one I ought to go soon, rather than defer for the sake of the work here. Quiet of mind after so viewing and leaving it. Wrote a good many letters in connection with it."

This invitation was from the Metran (the word is an abbreviation of Metropolitan), the much loved head of the Reformed Syrian Church. The reply, written after much hesitation, ran as follows:

"Your invitation reached me on Dec. 20, and I have been much exercised as to what I ought to do, in view of the great needs of the work here. I had been requested to take an Ordination Class next year, in addition to evangelistic work; and your invitation, coming as it did so near the end of the year, left me

little time to pray and correspond about the matter, since, in case of coming to you, it was necessary to arrange for the carrying on of the work here. I have never been in greater perplexity as to God's will concerning me; and, even up to this morning, felt that I must decline the request, at least for the present. You are right in supposing that I take a real interest in the Syrian Church. May the Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of His Church, visit it with holiness, peace, and unity. If I come, it is not as a controversialist, but as a messenger of the everlasting Gospel; and may the Spirit of grace be upon us all. . . . And now, my dear Metran, may God Himself direct the whole matter according to His own will. We must aim entirely at the glory of His name. That stands above all creeds and systems. It was the prayer of our dear Lord, 'Father! glorify Thy name.' Let it be ours too, with the same simplicity of desire and singleness of aim, and He will bless and honour us in glorifying Himself."

The year ends solemnly:

"Spoke on Jer. viii. 20: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' The last sermon of another year; possibly my last in Pannaivilia. Alas! how fruitless one's ministry has been. Good Lord, forgive."

"Give me thy hand. I do not mean, be of my opinion; you need not, I do not expect or desire it. Neither do I mean I will be of your opinion. I cannot; it does not depend on my choice. I can no more think than I can hear or see as I will. Keep your own opinion, and I mine as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavour to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute points, or to hear or speak one word concerning them. Only give me thine hand. I do not mean, embrace my modes of worship, or, I will embrace yours. I have no desire to dispute with you one moment, let all small points stand aside, let them never come into sight. If thine heart is as my heart, if thou love God and all mankind, I ask no more. Give me thine hand."

CHARLES WESLEY.

"I am a C.M.S. man, but with the full approval of the Travancore C.M.S. I work among the Syrians on the lines of conversion, sanctification, and missionary service, without dreaming of encouraging the Syrians to leave their own Church. If a little self-repression is used all round, and proselytism discouraged, we shall see light and reform in the Syrian Church. But I constantly find [those intended are explicitly mentioned] haunting my meetings there and trying to persuade people to leave their Church. I would never ask any converted man to join my Church. Christ sent me to catch fish, not to steal sheep. It seems to me that only two positions are possible:

"1. To believe in the real unity of all converted men in the various Churches, and not proselytise. If any Church needs reforming, that is a matter for the members of that Church.

"2. To take the view that most of the Churches are Babylon, and that converted people must come out from them. This line of policy is fatal to Christian unity."

With the last position he goes on to couple that of those who "practically confine God's grace" to the members of their own communion. From this position, identical in effect with the last, and so to his mind identical with it, "I am," he writes, "equally removed." He felt that each leads to the same conclusion; so "both are fatal to conventions, for both are alike sectarian at the expense of Christian unity and co-operation."

"It is quite true," he adds, "that I was invited to go to Travancore altogether. But I should consider myself disloyal to my missionary call if I left the work of bringing heathen to Christ just for the sake of helping sheep to get a little fatter. All I can do is to help in such work occasionally, and in such a way as not seriously to interfere with my own proper work."

T. W. (From a letter written in 1902.)

CHAPTER XIX

The First Syrian Church Mission Tour as Private Letters tell of it

The first Syrian tour, the first of twelve such tours, some longer, some shorter, took place at a time of crisis in the Syrian Church. The present Metran of the Reformed Syrian Church, known as the Mar Thoma Church, thus describes the state of things in 1900:

"At this time the Syrian Church was in sore trial, and labouring under very serious difficulties from its having had to give up its churches, seminaries, and other property in pursuance of a decree of Court. Add to this, corporate Church life was threatened with schismatic teachings from without. The Church was tottering to its fall."

God used his servant to keep the Church from disintegration, to inspire it to further reform, and to missionary enterprise.

"Our Iyer, Walker Iyer—can we ever forget him?"—is the word of another leader of that old Church. "It was Walker Iyer who saved our Church from schism." Walker Iyer—it is a well-beloved name among the Syrians; and the man who bore it returned the Syrians' affection. He knew the people well; for throughout the earlier years of his work among them he lived with them, in their own houses, sharing as much as in him lay their lives and interests, and thus getting to know them in and out, in that intimate way only possible when such a life is lived.

But it involved severe physical strain; for he was one who was tried by travelling and by living in hot and noisy places, surrounded by people who though devoted to him, were entirely unaware of his almost imperative need for quiet and privacy.

And far greater than the physical was the spiritual strain of such tours: the huge crowds with their tremendous pull upon every faculty, every emotion; the sense of the vastness of the opportunity, the shortness of the time—all this pressed upon him, especially when, as in the first and several subsequent tours, he was alone, till the wonder was not that he was so worn out after the strenuous weeks, as that he was alive at all.

These masses of people (from 15,000 to 20,000, not counting the children who, of course, always accompany their parents) did not resemble the group of men and women who met at Broadlands, Oxford, Brighton, and Keswick in the memorable years 1874 and '75; nor was it quite comparable to the crowd which gathers at any of the annual conventions now. This crowd in the dried-up river bed was composed for the most part of households of "born Christians," to quote the Indian word, religiously inclined, as even nominal Christians are in India. Scattered among the people thus congregated, there were always true Christians who increased in numbers year by year, and there was a smaller group at the heart of things, gathered round Philipose Achan, men earnest for the spiritual good of their people. All, real and nominal alike, strike the stranger as unique in their affection for their ancient Church, and in the warmth of their welcome to any friend who comes to them in love.

It would be tedious to the general reader to go into frequent detail concerning these twelve tours; but three, each distinct in its way, and each told in a fashion of its own, seem to stand out as typical of all. These three, then, shall be described, one, the long tour of 1900, by private letters written to Mrs. Walker; the second by a friend, sharer in the toil and in the joy of a shorter tour taken in 1902; and the third by himself again, in an open journal letter to relatives in England describing a week of meetings at the great centre for such gatherings, Mārāmana, on the Rāna river. An account of any one of these could be written so as to read grandly; but again it seems to the writer that many will care more to see each in its prosaic detail, and in its sometime bewilderment and discouragement;

for, after all, most readers, being human, know what it is to accompany the sower of the Psalm not in mere poetic fancy but in fact, and know also what it is to have to gird up the loins of their mind to lay hold upon the word "shall doubtless," feeling their work unworthy such reward.

To understand the trend of the letters contained in this chapter, it should be known that the time was full of perplexity. It was not easy, as he put it, to combine the functions of mission preacher and ecclesiastical adviser. There were at the moment three distinct influences at work in the Reformed Syrian Church: that of the Conservative Party who did not want further reform; that of the Reformers who ardently desired it; and that of those who saw in severance from the old Church the highest hope of the spiritually minded within it. The position of a missioner whose sympathies were strongly on the side of the Reformers, and yet refused to anathematise anyone, could not but be difficult; and, being the man he was, he felt keenly, and to those whom he could trust he expressed frankly those feelings. For this was characteristic of him. He never posed as superior to natural feelings; he never pretended to enjoy the cold shoulder turned to him, or the cut of the innuendo, that subtlest scourge of the tongue. But he went straight on notwithstanding, and the word was fulfilled to him: "He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." Those who knew him will catch his very accent in such sentences as the following, especially in the way he turns from things ecclesiastical to things spiritual; he was above all things a winner of souls:

"For myself I believe in going quietly forward, and trusting God to show and fulfil His will. My visit may end in Syrian Church Reform, or in the C.M.S. setting aside a spiritually minded man to work among the Syrians; or it may have other issues known only to God. All this [a reference to facts just related] makes me detest sectarian bigotry the more, and see that the 'odium theologicum' will only cease when the Lord comes. How we shall be ashamed of our 'isms' in the light of His appearing! . . .

"As I expected, I seem to be pleasing nobody. But that

does not matter. If God fulfils His purpose, that is enough; and if souls are saved, that will be fruit unto life eternal. . . .

"However, what does it matter what people think? I shall have all sorts of things said about my work here. A. will not be satisfied. B. will not be satisfied. C. will be much dissatisfied. But if God makes my sojourn here a blessing to my own soul, as I believe He will, and also uses it to the good of others, then His name be praised."

The letters which follow should be read with all this as mental background.

"*January* 13, 1900.—I am now on the banks of the Rāna River, and only eight miles from my destination. I have seen no signs of anyone to meet me, so I expect my letter, written nine or ten days ago from Pannaivilai, has not reached the Metran yet. It is a poor lookout for my posts, isn't it? But though I have had no welcome from man, *Daily Light* for this morning says, 'Peace from Him which was, and is, and is to come.' And the Lord's 'All hail!' is worth all else beside.

"*January* 16.—I am feeling more and more the need of Divine wisdom and strength. Yesterday we had a prayer-meeting in the old Metran's rooms. He is a lovable old man, and, I believe, anxious for the good of his people. The two Metrans, some Achans, and myself were present. I spoke, in Tamil, on the conditions for prayer, and then there was prayer all round.

"In the evening we had a great pack of people, inside and outside. I preached on the tyranny of sin, and there was a good deal of audible response. During the closing prayer a wave of excitement passed over the whole congregation. The noise would have frightened you, I expect: cries and prayers over the whole church for, say, a quarter of an hour. Then it died away into perfect quiet again, and the young Metran from the chancel started up a Malayālam lyric.

"*January* 17.—Yesterday we had two prayer-meetings in the old Metran's upper room; but I cannot say that I thought there was much power in them. Prayer-meetings are the most difficult of meetings, unless you have a number of just like-minded people who know what they want and ask for it straight. Still, I have to take things as I find them, and perhaps the fact that their prayers are all in Malayālam makes them drag the more on my consciousness. My part, with the Achans, is in

Tamil, and theirs in Malayālam. So far I have been preaching in English for interpretation. I am not clear yet that interpretation from Tamil would be better, as I question whether more than a mere handful really grasp the meaning of the Tamil; and preaching by interpretation is of necessity so scrappy, that it is easier to do it in one's mother-tongue. Of course, I do not try to indulge in Mr. Y.'s poetical flights. He little knew how the wings dropped in the process of translation.

"Last night the church was crammed again, with a large crowd outside. I thought it well to check the excitement, and think I was right. It is like an atmosphere of electricity, and a spark would set it all going. I told them I wasn't afraid of noise, but that noise would not convert them, and that it was all nothing unless they forsook sin and turned right round to God. I don't mind what else they do, if only they do that. This had the effect of curbing the excitement, though response was still audible enough. But, so far, I have had no anxious souls coming to visit me; and what is it all worth unless they come to Christ? To-day we have commenced a morning meeting too, with the church about three parts full. I spoke on practical, everyday things, for it seems to me that this is sorely needed.

"How I wish they understood Tamil, and that I knew more about their real state and needs. Pray that I may be clearly guided step by step.

"*January* 18.—As I told last night the story [Dr. Gordon's] of 'How Jesus Christ came to Church,' I could scarcely go on. I felt it tremendously myself. And at every sentence the people were moved; it seemed just like playing on a responsive string. I left out the last part of my address, and just returned to that story. Emotion would have run riot if I had pressed it further. So we had private prayer; and I asked any who wished, while all closed their eyes, myself included, to stretch out their hands to Jesus Christ for salvation. I don't know how many did it—not very many, I fear—but God knows what happens sometimes in solemn moments. I invited any who had done it to stay behind. I don't think all who had done it stayed; but after all had gone, two men and some half-dozen women remained, and I tried to lead them to Christ.

"I am hoping for more liberty when I get away from here. There are too many criticisms all round. Some are afraid of excitement, and some of me. One of the bitterest critics is a

C.M.S. man, elder of a neighbouring congregation. He is very hot against the schismatics. Indeed, I fear that there is a good deal of heat on both sides. I sometimes wonder whether I have done right in coming. From man's point of view, 'Failure' will probably be written over my work. My own prayer is: 'Lord, fulfil the purpose for which Thou hast sent me, whatever it be; and make me willing to seem a total failure, if so be that Thy Name be glorified.'

"*January* 20.—It is now a week to-day since I arrived here. I am still feeling bewildered, and don't know God's purpose in my coming. I hear that the conservatives are thoroughly disappointed in my teaching. Apparently they wanted me to prop up all their Church practices and oppose the seceders in public preaching. And they find that I just preach the Gospel and seek souls. Of course, in private conversation I warn people. But they want a pugilist; and in spite of my reputation for being dogmatic, I never was a controversial pugilist. Controversy does not save souls or promote love and unity.

"They are going to trot me round now to parish after parish, with only three days in each. Pray that they may be three days of blessing everywhere. 'After two days will He revive us; in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.' Oh to find that promise true! It is rather a good one, I think, for special mission services.

"We had a last service at Mārāmana this morning, especially for Christians. The word seemed to grip, and we had a decidedly solemn close. After silent prayer for consecration to the Lord, I asked for that lyric which we used to have when we were in Travancore before,—'Praise! Praise!' This always stirs the people. Shouldn't I like to see a Tamil congregation stirred! It would mean more with the comparatively unemotional Tamil. I got young Werky to close with prayer, and he just poured out his heart, not without tears. Well, the services there are over, except that I am to go later on, D.V., for a week's meetings with all the Kattanars [clergy]. I took the opportunity at the last meeting to urge Christian love, and to warn the people against a fault-finding, seceding spirit.

"Archdeacon Caley arrived during the meeting, though I did not know he was present, and heard the address from the Metran's west gallery. I had a long talk with him afterwards. He quite agrees with me that I should not preach controversially, whoever urges me to do so, but just preach the Gospel of Christ, taking occasion, as I did this morning, to strike notes

of loving warning. So he backs me up in my own convictions of what is the right course of action.

"*January* 23.—I find the Syrian Christians too full of questionings. They want to know everything, and are inclined to query and argue about the meaning of verses. I think this will prove one of their dangers in the future, and expose them to error. When a man's mind runs on the bent of a mere scholastic debating about theological terms, instead of on that of practical obedience to what is clearly the main drift of God's will, he is sure to be a weak-kneed Christian. We must do God's will, and then we shall 'know of the doctrine.'

"*January* 24.—I am trying to preach practical religion to the converted. This is what they seem to me to want. They have got to a certain point, and are sticking; and their zeal is expending itself in curious questionings rather than in practical holiness and evangelistic zeal. Pray that my message may help to steady them, and to lead their energy into practical channels. I feel that I do not know them as well as I know the Tamils.

"*January* 25.—It seems to me that all these divisions are hindering blessing, and that a good deal of the so-called conversions must be more nominal than real. The movement of three years ago seems to have spent its force, and this is ebb-tide in the Syrian Church. They will come in crowds to hear Bible-teaching, and ask crowds of curious questions; but it seems to me that experimental religion is largely wanting. To turn them aside from this to questions of Church organisation will create sectarian bigotry, but will it promote true religion? Instead of getting to work to bring in others and to preach the Gospel to the heathen, they have been looking after themselves and turning aside after vain questionings. I can only pray that God may fulfil His own purpose in bringing me here. It is a case of being more and more 'cast upon Thee,' for I have no human adviser who can help me.

"I have just been interrupted by a lot of young men who came for a prayer-meeting. Some of them have been re-baptised; others not. They confessed that their divisions are largely the cause of the lack of power; and we had a friendship-making, and a time on our knees, ending with 'Jesus' name is Victory.' Oh, it is the spirit of love which is wanted! Lord Jesus, come quickly! I feel drawn out to love all God's people. May the Holy Spirit come down upon all true Christians in a baptism of love and power. I am keeping very well, and

must just go forward as God leads amidst difficulties on the right hand and on the left.

"*January* 27.—It was picturesque last night to see the people crossing the paddy field ridges in all directions with lighted torches. We are about five minutes from the church here, and have to traverse the ridges on our path. At the first general meeting last night, I divided the people, and called for a show of true Christians. It is so difficult to know where one is in the work, for nearly everyone says, 'Oh, I was converted three years ago' [when revivalist meetings were held]. But the ebb of the tide seems to me to have left people hard. I find that they expected me to teach Christians and not to preach to the unconverted. I don't see how you can separate the two. If the Christians were in a healthy state, conversions would be going on. What I find in Travancore is a crowd of people, thinking themselves converted, and coming to meetings to enjoy Scripture teaching, but sadly lacking in practical godliness, and with little or no zeal for the conversion of others. There seems to me an absence of real *power*, and it distresses me. Looked at from a missioner's point of view, I should say that it is a bad time for a mission, and that the people are not prepared for it. And yet God has brought me, and must have a purpose, and so I must go on day by day. We had three or four earnest men in for a prayer-meeting yesterday, and one of them brought a backslider with him, who, I trust, was restored.

"This morning's meeting was a search-light meeting for Christians; and we went into practical matters like neglect of prayer and Bible-reading. It seems to me that practical godliness is the great need of the people. Pray that the services may leave a lasting mark on the home-life and practical conduct of these Syrians.

"Physically, I have everything to be thankful for. Our loving Father is always showing His mercy. Yesterday morning He made them build a pandal palm-leaf porch in front of the verandah [in which he was living, and which was stiflingly hot] and also bring a table, chair, and lamp; so I am now in clover. I feel as though His special help were being vouchsafed in all that concerns bodily health and comfort, and that without any seeking on my part; oh for the spiritual power and blessing which these people so sorely need! To-morrow is my third Sunday in Travancore. May it be a revival Sunday!

"*January* 29.—My programme seems fixed for three weeks to come; after which there is some uncertainty, as the harvest

makes it a bad time for some places I was to have visited, whereas other places are asking for it. However, God will guide: I feel confident of that. We have had good times here, I think, on the whole. God's people are warmed, and I trust others are blessed. Yesterday we had huge crowds, outside the church as well as in it. This morning I have been taking the subject of assurance of salvation, as I found that some were needing it; and some, I believe, have been finding it. To-night is our last meeting here. May it be one of much power and blessing!

"I find it very hard to manipulate these huge crowds. It is so hard to get at individuals in them. And directly the meetings are fairly over, they have to sort themselves, light up their torches, and go home in bodies. So I have been contenting myself here with getting response in companies, and not asking anyone to stay behind in church when the meetings are over. I shall learn as I go on, D.V., how best to conduct the meetings and help souls. For size, the meetings remind me of Moody's London Missions; but he had an army of experienced workers to get at souls when the preaching was over, and take them out into the enquiry room for dealing.

"*January* 30.—I think my plan of calling on individuals will not work well under the conditions here; and so at Elanthar I dealt with the people more in bodies—converted and unconverted. When I divided them the first night, very few stood up on the Lord's side. Last night practically the whole congregation rose, though I made the conditions plain and solemn. Doubtless there were many who were not whole-hearted; but let us believe that there were real ones among them, backsliders reclaimed and new ones brought in. I dealt a good deal there with the subject of assurance of salvation, since it seemed to me that many had been resting on a former profession and lost their experience. However, it is now over, and at the Master's feet; may He cleanse it and grant at least some fruit unto life eternal.

"I am sorry that E. and F. are slack. I have often felt it; but you can't put more into people—or rather, you can't get more out of them than they have got in them. We may push and push, and think we have got it in them; but the moment our pressure is relieved, they find their level [mixed metaphor, this, but extremely intelligible].

"*January* 31.—The weather is getting very hot, and the time of year is altogether unsuitable. Moreover, they had evidently

made no proper preparations beforehand. But God brought me at this epoch, and so even these other matters seem small beside that fact. I have a deep conviction that He has some purpose, and that is enough. Our former visit to Travancore was distinctly fruitful. I have had many little tokens of that. And this visit will not be in vain. Anyhow, I shall feel that I tried to help them in their need.

"*February* 2.—Pray that the practical teaching which I am trying to give the people may really affect their lives. Even yet, I do not know God's full purpose in bringing me here. Still, if some souls are born again, and if Christians are helped to live a holy life, it will be worth while. I have never had a fuller consciousness that He is watching over me. I feel special help vouchsafed in all physical things. He helps me to bear the noises [certain noises of a sort most trying to endure], and talking [perpetual and loud], and yet feel quite quiet. He is keeping me in health and strength. So far, I have not had the slightest trouble with my voice. He is hearing the prayers which you are all offering up, and supporting me in a very real sense. So I forget about punkahs [in the great heat], though I am glad sometimes of a hand-fan.

"*February* 3.—We had a solemn meeting last night, and I had an after-meeting for all who had raised their hands on the last two days, or for any others looking to Christ. One man, in particular, was much cut up. He seems to have been a regular bad one. One of the women, too, was very demonstrative in her grief. They are so much more emotional than the Tamils that it is difficult for me to gauge it all, and there is no one who can really help much at it.

"We had our last meeting for Christians to-day, a very full one, and I pegged away at private prayer again. It seems to have hit many. We had dedication afterwards, and then some testimonies. It was all quiet, free from excitement, and I hope that it is a good sign. It seems to me that the people are as much in danger from excess of emotion here as the Tamils are in danger from lack of it.

"*February* 6.—Oh for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power everywhere! The world needs it tremendously. Somehow there seems a block to it almost everywhere.

"Gradually I am beginning to understand more of the state of parties in the Syrian Church. Our old interpreter, the Rev. T. K. Joseph, is a close relation of the two Metrans. He says that God's time for the Church was twenty years ago, when they

had the great Revival in Matthew Preacher's time. Then the devil brought on all the litigation about possession of the churches between the Reformers and the Jacobites. The former ought to have let the churches go and build new ones, as the Free Church of Scotland did. But they went in for litigation, told lies, stifled their consciences, and lost power. Now the Kattanars have not the confidence of the people, and so the latter are an easy prey. I am wondering what I ought to do when I meet the Kattanars. Pray much about it. I think the C.M.S. ought to step in at this juncture and help. What the Reformed Syrians want is a *leader*. They have not got one. I believe a strong, spiritually-minded man could carry reform all through the Church. They want a Luther. With all the young Achans on the side of reform, it wants a wise and patient leader; and, in time, the whole body would be cleansed.

"*February* 7.—Last night we had a very solemn meeting, and I gave an opportunity to any seeking souls. Thank God, there were some; but oh, how many are indifferent, crowding to hear, but not willing to give up sin. The moment I had finished praying, some of the converted men struck up prayer of their own accord, red-hot if you like: they pleaded for the unconverted. Then came my trials. I asked those who had held up their hands to stay behind, and a number did so. But the other people would stand all round. They are not accustomed to quiet after-meetings, and simply refused to go away, even when asked five or six times. The Achans have no command over the people. At last I had fairly to drive them out before I could deal with those poor souls. In the C.M.S. churches here they have full control of their congregations; but in the Syrian churches, none. And they have made up their mind that they can have none. You cannot get a single Syrian congregation to go off quietly after a service, for the sake of either Christ or souls. It makes it very difficult to get at anyone who is impressed. We were at least twenty minutes getting the people (or most of them) away last night. It seems to me that it is a case of either taking after-meetings in the mass (which is most unsatisfactory), or not taking them at all. Well, one has just to go forward trusting the Lord. He knows the circumstances, and can help. And, praise Him, He knows every heart which is hungering for Him.

"*February* 8.—We had a solemn service last night, and sent them home with earnest warnings; but except for a quiet time on our knees, did not attempt an after-meeting. Well,

in the very early hours of this morning I was suddenly roused from sleep to find the whole ground quivering with an earthquake. You have probably had the same shock. It seemed to last several minutes at least. I felt perfectly quiet under it, and then subsided towards slumber again. Not so the people. There were shouts and cries and prayers all over the place. There seemed to be a tremendous commotion. After a time they came thumping and knocking at my doors and windows, so I had to light a lamp and get up. My room soon filled with men, some converted and some unconverted. They quite connect the earthquake with the solemn warnings I have been giving here. I told them last night in the pandal that I could do no more, and must just leave them to God. I asked them to go home and say truthfully in His presence, 'I am saved,' *or* 'I am not saved.' Then followed this earthquake shock, and they immediately connected the two together. It seems in a real sense God's confirmation of His word by signs following. Call it a coincidence if you please, with 'Divine' before the 'coincidence.'

"Well, I spoke to them, and two young men professed to repent on the spot, while I warned again several others. I then turned into bed and went to sleep again. One of the Christians said, 'This morning's meeting must be for the unconverted.' It is against our practice, as the morning meetings are intended to help Christians; but I felt it was God's will that I should go and preach on 'Earthquakes.' So I got some notes together, and a large crowd assembled. The Rev. T. K. Joseph turned up to help me. We had a very solemn time, and I told them that God was giving them another chance and a special warning. Afterwards I called on any who wanted to turn to Him to stand up, and several men did so, and several women. I then got them to the front of the table where I stood, and we had an after-meeting before the whole pandal, in public. I felt that, after the earthquake, anxious souls ought not to shirk publicity. We were at it till nearly twelve o'clock, and I have just had breakfast before moving on.

"I believe they will long remember the earthquake and the meeting which followed. Most of the unconverted are very hard, for they know the truth. Thank God for those who have been led to Him. God's children are stirred a good deal here, and the earthquake has strengthened their faith, and made them feel that He is with His servants.

"Now I wonder how you have got on in it all. You are

nearly sure to have had the shock too. Well, if it were an earthquake of salvation (Acts xvi.) to any, praise God for it.

"*February* 8 (night).—I hear constant testimony to the blessing which rested on our former visit [the mission to the C.M.S. churches in 1894], and am almost surprised to hear it, as we had thought that the work was almost confined to the C.M.S. It seems that many Syrians came and got helped. It is at least encouraging, as it was all so quiet at the time and nothing much was seen or heard of it. It is an untold mercy to escape parade in print. I believe *that* offends God very often and mars the permanence of the work. To work on quietly, and trust God for fruit which shall remain, I feel more and more sure that this is the right way.

"*February* 12.—I had a pleasant day at Tiruwella on Saturday. The bungalow there was like a palace after the quarters I have been having lately. Wasn't it a treat to have a bedroom and bathroom again, and to be able to bathe without a tōpi! [sun hat]. I walked over four miles in the morning, having to cross three rivers *en route* by Government ferry, a small canoe-like boat punted or paddled across. The Caleys were most kind, ready to do all they could. I walked back again in the evening. A Syrian Christian came with me. I asked him when he was converted, for he is full of life. 'When you came last to Tiruwella,' he said; another testimony to the fruit which God gave six years ago.

"We had a huge crowd in the pandal, and an even bigger one in the afternoon. I think it is the largest audience almost which I have had. Numbers of the Jacobites have been hearing the Word as well as the Reformers. I had a sort of public after-meeting in the evening meeting, and there was power and blessing. Several individual cases came to my room yesterday and got spiritual help. If it were not for the divisions of the people, there might be lots of blessing here. But the days they give me at each place are much too few.

"After the service came a meeting for the signing of the letter of peace to the Metran, telling him that they are going to live and work in unity. This gave some trouble, as one of the Achans had gone to an outstation and had not returned. Finally the people signed it, and it was given to me to get the signature of the Achans. The latter are, I fear, worldly-minded and unconverted, and have not much wish to forgive and forget. I said very solemnly that there would be an awful responsibility resting on anyone who refused to carry out the promise they

had made in God's presence. After this I went to the home of the old Achan Joseph, the peace-maker who had set the ball rolling. He is only here on leave, as he is working at Trivandrum among the lepers. He is a good and earnest man. Finally the Achans came and fetched me out of bed at 11 p.m., and signed the letter of peace.

"*February* 13.—It is a case of living in public here, and no mistake. We have had the doorways and window-apertures of my end of the building matted up, but that will not keep out curious eyes; and so I change my clothes after the meetings with considerable difficulty. [This clothes-changing was a necessity of life; for he always returned from a meeting drenched through to his outermost garment.] After I got into bed last night, some people (in addition to the two or three already sleeping here) came rushing in at the other end of my room, shouting at the top of their voices to unlock the tiny room at the other end in which they keep their cocoanuts and other treasures. I suppose they were hard up for something for supper. I rather covet that quiet little room, but it is sacred to cocoanuts and household etceteras. I was interrupted here by visitors, young men, one of whom knelt down and professed to yield himself to Christ, while the others rejoiced over him.

"*February* 15.—I have sounded Philipose Achan about a conference between some of them and the C.M.S.; he had the idea already in his own mind. He proposes Archdeacon Caley and Mr. Palmer. So we are going to try and arrange it at Mārāmana next month, D.V. Perhaps this is what I am here for.

"*February* 16.—I find that out of some seventy Achans belonging to the Reformed Syrian Church, about twenty are for further reform; while of the thirty deacons, who will be Achans by and by, the majority are on the right side. It seems to me that when we have this conference, my business is to press that the new school be allowed liberty to alter such parts of their Service as are against their conscience; while at the same time I advise the would-be reformers to yield to custom in all non-essential points. If the Travancore C.M.S. will back this up, and the conservative party will yield the point, then, in time, the spiritual party will grow stronger and larger (they are doing so every year), and be able to carry further measures as time goes on. Of course, G. may use influence and pressure to prevent this; or the conservatives may prove stiff and unyielding. But at least the effort will have been made, and they

are looking to me to make it. Please pray earnestly about it all. Wisdom and patience and love are needed.

"*February* 19.—Well, it seems to me that God's purpose for me is to preach love and liberality of spirit, and to make a last attempt to get the Syrians to set their house in order. This done, it appears as though my responsibility would cease. Anyhow, I am sure I did right in coming.

"We shall soon be in March now, and the hills will be in view. I can't say that I am looking forward to that very much. I am getting tired of Bible-readings and conventions, which seem to lead to nothing. Still, let God lead on.

"*February* 23.—This is a nice quiet place, with the river flowing only a few yards away from my room, and with groves of cocoanut trees everywhere in evidence. I stood by the water at sunset yesterday, and it was lovely to see the warm glow over river and tree. Being an out-of-the-way place, the pandal is smaller and the congregations not so unwieldy. I rather enjoy this for a change.

"As I stood by the water's edge, a man from near Tiruwella, who is here for the meetings, came and told me that his younger brother was converted at our Tiruwella mission six years ago. Isaiah li. 6 it was which showed him the way of life. He seems to have written this down, and kept it as his verse of assurance. He then began a Sunday school, which was blessed. Two years ago he died full of faith and hope. This is the story as it was related to me last night on the river bank. The elder brother was brought to Christ previously in Mr. Baring Gould's mission. And so God blesses His word. What a lot of glad surprises we shall have when Christ comes!

"If the conference proves a hopeless fiasco, then I do not see why I should stay and expend further strength over the Syrian Church. But I am hopeful that it will lead to something. I think that even the conservatives will feel that it would be suicidal to resist concessions.

"*February* 27.—The great spiritual movements of Travancore have not got very deep yet. It seems to me that instead of G. preaching above-your-head doctrine, you want a John the Baptist with plain repentance. In some places they have said of my teaching, 'Oh, we know all about sin and salvation: give us something higher.' I tell Philipose when they practise the 'lower' teaching, we will go 'higher.' In one place they wanted the Book of Revelation expounded. I gave them Titus iii. 8, 9 instead.

"*March* 1.—I am preparing addresses from 1 Timothy for the Kattanars' meetings. It seems to me to suit the needs of the Syrian Kattanars exactly. Mr. Abraham asked me where I get all my illustrations from. I have been asked the same question in Travancore before. When I tell them that I keep my eyes and ears open every day, and try to turn all I see and read to Gospel account, it is a great surprise to them. I have booked a good Travancore one for worldly Christians when I get to Ooty.

"*March* 2.—There are some of the Six Years party here. One of them has just been in to talk; but I finally cut him short and told him I could not waste time arguing. Their tracts are sheer blasphemy. They believe that Christ came spiritually on the day when they all waited for Him by the seashore, but was seen only by what they call 'believers.' They think they have got heaven in a mystical fashion now. Poor beggars! They believe that Justus Joseph was a sort of incarnation of the Holy Ghost. It is an awful mess of heresy pottage. But, of course, they are bigoted about it, and not in the least open to reason. It is a sort of Malayālam Agapemone, Justus Joseph being to them what Prince was to the Europeans and Americans who followed him.

"I believe Travancore is capable of generating and fostering any and every heresy under the sun, and all because they do not follow the advice of Titus iii. 8, 9, which I am constantly pressing upon them. If Christians neglect practical holiness, there is no knowing where they will get to. And so I think the sectarian move particularly unfortunate; for it raises a series of theological and ecclesiastical questions rather than presses home the wholesome truth, 'Be ye holy.' I wonder what sort of jumble it will all end in.

"Well, I suppose my coming is a sort of last effort to help the Syrian Church as a Church. If they do not profit by the opportunity, I do not see what more we can do. But it is rather hard to unite the functions of a mission preacher and of an ecclesiastical adviser.

"*March* 7.—I wonder what next week will bring forth at Mārāmana. Oh for God's work among these Kattanars! Pray that I may speak straight, and in the power of the Spirit.

"In Cōttayam one of my main objects will be the students in the Syrian Reformed Institution there. Ask God to prepare their hearts. The work is to finish up with them. I believe in trying to reach the young men, as they are the coming

power in these Indian Churches. It is harvest-time all round here, but we get immense meetings at night. I have not attempted any after-meetings; as, with such a pack of people and no system behind you, it is impossible to do it quietly at nights in a large pandal. And, after all, this is only the fourth day, just when we ought to be beginning. I have preached Regeneration, Repentance, and Salvation in that order. And now I can only call to-night for Decision, and then pass on my way. It is like scattering bread upon the waters, but we have the Lord's promise that we shall find it after many days.

"The man in whose house I am staying here has, I trust, been helped. He was converted before, but had no liberty and continuing power. The secret of failure everywhere is the neglect of private communion with God. India lives too public a life to have a deep Christianity. And Indian Christians will have to alter many of their customs before they get deeper.

"*March* 7 (night).—We had a tremendous crowd at the pandal, and I asked for decision. Towards the close of my address a sudden wave of feeling came over the assemblage, like one of those gusts from the mountains upon the Lake of Galilee. I closed the address at once, and got the people on their knees. It was a little while before it subsided; and then I had a time of dead silence before God, and pressed for decision. Many got up, probably a lot of them unreal. But surely there were some real ones, and God will bless them. The services here have been rather quiet and immovable till to-night. And now I have to go away, just as a stir is coming.

"I have actually had a letter from Z.Y.X. to-day. But there was not a word in it about being glad I had come, or the faintest hint of thankfulness. I expect he meant it all right, but it does not seem very cordial. He asks me at the end to stay with him when I go; but I am glad to think that all the European missionaries will have cleared out before I get there, and so I shall be saved the inconvenience of putting on my shabby little black coat in the heat. I much prefer being among the Syrians. It would be rather awkward to come home from an after-meeting and find you had kept everybody on the polite stretch waiting for dinner. You remember our unhappy experience in Cochin. A native house is paradise in comparison with what we had there.

"*March* 10.—It is just two months to-day since I arrived on the Syrian scene, and now I have the last month before me, in some respects the most important by far. I wonder what

changes the earnest men will ask for in the conference. One of them wants to discuss them with me beforehand, but I decline. I tell him that it would not be honourable to be here on the Metran's invitation, trusted by him, and yet talk behind his back of the errors of his Church, or prepare weapons against him. I feel sure I am right; I do think that Christians nowadays need to be more honourable and straightforward. So I have lost a good opportunity of handling the reforms. Never mind: I tell them to present before the conference anything and everything which is against their conscience, and that I will answer any questions addressed to me openly before the Metrans and leading Kattanars. I hate the way of dropping a word of doubt in secret places. G.'s plan was to teach general holiness doctrines, and to take the Epistles all through with the spiritual character of churches strongly emphasised. There was nothing in this to which anyone could take open exception; but it raised questions (and was meant, doubtless, to raise questions) about many of the practices which he saw here and disapproved. People then came to ask him questions, and were so answered, as you might imagine. Even such comparatively trifling questions as the keeping of special days (except Sundays) were gone into and condemned. It was all perfectly natural; and what else could you expect? I find everywhere very loose ideas even of keeping Sunday holy; and many of the converted people argue that it is unnecessary. Anyhow, in a district where Sabbath observance is all too lax, and where travelling on Sundays is rife, it is simply fatal to introduce these miserable ideas of all days being alike to the Christian. Love of money is everywhere; and to give the people a chance of making a little more, as they think, by Sunday work, is fatal. So I have pitched into this in several places. What people want here is practical godliness. I want to see their attention turned to holy living rather than to ecclesiastical questions; and the questions should be quietly and firmly dealt with by men of Gospel light and sanctified common-sense.

"*March* 13.—We had a little preliminary meeting for the clergy last night, and to-day have had two regular meetings. I am taking a chapter in 1 Timothy at each meeting, at least practical lessons from each chapter. This morning we had the Minister's Conversion to God, and this afternoon his Carriage in the world—Prayer, Purpose, Principles, Preaching, Purity (of course in Malayālam guise). It was sad to contrast St. Paul, 'a teacher of the heathen (Gentiles),' with this old Syrian

Church which has not been a teacher of the heathen, and has scarcely begun to think about them yet. An adult baptism in the Syrian Church is almost an unknown thing. I believe God has been speaking, and I have had personal dealings with several of the younger men who confessed that they were not converted. Many of the older Achans have not yet turned up. But still, I had about fifty ordained men to talk to to-day, including the two Metrans. Do pray for them. These quiet meetings are much more to my liking than those crowds in the pandals; and I think God has more chance of working in the quieter atmosphere.

"*March* 15.—I have only one more clerical meeting. I trust there is real blessing among the young men, some of whom profess to have been converted. I had two of them last night, who both professed to yield to Christ, and I had another two before. One young Achan seemed to be in doubt about it all, and I could get him to do nothing. Turning away I dealt with another. Afterwards I said to the former one, 'How long are you going to be in doubt?' To my surprise he said at once, with his voice and manner quite changed and his face lighted up, 'I am ready to thank God for saving me. I was thinking and praying about it while you spoke to the other man, and now my doubt is gone.' It seemed a genuine case of sudden yielding and assurance. It is the young men who have been helped chiefly. The older ones, most of them, have not been near me for personal dealing. But if six or eight ordained men have really given themselves to God, it will be a grand thing. The man who brought the last pair to me is one who was converted during our Cōttayam mission before. It is a pleasure to deal with these boys and young men. Pray for them.

"*March* 16.—They tell me that all the deacons from Cōttayam, both from their Institution and the C.M.S. Institution (students in theology, etc.), have all decided for Christ. I had a praise meeting with them last night. This is indeed something to praise God for, since they are the clergy of the future. Two of them belong to the Ainar Bishopric in the Cochin State, a very dark Bishopric, where the Gospel is scarcely preached. It is quite separated from the Metran's jurisdiction, though they are all on friendly terms of communion. If they carry the Gospel light there, it will be splendid.

"I have not had much opportunity for personal dealing with the older men, as only a few of them sought me in private; but I know God has been speaking to some of them, and healing

the backsliding of several. We had a solemn meeting for the last, yesterday, and then, after a final appeal on the lines of Romans xii. 1, I threw the meeting open for personal dedication. There was one continued stream of short dedications for about half an hour with a good deal of suppressed feeling. Someone then broke into a chorus of praise, which was vigorously taken up; and with that closed the meeting proper, though a band of the young ones followed me home for a little closing word of teaching about the way to overcome temptation and continue in the Christian life. . . . Now please remember that these details are only for yourselves. For the public, I hold to my strong conviction of working out of sight. And, after all, what has it all been? And what permanent result will it leave? These are matters to be committed to God in faith and hope."

"Oh that Z.Y.X. were warm hearted about it all! Perhaps he is more so than we know, and is merely reserved; but it would strengthen me if he opened out just a little privately, and assured me of his full sympathy."

But though denied the "full sympathy" for which he could not help craving, there were compensations: his coming did seem to be of use; and on March 17 he wrote with joy and thankfulness, "Our conference is over, and I hope not without good results. A Committee has been appointed to revise the Syrian Liturgy, with two C.M.S. men on it as assessors, of whom Mr. Palmer is convener. They are to prosecute the work vigorously, and changes in the Service will be secured to some extent at least.

"They have also passed a resolution against the ordination of mere boys, and appointed some men to help in special mission work in their Church, of whom T. K. Joseph is one. And I trust that they and the C.M.S. are drawn closer together, and that a better state of things is before them. I see no reason now why a split [in the Syrian Church] should not be avoided. And the door is open for further reforms. So we can thank God. The C.M.S. delegates are very thankful that they came, and that so much has been effected.

"*March* 26.—I have just arrived here, though not very fit for convention work. On Saturday afternoon my voice gave out without the least warning. The only thing I can think of is that the sun must have drained me. Having to speak again that night made it worse, and I got up quite husky yesterday, Sunday. It is not a cold this time, but just a weak throat.

"*March* 27.—The South African war seems to have taken great strides forward. Fancy Bloemfontein already in the hands of the English. It is rather a change since a month or so ago, when it seemed a question whether Ladysmith and Kimberley could hold out against the Boers. Did you see that a converted non-commissioned officer of the Black Watch, when all the commissioned officers of his company had been shot down at Magersfontein, rallied his men and led them to a new assault with the words, 'Now then, No. 1 Company, prepare to meet your God: forward, charge!' In two seconds more he was shot down too.

"*March* 29.—It is just fiery hot here, but God has wrought a miracle on my throat. I committed it to Him, and began in a very shaky way on Tuesday night. He gave me the verse, 'The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick'; and as I stood up to speak, I rested on that word. Every time I have spoken since, the voice has got clearer and stronger, and is practically all right now. I did not get beyond the condition, 'if it be Thy will.' I was sure of God's ability, and gave myself to His will. There are still three days of convention addresses after to-day, and then six days' work in Cōttayam. But the end is near.

"I made the converted people put up their hands last night, and then those who in any way preach to the heathen. It was sad, sad, to see the difference in the show of hands. When are they going to obey? I am almost tired of speaking about disobedience to God's command. There is much knowledge of high doctrine, but very little practical obedience. Many of them question everything, and *do* nothing: a very easy self-satisfied sort of Christianity. I expect I shall get shoals of blame and criticism for the morning's address. I spoke on the Nazarite's separation from sin, and not from ecclesiastical organisations. Having spoken out on the subject, I shall leave that part of the matter. I also said that if churches refused to reform and to purge out the evil, God would deal with them and punish them; and that the Syrian Church needs much purifying. So I suppose I shall be blessed all round. Well, Christ is the Master, and we have to please Him.

"*March* 30.—Yesterday and to-day the heat has been terrible. It is like living in a fiery furnace. I think some rain or something must come soon. It can't go on blazing long like this.

"My throat is working splendidly, thanks be to God. But

I am beginning to long to get through, as the heat takes all the physical comfort away.

"*April* 2.—My throat was a perfect wonder at the convention. It got perfectly strong again by the third day, and gave not the slightest trouble afterwards. On Saturday evening the thought struck me that I would take a boat and try and get some air on the river before the evening meeting. This proved a decided success. They took me to a lovely spot where there is always a breeze; and, after I had walked about on the sands enjoying it, a man would have me come to his house and drink some coffee. It was quite a refreshing draught. After prayer there I returned for the meeting feeling quite a new man. I believe that much blessing rested on the convention meetings; and the testimonies on Sunday afternoon nearly all referred to some one of the special messages, such as burying the dead bones (Ezekiel xxxix.); shaving the Nazarite of false profession when his vow was broken (Numbers vi.); obedience, the great condition for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit; the blood-guiltiness of neglecting the heathen; and so on.

"On Sunday the congregation had Holy Communion in the early morning, and then came to the convention at 10 o'clock. You never saw such a sight, thousands and thousands! Hundreds had to stand outside with their umbrellas in the blazing sun. I astonished them by making a lot of the men make room for the women inside the pandal. It was the last thing they would have done without compulsion. Philipose and Co. were at their wits' end with such a surging crowd. But, finding that an interpreter's voice could not possibly reach everyone, I sent a second interpreter to stand on a stool half-way down the pandal; and, directly I began to preach, we got perfect quiet. The second interpreter just repeated the words of the first one. Then for about one and a half hours they listened in silence in the heat to a message about the Second Coming. I had intended it for Christians, but was led on to speak a last message to the unconverted; and, as I spoke, one of those big waves of feeling to which I have often referred, came down, or rather passed over, the great meeting, and there were cries all over the place. Perhaps I ought to have had an after-meeting; but the heat was terrible, and none of them could help me in manipulating the meeting. We had the last service at 4 p.m. It was one for testimony and praise. I had intended speaking at the end, but there was no time. The old Metropolitan came in his robes to this last meeting. I began by having a fight with

the people. Many of them would stand up [to stare at the Metran], and I flatly refused to go on till they were all seated. I said, 'You have to learn obedience in Travancore!' The old Metran looked on amused; but in the end will-power accomplished it. I made some of the Achans go and act watchmen at different points, and we got on swimmingly. There was a continual stream of testimony for about three and a half hours, men and women. It would have gone on for hours longer; but I finally made those who wished to testify stand up in a body, and repeat with me 1 Corinthians xv. 57, a Bible testimony which included everything. Then we closed.

"*April* 7.—I believe this is actually my last letter. I feel sure it was right to come. What will follow, I know not. Let us pray that God will keep all danger away. There is some chance of unity now and quiet concentration of work and reform, if people will not come and divert the people's attention again to religious polemics."

I cried and said, "O God, my words are cold!
The frosted frond of fern or feathery palm
On whitened window wrought
As near to burning are, as these my words;
Oh that they were as flames!"
        God answered me:
"Thou shalt have words
But at this price, that thou must first be burnt,
Burnt by red embers from a secret fire,
Scorched by fierce heats and withering winds that sweep
Through all thy being, carrying thee afar
From old delights. Doth not the ardent fire
Consume the mountain's heart before the flow
Of fervent lava? Wouldst thou easefully,
As from cool pleasant fountains flow in fire?
        Say, can thy heart endure
Or can thy hands be strong
In the day that I shall deal with thee?
        For first the iron must enter thine own soul,
And wound and brand it, scarring awful lines
Indelibly upon it, and a hand
Resistless in a tender terribleness
Must thoroughly purge it, fashioning its pain
To power that leaps in fire.
Not otherwise, and by no lighter touch,
Are fire-words wrought."

CHAPTER XX

Life among the Syrians as a Fellow-worker saw it

THE first halt of the little party which had left Dohnavur, its then abiding place, in the late afternoon of January 16, 1902, for the western coast, was at the last southern outpost of the C.M.S. in India, Pannikulam, a Hindu and Muhammadan border town not far from the pass leading through the mountains into Travancore. There, within sight of the temple lights, within sound of the murmur of voices chanting to Siva, by a great tree, the sacred fig of India, supper was spread; and the little snake idols (worshipped by childless women) on the raised platform under the tree, remained as a last impression of dark idolatrous Tinnevelly, dark and idolatrous still, in spite of its noted centres of light. In strong contrast to its temples and roadside shrines appeared presently the little frequent whitewashed churches, hidden among the palms bordering the wide water-ways of the part of Travancore inhabited chiefly by the Syrian Christians.

The journey, dreamlike and pleasant to look back upon, was not altogether so delightful at the time. There was a dusty tumble over a road which, till the Travancore side was reached, was more rut than road; then a break for breakfast and a rest at Nagercoil, in South Travancore, where the Duthies, L.M.S. missionaries, long practised in matters of hospitality, received the party; then a hot drive on to Trevandrum through the afternoon and night. One of the bulls went lame and prolonged the journey, and Trevandrum seemed to recede through the morning hours into farther and farther distance. Once there, however, the kindness of the Chief Engineer and his wife made things easy for the next few days' work. Then on by *wallam* (native barge-like boat) through the night to Quilon, and thence by very slow bullock carts to the first centre for Syrian work.

The first surprise—though the fact had been known before, it had not been realised—was to find the people not Syrian in type, but Indian. Here and there was a face which suggested the far land from which the founders of this wonderful Church had come; but intermarriage with the people of the country had led to the Indian type prevailing, a good type for the most part, sometimes distinguished by great refinement of feature and expression, and almost invariably by a gentleness of manner most pleasant to meet.

For the Syrians as a whole are a gracious people. It may be possible to live among them and not become attached to them, but it must be difficult; they have a way of their own of winning the heart.

It was the delight of the one who knew them well by this time, to expound to those who were new to the life, how things were viewed in this land of leisure and unbounded kindness. The meeting was fixed for eight in the morning, so that it might be over before the great heat of the day. The mission party was ready at eight, but there was no sign of the congregation. "It will be eight when they come," he explained. They came at something nearer ten than eight. "Now it is eight o'clock!" Or, a move had to be made; all was to be ready upon arrival at the other end of a long night journey of pitch and toss in a bullock-cart. "Be prepared for their not beginning to get ready till you arrive; that's the custom here!" would be the warning word, which made it fairly easy to wait with calmness of spirit in scorching sunshine at the other end, while with every sign of welcome upon their faces, Syrian men rushed round setting things to rights, and Syrian women raised clouds of dust in efforts to make everything nice; for in India, if a thing is the custom, that settles it. But always by the end of the stay at any special place, all that could minister to the comfort of the guests was forthcoming, even to a red tablecloth for the round table in the middle of a room minus those usually necessary things, doors and window-shutters. (It was a new house, and, like many things in Travancore, was waiting to be finished.) Or again: "Don't be in a hurry. You can't hurry a Tamil; but ten times more truly you can't hurry a Syrian Christian. After all, we have come for

them, and we have nothing to do but give ourselves to them," a view of life which covers more than work among Syrian Christians, and if sincerely adopted leads to infinite peace of mind. From the first day to the last, there was one unbroken cord of kindness thrown round every member of the party; till each separate one of that little band found the heart going out to those most lovable people, whose ways seem to suit their beautiful land, with its placid lagoons, forests of palm, and easeful, indolent, languid air which does not encourage the strenuous, and smiles at foolish haste.

But the people were ready for any amount of effort, only in a frankly un-Western way. "You will stop at such and such a place," said the Syrian friend in charge one evening, as a move was made to a new centre. "So and so has arranged to give you a meal upon your way." So at midnight the sleepy missionaries turned out of their bandies, and were led to a Syrian house and asked to wait "a few minutes." They waited, and two of them lay down on a bench and went to sleep. That supper was the work of the women of the house, who had toiled for hours over it. After it was finished, "Now the family will gather for prayers," was the cheerful announcement. There was nothing for it but to acquiesce; and then, after some little delay caused by routing the children out of their beds in the small hours of the morning, that household met in the largest room the house contained, and prayers, which they would gladly have prolonged into a meeting lasting till dawn, at last closed the proceedings. Wonderful is the unchanging East. Let those who cannot learn to love it, stay away.

Once a curious man of no discoverable persuasion hung on the edge of the crowd at one of the great meetings, and fell upon little groups of convention goers as they dispersed for meals. He attacked a member of the mission party: "You people are all wrong. This Church should split up. 'I am the Vine.' These are our Lord's own words; but you do not see that the more branches there are on a vine the more glory to the vine. In this matter Walker Iyer is wrong" (the idea being, the more a Church split up the better). "Thank God, we have something better to do than split branches into twigs,"

was Walker Iyer's somewhat indignant comment when he heard of this new doctrine; and he fell back upon his favourite expression, "Pity to go about branding sheep when one might be catching fish."

The meetings were always an amazement. Besides the general meetings, there were separate gatherings for leaders; and women's meetings were arranged for other members of the party—curious women's meetings they appeared at first, for the mass of a thousand to fifteen hundred women was invariably fringed by a wide border of men—five thousand was the count one day. But the men were so docile and so refreshingly quiet (in contrast to the women, who of course had their babies to see to, and therefore were more or less disturbed and disturbing), that they were never sent away. Then before the evening meetings began, the people would gather in hundreds, till perhaps ten thousand or more were packed solidly into the pandal, and all they wanted was to be taught choruses. These they learned in a way of their own: they listened while the new chorus was sung by a little group on the platform, and immediately took it up, recasting it as if by common consent into something like and yet unlike the original; the effect was quite delightful, an Indianised chorus thereafter not to be foreign at all, but their own possession.

To this audience thus prepared the speaker would come punctual to the second, for the evening meetings always began in time. Quietly he would work his way through the packed masses to the wide, low platform; and then there would be a gradual hush, passing down from the platform to the far-out edge of the crowd while he knelt down, and once more stretched out his hands to the Unseen, and as it seemed, received gifts for men. Then the address, broken by the interpretation sometimes twice or three times repeated by interpreters stationed at intervals through the great throng, and even so unspoiled—how describe it? Sometimes it was like hearing waters fall from high places, pure waters of refreshment; sometimes the eager sentences following hard the one upon the other were like leaping flames.

The difficulties in travelling were many, and often very tiresome, and the tiring end fell on the one responsible for everything; but never once through those many journeys was

there a sign of the early-lamented impatience, but rather that continual making the best of things which tends so much to lessen the petty frictions of travel. Whenever there was anything interesting to be seen, there was always a quick call. "Look at that fisherman! Did you ever see a man shooting fish before?" This was on one of the backwaters, where, sitting on the bank, the fisher with bow and arrows shot the fish as they swam past. And again, "Look at those two! Did you ever see anything like that?" and with intense interest he listened while a Syrian Christian of the Reformed Church, after trying in vain to get into spiritual touch with one of the orthodox, began by way of assurance of his own orthodoxy to repeat aloud the Nicene Creed, as he followed a yard or so behind the other along the bank of the river: "That's a new way of approach to souls!" And when established in a Syrian house, where the domestic life, entirely audible to the interested guests upstairs, included at the time of their visit the arrival of a new baby, the call was: "Come and see a Syrian Christian baby's tub!" and there in the verandah below, in a cream-coloured spathe cut from a palm in the compound, lay a fat baby, extremely indignant while its nurse swished cold water plentifully over it, finally rinsing out cradle and baby with one effective swing of the arm. "There, did you ever see anything like that before?" The morning scrubbing of the elephants in the river as seen from that same verandah was another call to come and look; so was the administration of pills to the great beasts when ill. Everything contributed to the natural happiness of life, and helped through the tremendous strain of meetings and constant conversations between.

To one who watched, understanding the manner of man who had come among them better than did those engaging visitors, his peace in receiving one after the other without a shade of anything but welcome in his eyes, was something far more striking than the taking of huge meetings. After such meetings the whole being asks for quiet relaxation, but it was rarely granted; and perhaps Mrs. Walker's faith was never more taxed than when she saw these constant demands made upon strength which had narrower limits than was generally known.

But it was impossible to save him any of this extra work. "As sheep without a shepherd," he said pitifully one evening, as he watched some thousands of people stream homeward in the dark, each little group carrying a flaming torch. They were walking by the river, and the water, reflecting their white garments and yellow torches, made a mile of picture. But the inner side of things appealed most: "So many of them as sheep without a shepherd"; he could not do too much for them.

Often in some great meeting it was as if he were playing upon a living harp; a touch, and any effect he desired was instantly produced; but he feared this kind of responsiveness: "Lord, make it real," was his one prayer. There was much prayer throughout the whole time; it was the very breath of life to him: "Oh to be able to pray!" he used to say, and then he would pray, and pray, till those who were with him could only wonder that the heavens did not visibly open, and pour the blessing down.

There was blessing, and there were joys no one ever attempted to count; but the work of this missioner all through his life was to walk by faith. Never to him was granted that which, to judge by descriptions in current religious literature, is often granted to some, an open and visible great ingathering of the precious fruits of the earth. But man after man with whom he came into contact can witness, better still can show a life that witnesses, to what no mortal can effect, or continue to enable if effected. Such were the signs of his apostleship. "Now go and live for others," was often his last word to one and another who came, usually alone, to tell him what had happened in the soul's secret place. "Keep close to God, and go and live for others." It was his own life practice in two sentences. Spiritual selfishness was, like all insincerity, intolerable to him.

Upon one of the last days at Mārāmana the aged Metran came in his amazing robes of state, and sat on a chair in the middle of the packed platform, his betel nut apparatus (a very Eastern touch) conspicuous by his side. That day the crowd was so vast that the two interpreters, who had been sufficient up till then, had to be increased to three, who, dotted about the pandal, carried the words of the speaker to the edge of the throng of

15,000 people. It was a stirring sight, those many faces looking all one way, and the white face, so much too white with the strain of such ministry, gazing down upon the thousands in the intervals between his sentences and their three-fold repetition. "This sacred work demands not luke-warm, selfish, slack souls, but hearts more finely tempered than steel, wills purer and harder than the diamond. . . . Nothing but a burning sanctity will convert this unbelieving generation;" thus Père Didon, noble, knightly missioner of France. And the fine words were wrought into deeds day by day through those weeks in Travancore.

Such a life, by whomsoever lived, has a secret experience behind it: the lines facing this chapter tell it in part. Give me power, give me fire! many a preacher has prayed the prayer. To such comes the searching word of the Lord, Art thou in earnest? Wilt thou pay the cost?

The good-bye to Travancore was sorrowful. They came down to the water's edge, those loving people, led by Philipose Achan, and a band of Achans and deacons. And they sang as the boat pushed off from the stone steps at the foot of the Metran's grounds: "Victory to Jesus!" Lower down the river a C.M.S. pastor waited with his family, laden with great bunches of fruit, whose taste was forgotten in the beauty of its colour; for the river scene, green palms, brown water, asked for just that vivid dash of red. Slowly the wallams moved off from the shore and down the Rāna River. It was good-bye to Travancore.

The last mission was held at Kannankulam, in the northern State of Cochin. There were difficulties in that northern town; for the pandal had been built in the heart of the Orthodox Syrian population, and attempts were made to break up the meetings by throwing stones in among the crowd. But special help was provided; for Mrs. Nicholson and Miss McKibben, who had for some years been working among the Syrians and who were then living at Kannankulam, brought faith to bear upon the difficult position, and all passed off quietly: "So closes our campaign on the west coast," is the journal's last word; "Lord, forgive its failures!"

Hector Macpherson, drum-major, 93rd Highlanders, in 1855, to a chaplain who had asked him advice as to how to work among the troops :—

"Look round you. See the pickets of Liprandi's army. See yon batteries on the right, and the men at the guns. Mark yon trains of ammunition. Hear the roar of that cannon. Look where you may, it is all earnest here. There is not a man but feels it is a death struggle. We are all in earnest, Sir ; we are not playing at soldiers here. If you would do good, you must be in earnest too."

JOHN MACPHERSON, *Life of Duncan Matheson.*

CHAPTER XXI

The Mārāmana Convention of 1905 as a Home Letter shows it

Such work as this over, home reached, things unpacked, and arrears dealt with, the next thing, if it could be crushed into the day, would be a couple of hours of hard typewriting, subject to interruptions. For often the cough announcing an approach would sound first faintly, then a little louder, and the typewriting would stop. "What is it?" "Salaam Iyā!" "Salaam!" A pause, but it invariably ended in an invitation to come in; and the reed curtain hanging before the open door would be pushed aside, and the visitor would sit down and converse. Under some such circumstances this letter was written, only perhaps the interruptions were more frequent even than usual; for the marriage of a convert girl was the event of the week, and much time had to be devoted to the joys of conversation. We copy from the place where the account of the meetings of 1905 begins:

"*Sunday, February* 19.—Early in the afternoon people began to gather for the meeting, and one could see the crowds pouring in, all dressed in white. When I proceeded to the pandal, about 3 o'clock, there was a large congregation already assembled. We commenced with a time of prayer, and then I spoke, taking as opening subject the foundation truth of all, 'Ye must be born again.' My old friend, the Rev. C. P. Philipose, interpreted, and did it admirably. The rest of the day, from 6 p.m., was quiet, and so I got a little breathing time again before entering on the full swing of the work.

"*Monday, February* 20.—The morning meeting had been announced for 9 o'clock, but it was quite 10 o'clock before we could make a start. Every time I go to Travancore, the

Syrian brethren say they are really going to have their meetings at an earlier hour in the morning; but it always means 10 o'clock, and, as the week wears on, degenerates into eleven. With a scorching sun, on the sands of a dry river, only a strip of cocoanut matting screening you from the sun, the atmosphere of the pandal being vitiated by thousands of people breathing out carbonic acid gas, it is decidedly hot and uncomfortable. However, your object being the spiritual good of the people, you must accept the conditions and endure the heat and vitiated atmosphere, and certainly the sight of such a sea of upturned faces is inspiring, and helps you to forget the physical drawbacks. My subject for the morning was Spiritual Revival, and the conditions essential to it. Now that Wales is ablaze, and there are expectations of similar blessing all over the world, it was a theme that proved of pressing interest to everyone, and the audience was most responsive. In the afternoon I conducted a Bible-reading on the downstairs verandah of the house in which I was staying. It was intended specially for workers and evangelists, and there were rows of them sitting in the shadow of the house or wherever they could find a spare yard of room. Our study was in the Book of the Prophet Malachi, and bore specially on the life and work of God's messengers.

"In the evening, at 7 o'clock, we had a very large congregation in the pandal, and I tried to press home on them Christ's uncompromising statement, 'No man can serve two masters.' When we arrived at His explanation of the truth, 'He will love the one and hate the other,' and I showed that to love the world or sin means, *ipso facto*, to hate Christ, the solemnity of that fact seemed to grip the meeting. How could we treat with hate and opposition, or with that indifference and unbelief which are tantamount to such, the dear Lord Who bled and died for us? The message was solemn enough. When I called on all those who wished to serve one Master, Christ, to rise, there was a general response. I found the three meetings very tiring; you cannot pour out yourself in desire for souls without feeling a certain amount of exhaustion afterwards. Besides, one got many visitors between the meetings, some to showfriendship, and others for spiritual talks. The nights, too, were not over quiet, as people in the house would talk till a late hour; and there was a well just outside with a very noisy, creaky sort of capstan apparatus for the drawing of water. Still, comforts were many, and bed was welcome after a heavy day's work.

"*Tuesday, February* 21.—The congregations kept growing,

and the oppressiveness of the weather seemed to be on the increase too. At the 10 a.m. general meeting, I continued, in measure, the subject of Monday morning, speaking from Hos. vi. 1–3; and trying to show how God is willing and ready to come forth 'as the morning,' with the sunshine of His grace and the latter rain of the Holy Spirit's power, for the healing and revival and empowering of His people, if only they will honestly and sincerely return to Him. When I had fairly launched out on my subject, I was hindered by the distracted attention of the people. Numbers of them were gazing out of the pandal instead of listening to me. I stopped to reprove them when I suddenly discovered the reason of it all. The old Metran and his Suffragan Bishop had suddenly arrived in state, and were stepping on to the platform in their gorgeous robes, the latter arrayed in crimson silk. No wonder that the audience were temporarily inattentive. However, the Bishops never came late again!

"At the afternoon Bible-reading we studied the Book of Hosea, taking a bird's-eye view of its contents and teaching, and then going on to practical teaching. It is essentially a Book for the Reformed Syrians, as there are many backsliders among them. The audience had outgrown our limited accommodation, and it was decided to transfer the Bible-reading to the pandal for the future.

"In the evening we had a very solemn subject, 'The tears of the Lord Jesus,' and dealt with the awful sinfulness of sin and the crime of unbelief. I trust that the truth went home to some, and that many of God's people began to realise that the very thought of sin ought to cost them real pain. It is hatred of sin and practical godliness which we all so sorely need. I had spent a time of quiet meditation on it before going to the pandal, and felt keenly the solemnity of the subject.

"*Wednesday, February* 22.—I awoke feeling very weary, for the heat was extraordinarily oppressive, and seemed to take all the life out of one. The Syrian brethren made one very good arrangement this year. Each day's addresses were printed by night at their printing press at Tiruwella, eight miles away, and were on sale the next day in a booth near the pandal. Thus the printed pages supplemented the speaker's voice, and carried the message far and wide.

"Our morning subject was Gratitude; and I tried to excite the thankfulness of the people to God for all his mercy to us in Christ, and for the full provision of His grace. The Syrians were

exceedingly responsive; and we finished up with the famous Malayālam lyric of praise, which with its rousing tune always seems to inspire the people in Travancore.

"In the afternoon we transferred the Bible-reading to the pandal, and I gave the audience (a very large one) a running summary of the teaching of the Epistle to the Romans, laying special stress on its clear doctrine about holiness and its application of it, in the closing chapters, to the Christian's everyday life. Meanwhile the heavens had grown black with clouds, and, before I had finished speaking, rain had begun to fall. Very soon heavy showers deluged the earth, and the thunder rolled. I was drenched in getting back to the house; and the thundery atmosphere was so appallingly oppressive, that for a few minutes I felt inwardly glad at the prospect of an enforced rest in the evening. I soon saw, however, that such selfishness was wrong, and set to work to prepare the evening's address, and could rejoice that the storm had cleared away. With so many souls waiting to be fed, personal weariness was a very secondary consideration. However, after I had prepared, thunder and rain came on again; and the evening meeting had to be abandoned after all, as an open pandal affords no protection in inclement weather. Though the meeting was stopped, people could not be really sorry, since this timely rain saved many crops which were on the point of withering for lack of water. Even the promoters of the meetings, therefore, were thankful for the rain.

"*Thursday, February* 23.—I had a good many callers in the early morning. About 8.30 a.m. Mr. Dibben, C.M.S. Secretary in Colombo, arrived very opportunely to help me. He had arranged to visit Travancore for other reasons, and, hearing this, I had requisitioned his help. He travelled from the railway by bullock-cart, a shorter route than that by backwater. It was nice to have companionship, and it proved to be providential in more ways than one. After breakfast, we sallied forth together to the morning meeting in the pandal, and found a vast audience awaiting us. Many requests for prayer had come in, and it was now quite a feature at the beginning of every meeting to present these. Many were the petitions sent in each day that a revival might spring up in this parish and in that, and numbers of sick persons asked prayer for their recovery. I spoke on sin, and the Christian's attitude towards it; and the congregation were most attentive. Mr. Dibben had never seen so vast a gathering of people calling themselves Christians in any country, and was greatly struck

by it all. A further change was now made in our mode of procedure. It was deemed best, and for the greater convenience of the people, to hold the two general meetings by daylight, and to have the Bible-reading at night. Multitudes walked for miles daily to attend the gatherings, and now that full moon was past, the early part of the night was dark. This readjustment of times allowed the people to get home before it was very dark. Accordingly, we assembled at 3 p.m. for the second general meeting. Unfortunately, as it seemed to us, rain came on beforehand, and it seemed more than doubtful whether we could hold a service at all. However, we agreed to face it, though the audience was thinned by the threatening weather. Mr. Dibben gave the address, on The Conditions for Blessing. Halfway through his address it began to rain again, and the roof of the pandal was decidedly drippy. Many of the audience solved the difficulty by putting up their umbrellas, and it was curious to see a speaker addressing a whole crowd of umbrellas. I discovered after the meeting that my voice was husky and that my throat was getting very raspy. Didn't I feel thankful that there was now another speaker to fall back on in case of need! Mr. Dibben kindly offered to take the evening Bible-reading, that I might get a rest in view of the next day's work; as the air was now saturated with moisture and the damp night atmosphere was not likely to improve a bad throat. So he put his shoulder to the wheel and had a very good time.

"*Friday, February* 24.—As there had been two wet afternoons, and there seemed every probability of a daily recurrence of rain about the same time, it was decided to prolong the morning meeting to twice the usual length and to have two addresses instead of one. Mr. Dibben spoke first; then, after a hymn and collection, I followed, on God's call to backsliders. My throat was very bad and my voice very husky; but God's strength was made perfect in weakness, for special blessing attended that address. I asked all backsliders present to hold up their hands. At first they rather fought shy; but I knew there were many present, from my personal intercourse with them, and so I earnestly adjured them to be honest with God and make a public confession of their fall. This was effectual, and a large number put up their hands as a confession of their state of backsliding. One felt very tender as one spoke to them; and when the address was finished, I pleaded with them to return to a waiting Father then and there. A large number responded, and I believe

many of them were in real earnest; for many individuals among them came to see me privately afterwards, full of joy in new-found forgiveness.

"As rain kept off in the afternoon, we had a special gathering, very largely attended, to give information about Prayer Circles, and to take steps for forming them. Mr. Dibben gave them an address on Prayer, and then brother Philipose explained the Malayālam printed circular about the Prayer Circles, and invited members. I trust that this may lead to real good and help on the coming revival in South India.

"I took the Bible-reading at night, but with a very thin and husky voice, for my throat had been getting worse all the time. The subject dealt with was 'Incentives to Evangelistic Work.'

"*Saturday, February* 25.—One of the points I had dealt with was that of becoming a corn of wheat, to fall out of sight and die, in order that Christ may be glorified, and that so we may bring forth much fruit. It was scarcely fitting that just at this juncture some of the Syrian brethren should come and ask me to sit for my photograph! I pointed out the incongruity of the request, and begged, as kindly as possible, to be excused. How fond we all are nowadays of publicity and autobiographies and photographs! One thinks of humble men of God in days gone by—

"'The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name;
Men of the plain, heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame,'

and prays for grace to follow their good example.[1]

"Be that as it may, this was a day of special humiliation for me, as I could hardly speak above a whisper. I prayed a good deal about it, and felt like a caged-up creature. It was clearly God's will that I should stand aside, and I felt that all would be well so long as His Name were glorified. Mr. Dibben kindly undertook the two general meetings, and they determined to turn the evening Bible-reading into a prayer-meeting. It set many of the Christians praying, and that was quite a result in

[1] He disliked the modern habit of perpetual photograph-taking, and thought it bad manners to "snap" people against their will. Especially he objected to anything of the sort in connection with a religious meeting. To intrude the camera into such a gathering, or to lie in wait at the door as the crowd streamed out, was to his mind nothing short of irreverence.

itself. They all seemed to feel that if I had to sit silent for the rest of the convention, it was something like a defeat for God's people, and so they gave themselves to earnest intercessions. I still had a good many visitors between the meetings; and, though conversation tried my voice, God gave many loving tokens that His work had been going on in the hearts of men.

"*Sunday, February* 26.—I awoke feeling much fresher, and my voice was decidedly better after the rest of the previous day. The Syrians had early service in their own churches, but about 10 a.m. could be seen assembling in crowds towards the pandal. I felt that God would give me a voice, even though it might be weak and husky, and elected to speak at the morning meeting in the heat of the day. Our friends wanted to have two addresses, and then to have a special testimony meeting in the afternoon; so we went to the pandal to do as God might direct. It was certainly an inspiring sight to see a vast audience of some 20,000 upturned faces. The people had been coming in their thousands all the week, 10,000, 12,000, 15,000; but this was the climax day. The heat was terrific, but the opportunity was unique. When I offered the opening prayer, it was evident to all of us that God had heard our petitions. I was astonished myself at the volume of my own voice. It was just as though some great weight had been suddenly lifted; and it was like a new-found liberty to be able to speak again without let or hindrance. I was still thinking of backsliders, especially of those who had now come back to God, and so took as subject 'Abide in Me.' A large number of persons pledged themselves in the meeting to give at least half an hour every morning to communion with God. May He enable them faithfully to keep the pledge.

"By the time the address was over, it was clear that it would be unwise to proceed to another subject at that session; so I had the meeting closed, and we arranged that Mr. Dibben's address to the unconverted should be given at the afternoon session. There was not a very long interval between the two sessions; but it was long enough to freshen up the people, and to give us all needful reprieve from the close pandal which had more than overflowed in the morning. When we repaired again to the pandal for the closing meeting, I found the people singing a new lyric. At one of the previous meetings I had mentioned seeing in Italy a church with the words inscribed on its steeple in large Latin characters, so as to be visible afar, 'Christ lives; reigns; governs; conquers.' This had struck some of the Syrian brethren greatly, and one of them had enshrined the device in a

lyrical form. It was grand to hear these thousands of voices singing, and with evident feeling,

> "Yea, He lives! Glory! Hallelujah!
> Yea, He reigns! Glory! Hallelujah!
> Verily, He conquers! Glory! Hallelujah!"

Mr. Dibben gave a faithful and very telling Gospel address, putting the way of salvation simply and forcibly before the people. He then asked all present who knew they were saved to hold up their hands. This was done with great enthusiasm; and those dear people with outstretched hands gave hearty thanks to God our Saviour, and prayed for grace to be true and faithful. We next asked all backsliders who had come back to God during the week to stretch forth their hands; and once more there was a full and glad show of hands, with earnest praise for forgiveness received and fervent prayer for keeping power. Then the speaker turned to the unsaved, and asked those who wanted to settle the matter then and there to hold up their hands, in order that God's people might pray for them and help them. One by one, hands were uplifted all over the pandal. They were next asked to stand up boldly and say: 'I do believe; I will believe that Jesus died for me; that on the cross He shed His blood from sin to set me free.' As one after another said it, it was quite cheering to see a sedate C.M.S. Secretary alive with enthusiasm, and to hear him cry out again and again, 'Hallelujah!' Then all the audience sang aloud, 'I do believe, I will believe,' and we committed these new converts to God in prayer. The meeting was by this time in a state of warm enthusiasm, and every petition of my closing prayer was punctuated by the loud assent and response of the entire congregation. We finally closed by all standing and singing together the favourite Malayālam hymn of praise. And didn't they sing! The waves of that closing hymn of praise must have carried a long distance, and sure I am that it was heard in heaven.

"And now all was over, and we stood and watched the long stream of white-robed figures swarming away in the distance, going back to the stress and strain of everyday life; but, let us trust, in the case of many, to an experience likewise of abiding and victory."

"So Christiana asked Prudence what it was that made these curious notes? They are, said she, our country birds; they sing these notes but seldom, except it be at the spring, when the flowers appear, and the sun shines warm, and then you may hear them all day long. I often, said she, go out to hear them; we also ofttimes keep them tame in our house. They are very fine company for us when we are melancholy; also they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places, places desirous to be in."

John Bunyan.

CHAPTER XXII

To Dohnavur: Camp

THE next move *en famille* after the long tour of 1900 was to Dohnavur, for a few months' work. As usual, wherever possible, the head of the family undertook the toilsome part of the removal.

"*June* 16, 1900.—Dohnavur. Preparing accommodation for everyone before their arrival next week. Clearing and getting bungalow shipshape.

"*June* 21.—B. —— and the women's band arrived."

It was a delightful arrival. The south-west monsoon had cooled the air and covered the mountains with veils of light mist, so that they looked like the mountains of home, only higher and grander; for in India, even in the south, the hills run from five thousand to over eight thousand feet, rising sheer from the plains.

The whole place was charming: the bare barn-like bungalow, with nothing of the luxurious about it; the compound, with its enchanting views; the walks to the water lying at the foot of the mountains—all this was pure delight, and from the first happy day of arrival it was a place of songs; for the country birds of the old allegory were "tame in the house," and they made that solitary place a place desirous to be in.

Apart from such attractions, the Dohnavur district possesses an interest of its own. Every square mile of it has its private story of raids and skirmishes and battles. For in the days of a certain overlord, called Alam Khan, his underling, a Patan officer, sold on his own account this strip of southern country to the king of Travancore, who naturally was not slow to take possession. In due time there was

trouble; and from Kalakādu, six miles north of what is now Dohnavur, to Cape Comarin, thirty miles south (the Cape was then included in Tinnevelly territory), there was anarchy and all its attendant misery; while, to add to the confusion, marauding chieftains sallied forth from their forts all over the country and ravaged the villages. One such chieftain encamped on the outskirts of a little town three miles south of Dohnavur. There he built a fort and bullied the unfortunate inhabitants of the hamlets round about. All this happened from 1750 onwards. Later, another overlord ruled Tinnevelly and the adjacent countries. He must have been a pleasing character, for he is chiefly remembered for his brave attempt to play a double game. With the British, who were now beginning to loom large on the Indian horizon, he opened negotiations concerning this debatable strip of country, while at the same time he offered the whole to the king of Travancore. And as both parties accepted his invitation, the result may be imagined.

The final battle of a series of battles was fought near the town where the chieftain aforesaid held court; after which the Travancore army retired to its own borderland, a bare plain under the sunburnt mountains where a pass leads into the kingdom of Travancore. Thereafter there was peace. But the traces of old troubles lie scattered about the district. One, which is rather interesting, is the presence of the fort three miles away, now a ramshackle old house called by courtesy the palace. Its head, great-great-grandson of the marauding chieftain, early in July 1900 paid a visit of ceremonial welcome to the Dohnavur bungalow, and invited the missionaries to come and preach to his retainers. Once, after two of the party had slipped into friendship with the women folk who live in the secluded rooms at the back of the house, he proposed their accompanying his family on an expedition to a famous little temple hidden in the woods on the mountain. They were all exceedingly friendly, from the rough, good-tempered men who lounged about in the old square courtyard—where, to give a feudal touch to the scene a pair of falcons perched on the rafters —to the white-haired grannie who pressed betel nut and lime

upon her guests, fully expecting them to enjoy munching the compound. The British Raj may have its faults, but it is certainly a peacemaker.

Finally and chiefly, the district was supposed to be, and certainly proved to be, extremely desirable from a missionary point of view; for it is exceedingly needy, being very strongly Hindu in atmosphere. It may be there is a special reason for this found in its religious history. Here Rāma, king of Oude, in the long ago ages sent his vassals to search for his good and beautiful Sita, who had been carried off by Rāvana, king of Ceylon. Where their footsteps fell, shrines sprang up; the plain is strewn with shrines. And the precipitous double-headed mountain, which seems to stand as guard to Dohnavur, holds place in the famous story. "To show his power," says the Rāmāyana, "Hanumān" (the monkey god who helped Rāma) "sprang to the top of the Mahēndra mountain, leaping from summit to summit, making it groan beneath his weight." From it, "he took his flight" across the perilous ocean to Ceylon. So the mountain is holy ground; and the forest at its foot, and clinging about its deep ravines is full of holy places.

Thus its very story seemed to call aloud for the coming of the Greater, the King of kings; and the verse, "He must reign," was written in large Tamil letters and hung up in the Dohnavur bungalow for all to see.

As a centre for work, no other district bungalow offered quite the same opportunity, for no other long-established C.M.S. station was set in quite so Hindu an environment. The village itself is small, and clusters about a church built in 1824 with money given by Count Dohna, a German friend of missions. The village—which at that time was a dependency attached to the adjoining Hindu village, Pulliankurichi (Village of the tiger), wherein no Christian has ever been allowed to live—changed its name when it built its church, and called itself Dohnavur (pronounced Dōnavūr), Ūr meaning village.

Into this new opportunity, then, the family entered with zest and with expectation, finding to its great happiness

friendly welcomes nearly everywhere, always from the scattered Christians, often, as above related, from the Hindus too; for at that time such visits as were now offered were rare enough to be interesting. And many a page could be written about those happy itinerating days, full as they were with weariness and hope deferred, and yet enriched for ever by blessed overweights of joy. But the main reason which led to Dohnavur at that time was the fact that it was a suitable place for an Ordination Class; and for awhile the steady teaching of Divinity students went on, broken only by days of evangelistic work in the surrounding district. Class with Ordination men, 8 to 10, 11 to 12, 2.30 to 4.30; this was the ordinary routine, with, between classes, literary work, correspondence, occasional Tamil reading with a fellow-missionary, and often, after tea, village work. It was a full day. The one almost invariable breathing space was the hour after dinner, from eight till nine; that was spent under the stars.

There was one adventure that June:

"Upon returning from harvest festivals, with the Carrs *en route* for Palamcottah, our bandies attacked in the dark, 2 a.m., by *dacoits* [professional robbers] or some of that ilk. A bad time; they thrashed the drivers and fought with us. Carr much knocked about and bruised; myself only hit on the shoulder. Finally they fled. Got to Palamcottah about 8 a.m."

So the journal; or, as told more fully on arrival home: "I woke to find my bandy rolling down a bank. The driver was nowhere, and the bulls were blundering about in the dark. I heard shouts, and knew something was up. I had nothing with me, not even my stick; but I put out my hand instinctively, and there lay a stout stick beside me. I seized it right thankfully and rushed off to find the Carrs' bandy, and I got there just in time. He was fearfully knocked about, and she was inside alone." "He came with a perfect war whoop, flourishing his stick and sent them all flying," was Mr. Carr's account. "How ever did the stick get there?" "I had a pastor with me in the bandy, part of the way; he slipped out without waking me, and by mistake left his stick behind."

This was the year of China's peril:

"News from China seems slow and unreliable," he writes on August 20. "But God's will shall be done there, and the Coming of Christ hastened. P. writes that she is glad I am not there, and ——'s people write that they are thankful she is not there. We think it hard lines that people glorify missionary martyrs so much, and yet grudge us the crown of martyrdom!

"We are going on quietly here. At present I am chiefly occupied with the Ordination Candidates. We have gone carefully through Exodus, with its spiritual meaning, as well as its points of scholarship. And now we are half-way through the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Divinely inspired New Testament commentary on Exodus. They read some subjects with Mr. Douglas while I was in Travancore, so that I shall only have three or four more to teach them when Hebrews is finished. I am anxious, however, to get them out into special mission work, and so combine practical training with Theological. We have had several conversions, I am glad to say, among the Christians, and there is a movement among the boarding-school boys."

A day or two later an entry is: "Wrote a long Memorandum with Carr on Native Church organisation, protesting against proposed change of front." This was the Memorandum mentioned in chapter XV. Its rejection led to his resigning his vice-chairmanship of Council. For the protest entirely failed; and as that which he tried to avert has passed from the region of discussion and become an accomplished fact, there is no point in raising the question afresh. His motive in fighting was true to himself: the new policy contained, as he believed, elements prejudicial to the spiritual welfare and ultimate independence of the Indian Church, and therefore he resisted it with all his might. It was not the first time, nor the last, that he stood upon the losing side; and no story of his life would be true which eliminated this feature, his absolutely unshakable courage in playing a losing game.

Some to whom the guidance of the Indian Church is a matter of vital concern, and who, knowing his views on the subject, sympathised with him, may wish that the matter of this Memorandum should be fully discussed, and those views clearly set forth in this chapter. But to do so at all adequately would

require many pages of extracts from private letters and papers, as well as the publication of the whole Memorandum; and in common fairness to those who took a different view, the other position should be stated in equal detail. This would involve furnishing more food for discussion than at the present time appears to be desirable; and even if all were written, the number of those possessed of sufficiently accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the situation to be capable of an intelligent opinion one way or other upon the mass of matter thus provided, would be very few. For better or worse, the tide has set in a direction opposite to that which the writers of the Memorandum felt best for the Church in India. We leave the subject, therefore, refusing to write or to copy a discouraged line. An acquaintance with history, as he himself often used to say, quoting from Bishop Westcott, is the best antidote to discouragement: the God of history is the God with Whom we have to do. In the end—can we not believe it?—the prayer of all who love this land will be answered, and the Church spiritual will shine forth liberated, purified, and strong.

An obstinate spell of fever followed this distressful writing, but as soon as he could crawl back to work he was at it; and there he sat at the dining-room table with books and pen and papers about him, a way-worn figure in a grey coat, with white resolute face and dark eyes that "glowered"—there is no English word which exactly expresses the expression—at anyone who suggested he ought to be in bed. The meekest of invalids when helplessly ill, he was an incorrigible convalescent; and if too much afflicted by expostulations, would retire into his shell in an aggrieved fashion, wholly and uncomfortably human. It was upon one such occasion, or rather, after he had happily recovered from the sense of injury, that he produced his Wordsworth and read from the Miscellaneous Sonnets:

> "My friends, restrain
> Those busy cares that would allay my pain.
> Oh, leave me to myself; nor let me feel
> The officious touch that makes me droop again."

After which there was nothing for it but to retire defeated.

"'Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent;
Set forth thyself unto thy whole extent,
And all the glory of His passion prize,
Who for thee lives, who for thee dies."

TRAHERNE.

"Yea, and if you be sure that your part be good, and another hold the contrary, yet if it be a thing that maketh no matter, you will laugh and let it pass, and refer the thing to other men, and stick you stiffly and stubbornly in earnest and necessary things."

WILLIAM TINDALE to JOHN FRITH, prisoner in the Tower, and afterwards martyr (about 1536).

CHAPTER XXIII

Stiffly for the Name of the Lord

The matter of the Memorandum was much in mind through the following years. To one who longed to see the Indian Church free to develop on its own lines, anything which in his opinion would prove crippling to such development could not but fail to be a deep and increasing anxiety. He felt, too, his isolation in holding out against persuasion: not that he was quite alone, for there were some who shared his anxiety; but he appeared at times to be alone, and, in 1912, read these verses from the *Spectator* with feelings of appreciation born of long experience:

"When you have started forth towards your vision,
  When you have counted up the gain and cost,
When you have faced the old, old world's derision,
  Its scoffing tale of all endeavours lost;
When all is said, leave it the sane, wise clinging
  To proven ways you never can recall;
It has not heard your golden trumpet ringing. . . .
  O Pioneer, the end is worth it all.

"When by your cause you stand, its one defender,
  And hear the jeers and anger grow more loud;
When greater men than you, grave-eyed and tender,
  Look on your lone defiance from the crowd:
Then, then the joy of battle surges in you,
  The splendour of the quite unequal strife;
And all the strength of soul and brain and sinew
  Proclaims that you will win, and this is Life!"

The verses expressed more than he meant in certain directions, for he knew little of the splendour side of strife; nor was it, in one sense at least, strife at all, for those who contended were at bottom one in aim; and he had not the hope of ultimate

victory, for the matter was hardly one which allowed the expectation that even in the far future his view would prevail: and yet those who listened heard the note of assured joy ring through the last four lines of the powerful little poem:

> "How shall you fail, how shall your faith diminish,
> Faith less in self than in your splendid dream?
> You heard God speak to you, and at the finish
> Far in the East you saw your vision gleam."

That vision never failed. It shone steadfastly through many a misty trouble, and brightened many an hour which would otherwise have been depressing; and perhaps this is the place to pause and gather into a single chapter the brief record of some such experiences, although unconnected with memoranda matters: more for the sake of showing him as he met them one by one, than for the sake of anything in them worth remembrance.

His Bible-readings, for example, opened the way into lonely roads occasionally. Those Bible-readings, which were from the first, and continued to be to the end, seasons of sometimes quite extraordinary power, had something very solemn behind them. Few who listened to the speaker's burning words knew how his own soul had been burned through and through before he spoke, "burned by red embers from a secret fire." His journal sometimes tells of these inward matters, and shows in brief how he spread out his whole being before the search-light of his God before ever he stood before men for God.

But apart from the penetrating character of the addresses there was always solid teaching:

> "Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
> And the configurations of their glorie!
> Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
> But all the constellations of the storie."

This stanza from George Herbert, which he frequently quoted, recalls the savour of his Bible-readings; for listeners, following as it were from star to star, often felt that he showed, in an unusual fashion, how all the "lights combine and the configurations of their glorie." But he never imagined that he did so. One who esteemed him highly, although because of

divergence of judgment upon ecclesiastical matters he never was in close touch with him, writes:

"I think I enjoyed him most in prayer; and what came nearest it, in the moments of rapture, almost of inspiration, when in speaking of his Lord he would forget himself, audience, subject, and place, and allow himself to dwell on the love or sorrow or faithfulness of Christ Jesus. These occasions were to me even more solemn and blessed than his powerful calls to holiness and prayer and service."

It was noticeable about him that whatever he was doing at the moment—with one exception, mechanical work, for which he had no liking, finding the simplest piece of machinery most perplexing if it went wrong—seemed to be the one special thing which he was created to do. "He should concentrate upon *that*," was the impression produced upon the onlooker. But if he found any spiritual work more enjoyable than another it was the giving of Bible-readings: "It's all there, you have only to get it out," he said one day, evidently thinking the getting it out quite a simple matter. And truly the listeners invariably recognised that "it was there," though the getting it out was not quite so simple as he appeared to imagine.

And yet few undertakings brought him more hard knocks than these very Bible-readings. Once he was invited to hold a series of them for missionaries at a certain hill station, upon the one condition that he would not allude to the pet amusement of the place. "I had never intended to; but fancy tying one's hands like that!" was his comment. And again his journal tells of a difficult morning, when he was invited to meet a group of men notable in the religious world:

"At prayers they raised the question of separation; and I had a bad time, as the others were not with me. Came home feeling bad, as it is so hard to be thought to be judging others when advocating abstinence from things in themselves lawful."

"If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost;"

he proved the truth of this, not only then but often.

For though his attitude towards things lawful, but in his

opinion not expedient, did not lead him to judge others, it did often lead to sorrow of heart over matters which to most seemed trivial; and this sorrow was open to misunderstanding:

"Feeling troubled about the Vanity Fair business at Y.W.C.A. sale of work, which came off to-night. Those who went to it reported it as such that my heart sank. It is not for me to judge; but oh, it does sound so much of the earth, earthy. Lord, make me more and more unworldly; and oh, cleanse and defend Thy Church."

The attitude of mind which led to this entry was manifested in a certain aloofness, which, according to the multitude, even the Christian multitude, was "narrow"; and yet, for there was nothing mawkish about his Christianity, sooner or later people recognised the spiritual integrity of the man from whom they differed, and respected him. But he felt the shade of difference with an inward sensitiveness, sometimes concealed awkwardly enough under a manner which misled those who did not go far enough to penetrate through it to the simple, humble heart behind.

His line of out-and-out separation from the world and its ways was no new thing. His first curacy had shown it; his life on board ship—easiest place to compromise—had always shown it. Upon his first voyage, one of those little incidents occurred which seem sufficient answer to the objection that such a course leads to loss of influence. For one of the ship's officers, being attracted by the unostentatious other-worldliness of the young missionary, sought him out, invited him to his cabin, tried to discover the secret of his happiness, and eventually found it for himself.

The first pages of the journal show it in a quite observable bewilderment:

"By Bishop's advice accepted an invitation to dinner. We got little opportunities for words by the way, and on the whole spent a pleasant evening; though I cannot help feeling that the missionary ought to be more fully devoted to simplicity of life. Still, it seems unwise to alienate unnecessarily our fellow-countrymen."

Three years later :

"Coming more and more to the conclusion that these things [the so-called claims of Society] lower the Church rather than 'higher' the World."

Still later we have these entries : "Rejoicing in the unworldly character of our mission." But again, "Sad about our state as a mission party. Lord, work Thy will, cost us what it may ; and make me honest in this prayer." And once more :

"Longings for better things ; distressed at the inclination of some of our mission party to gaiety and pleasure. Lord, show them (and me) Thyself and Thy full salvation."

A sentence he marked in Zinzendorf's Life expresses the feeling with which he regarded all that seemed to him hindering or weakening, or even only tame and useless. "I dare not appear before God with the responsibility incurred by frittering my days in such puerilities." And he never found himself misunderstood by civilian friends when once the matter was explained to them ; in fact, few wondered enough to require an explanation. They took it for granted he had his work to do, even as they had theirs, and respected his whole-heartedness in the doing of it. In later years, when he lived in the country, his house was always open to I.C.S. and other friends in Government service whose duty led them to camp in the neighbourhood ; and they seemed to recognise that the welcome of that happy home was as sincere as it was cordial. For it was not that he had to fortify himself against the desire for pleasure, using the word in its unspoiled sense ; it was that he had found a pleasure beside which the ordinary pleasures of life pale into nothingness. He often quoted in this connection a word spoken by the woman missionary on board ship, who when questioned as to why she did not join in the diversions of life, said, "I find Christ enough." To him joy in Christ, and the joy of direct service for Him by speech or by writing, outweighed a thousandfold all lesser joys. When the sun arises in his strength, who counts the stars ?

But though such a position has its moments of secret suffering, it has also its secret rewards : "He set the standard,"

wrote a retired S. Indian missionary in 1912, "and though many never followed it, yet his life was the living testimony of what Christ calls His followers to be." For truly his actions were always of a decisive sort; he was not made for compromise, and the modern attitude towards doubtful things never appealed to him. "Whatsoever was not of faith was sin," so far as he personally was concerned. The word in 2 Esdras, "Then began I greatly to commend them that stood so stiffly for the name of the Lord," exactly expresses him. And what he commended he practised.

It is a temper of mind out of fashion for the moment, and blessed by the adjective "narrow." Something more nebulous, a more delicate blending of neutral tints, is in vogue to-day. But whatever the voice of the hour may say, wherever a strong character is laid hold upon by an overmastering Power, there we have that sudden flashing forth of a clear band of primary colour; and the eye, accustomed to the scheme which allows of nothing definite, is arrested: this is something new. Though truly it is not new, it is as old as the beginning; no age, however frivolous, has been wholly bereft of the deeper note of this tremendous earnestness. The life this book sets forth caught that deeper note, and passed it on; from the outset the only thing to be done was to let it sound unweakened by any padding of soft words, so that those to whom the tinkle of the day is more alluring music might put the book aside forthwith, and only those go on whose ear is attuned to the solemn note struck out from a soul possessed by a sense of the Eternal.[1]

Perhaps it was the unconscious call in this deeper note which drew so many to share their deepest with him. There were times when the quiet old house at Pannaivilai, and more frequently that place of peace, Dohnavur, became as it were a spiritual storm-centre, round which whirled the winds of other people's troubles. For that last little Indian home especially, rejoiced in a wider set of correspondences than might have been expected;

[1] This paragraph is left as it was written; though no one will realise more keenly than the writer that it belongs in spirit to the day before the War.—A. C.

and strong men misjudged in their day and generation, men who, in ways never published to the world, endured reproach rather than smother their convictions, men—and women too—who refused to "play to the gallery," and continued to refuse, these found that little hidden place out, and in spirit belonged to it, and shared their troubles with it; troubles, not personal and petty, but noble troubles, with soul and purpose in them. Such, for example, was that of one whose courageous action on behalf of Protestant principles had brought him into difficulties. The matter, as his friend at Dohnavur believed, had been misrepresented to those responsible for the conduct of affairs, and the result was what a poet once called a "brave distress."

This trouble was shared to the full in Dohnavur. A printed paper setting forth the indiscretion of the tactless protester lies harmlessly now among the archives of the time; it was first read in the small book-lined study, the one little "still room" of the house. If the kindling of a generous wrath had had power in it to scorch paper, that sheet would be black. But the paper is white, only a little old looking; and the incisive remarks pencilled on the wide margins are all that is left to tell the tale of an indignation that verily blazed.

Sometimes it seems as if this book were to end in being a mere egg-shell, with all the force sucked out of it; for the strong meat which abounds in journal and memoranda, for the most part has to be withheld. But if the instinct followed so far is a true instinct, the real strong meat is being given. As for the suffering that is bound up with the championship of unpopular causes, it is not a matter for too minute remembrance: "I was some time in being burned. . . . For me, I have forgot it all." Do not the words from the catacombs pull us back from too greatly dwelling on the perishable element in things? The imperishable, the character of the man we have set out to know, will be sufficiently shown by a brief statement of what he did on this occasion and many similar occasions; for with all the ardour of his nature he straightway plunged into the fray, and, of course—for he was heart and soul with him—he took sides with the under dog, without a thought of how he should come out of the scuffle, if

so undignified a name may be given to a dignified ecclesiastical discussion. In other words, he refused, as usual, to sit with the naked souls who keep themselves "in mean neutrality," and therefore of necessity became involved in a somewhat unpleasant correspondence, with never a thought for himself and his own reputation, except that once or twice he said with a half smile: "Another bad mark for me; but it's all in the day's work!"

Sometimes the troubles were personal; but almost invariably they sprang from something done for someone else, or for the general good. One such, transient by nature, was bitter enough while it lasted. His advice had been asked upon a certain delicate matter; and those who profited by his counsel, given under pressure, were indiscreet in their use of it. The result was disastrous. Bound in honour, as he considered himself to be, to explain nothing, clear himself of nothing, he found himself misunderstood on all sides, and misrepresented by those who should have known better than to believe the gossip of the hour. This is how he deals with the trouble:

"The X.Y.Z. business is not yet over; but we are keeping it constantly before God in prayer. I believe that many things are being said about me which are unkind and untrue; but we have learnt to leave our self-defence with God, and to use no weapon but prayer. In God's work it often happens that you have to choose between loyalty to His cause and popularity among fellow-workers. And surmises and suspicions breed untruth, without any wish on the part of those who indulge in them to be untrue. It is so much better to speak openly than to enquire into things behind people's backs. But do not say anything to anyone, only pray. 'I have been crucified with Christ,' says St. Paul (R.V.); and a sight of our 'old man' on the Cross settles the whole question, and should keep us from being mortified even in the slightest. If our pride is really nailed on the Cross, and we accept the position which God assigns, 'In me . . . no good thing,' we need not wonder if reproach be our lot sometimes."

And again:

"I am a very unpopular person in certain quarters for

standing up for what I believe to be right. Pray for me, that the God of holiness may burn out the dross from each of us; and then the God of peace will breathe His blessing upon us."

He felt this sort of thing acutely; but he had no patience with those who pressed upon him that sloppy concoction miscalled charity, which is made up of a mixture of selfishness and cowardice, and evasion of facts. Let the results to himself be ever so muddy, he faced straight; and if asked for his opinion, gave it honestly, however reluctantly. It was during a time of strain in this connection that a book came to the house which in its stern translation of the great words of Duty and Sacrifice seemed to him, with certain reservations, strikingly true; and the book (Ibsen's *Brand*) was read aloud more than once, and heavily underscored. "Humane, that word's relaxing whine is now the whole world's countersign," was an often quoted line, and another to the effect that the holy word "love" was often misused to fill the flaws and breaches in will and character. But as with *Brand*, so with him, there was a tender side open to hurts of all kind; and no words came more consolingly to those who knew him well, when they heard that his warfare was accomplished, than these: "Now he is comforted."

"For He our life hath left us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was banned;
Nor ought demands but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that us so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to His image wrought."

SPENCER.

CHAPTER XXIV

Background

The journal of 1901 is like a piece of tapestry in which the pattern is hardly distinguishable from the background; or at least cannot be taken from it without producing the effect of a thing belonging to nowhere, dangled in space, or stuck down on a piece of bare paper, after the fashion of those unhappy transfer pictures of our childhood.

For the journal is largely domestic, and the strictly speaking "mission" part of it is recordable only in epitome: Meetings, classes, talks with callers and enquirers, correspondence, revision of Tamil manuscripts—work which acted as sieve, and did much to keep poor material out of circulation, but by its very nature left nothing to show for itself—and, of course, the constant preaching to Hindus and to Christians, with occasional battles for converts, followed by quiet teaching.

The first event in the year was the baptism, in one of the reaches of water near Dohnavur, of five lads, each of whom chose a name meaning Shining, with something desirable attached —names curious to the Western ear, but natural to the Eastern: Shining of Victory, Life, Grace, Wisdom, Righteousness. A perfect sunset glorified the hour; and, singing hymns of joy and praise, the little procession walked homewards, soon to separate, for upon the next page is the entry:

"Dear Jeyapragāsam [Shining of Victory] died this evening, first-fruits of our Pannaivilai schoolboy band. Felt much cut up, as if I had lost a younger brother." And upon the next, "Telegram to say Jivapragāsam [Shining of Life] dangerously ill with cholera. Lord, help! maintain Thine own cause!" He

had died before the telegram came, and his last recorded words were, "Victory to Jesus."

And now the background and the pattern become involved; for several days in January were devoted to helping friends, who were guests at the time, to get photographs of typical Hindu life, something which in South India, at least, is more difficult of attainment than most would suppose.

"With Miss Crossley and Miss Hatch [of Manchester] to Kalakādu for the day, to help them with photographs chiefly; Brahmans very stand-offish and unfriendly [they absolutely refused the camera admission into their street]; altogether a trying day, looking upon Hinduism entrenched. . . . To Tirukurungudi [Holy contracted town] for photographs in the Brahman streets. The people very kind, and Miss Crossley took many, which we trust will be used for God's glory."

The pattern here is indefinite; such help meant making friends with the lords of the street, answering their questions, persuading them to let the camera in, with, when possible, talk about more vital matters than photographs. But it all proved worth while; for apart from the opportunity afforded for such talks, the time was not wasted. The photographs helped to make South Indian life real to many in England.

Then, for the benefit of a member of the family who could not shake off fever, a few days were spent at Cape Comarin where the converts who had never before seen the sea were initiated into its wholesome joys, and little parties were taken out for a sail in the native craft whose name means exactly what it is, three logs lashed together. In this primitive construction you may sit in perhaps a foot of tepid water, the spray dashing over you, so that you feel as much in the sea as upon it, and look down between the spaces where the logs do not fit properly, and see through fathoms of green water, so clear, so lovely in its clearness, that you feel it would hardly be drowning to slip down the cracks and drop into such a softness of pale delicious colour. Here again there is an entry which opens into detail:

"Sail with —— and her band. Wind was rough, and a wave swept all of them into the sea [half a mile from the shore, in a sea frequented by sharks]. God mercifully preserved all, and they

clung on till we got them safely in again: a wonderful deliverance."

The band, thoroughly exhilarated by this experience, sang a jubilant song, and begged to go on, to the amazement of the boatman, who had expected a hasty retreat to the shore.

"Heavy office work, correspondence heavy; candidate for Tamil munshi-ship for High School came to me for examination; proof sheets corrected; read with convert boys. My birthday; another year gone, and what to show for it? Feeling weary. Students in for an examination; did their last two papers."

It is just the ordinary detail of ordinary mission work which now fills the journal pages, from which little of interest can be gleaned; there is only the memory, which cannot be shown—each reader must draw upon his own imagination and sympathy to see it—of one who did little things as if they had been great, and lent a helping hand all round wherever it was needed. "He had a bigger power of helping than anyone I ever met," was a fellow-missionary's summing up of his character; and it was the kind of help which never failed at a pinch, as sometimes kindly proffered help has a way of doing when things get difficult.

He took several missions for Christians in various places about this time. "The Lord seal the work of this week," is the closing journal note; and upon March 6th: "Reached Pannaivilai [for another period of work there], Newbery [a young missionary lately out] accompanying us." So ended the first eight months in Dohnavur.

March 11th holds a stirring note. He had formed the idea, in reliance upon the promise of safe-conduct given by the leading clansmen of the village of the Uncrowned King, of taking some of the converts who had come from the place back for a day to see their friends. To that village then he went, taking a bandy-load of young converts to witness to their own people; a daring experiment, but it seemed a splendid chance to do something towards breaking down the wall of separation which caste in certain cases builds up between converts and their kindred, and the party set off trustful and exultant. But the upshot was almost riot:

"S.'s people took advantage," says the journal, "and shut

him up forcibly in upper room of house; much difficulty in getting him released. When we got away in bandy, people took out the bullocks and tried to carry him off; sent for the village headman, and at last, after a regular uproar of a scene, succeeded in getting him away. Lord, maintain Thine own cause!"

Then camp once more at Alvārtōpe, where all was going well; for in that village the caste was such that converts could live at home. Then background again; for a hurried call came from Ootacamund to come and help with the first Muhammadan girl ever known to become a Christian there. The matter was successfully negotiated, and a Court case averted; partly, as he always said, through the unprejudiced action of the Deputy Collector then in charge, which resulted in the collapse of the threatened criminal case. A civil case was not attempted, so the strain was soon over. These convert cases in India are seasons of great tension. If a Court case is in progress, age registers are "faked," horoscopes are tampered with, and evidence produced to prove anything required, irrespective of truth. The case may be prolonged for months, and such an experience is the most wearing it is possible to imagine. One who shared with Miss Hopwood the fight for the freedom of that young Muhammadan woman, Miss Ling of Ooty, writes:

"What not only I but hundreds would testify to, was his likeness to his Master in one very special point, willingness and ability to make other people's burdens, needs, and interests his own so completely that you were made to feel that your concerns would have his fullest attention. In this he was almost more than human, especially considering the tremendous work he was engaged in himself; and yet your concerns might have been the only thing in the world for him at the time."

June held meetings for the C.E.Z. men and women workers of North Tinnevelly, and a long fight for a convert lad who was carried off, while bathing, by his Hindu relatives, who rushed upon him, bound, and dragged him away. That same month letters were written which were difficult to write, and he felt afterwards they had been written in vain; for the principle for which he contended was not recognised as a principle by those to whom he

wrote, so his protest fell to the ground. Once again the matter is one upon which good men differ so widely, that to give anything like a fair résumé of the controversy would involve more explanation than perhaps any reader would care to embark upon; and a partial account would be unfair to both sides. So, as ever, searching for the marrow of things, we pass the argument and reach its heart: here it is, in the last sentence from the first letter written upon the subject:

"Forgive me for writing thus freely, and if I seem to have spoken in any sense unfairly or unkindly, pardon that too. Believe me, my conscience is troubled about the whole thing, and I dare not in loyalty to the Truth let it pass without a protest. Will you kindly lay my protest before [those concerned are named], and ask them to respect scruples which arise from deep convictions of the soul? It would be much easier to the flesh to keep silence; but I should be unfaithful to my convictions and not straightforward to you, were I to do so. Some of us are wondering whereunto all these things will grow. I fear that C.M.S. already regards me as a somewhat unreasonable alarmist; but as one watches the tendency of things in India, is there not a cause? May our Master enable us all to be true to Him through evil report and good report, whether we are praised or blamed."

In July occurred another of those pitched battles in the Pannaivilai bungalow, when the place was surrounded by a clamouring crowd, and nothing but the mercy of God kept the wrathful men from taking the position by storm; for at the moment of attack there were only women in charge, and women in an Eastern land among infuriated men are defenceless. "Noisy interviews," says the journal later; "but God gave us a quiet evening: to Him be praise."

More background fills the months: one of the converts, much under legal age but given by blessed miracle, was very ill; and for weeks the journal is concerned with every rise and fall in temperature of this child, who will never forget what the Iyer was to her then. Almost every evening through those weeks, he used to take the two little Indian girls who were living in the house down to the tank, to let off steam, as he said; and he would play with them, chasing them up and down at the

water's edge, till, tired out and happy, they were content to come back to quietness. Every night he closed the bungalow doors and shutters himself, for the servants never could be taught to be quiet enough ; and day after day Mrs. Walker made the invalid food required, and kept the household wheels running smoothly. So through the long nursing, lasting close upon three months, those who were sometimes almost worn out, were upheld by constant thoughtful care, and cheered by the prayers which seemed to include everything. They were too tired to pray much themselves ; but that hardly mattered, all had been asked for them.

One night is too vivid for background, it seems to come into the front : outside in the temple by the water's edge a wild crowd was shrieking in mad ecstasy. The child, keen little evangelist even in those early days, was well known to the Hindus around ; and it seemed as if there was something maliciously triumphant in the uproar which forced itself into the quiet room where she lay, as it seemed, dying. Then, thinking it was the end of the struggle, he came, stooped over, and called her by her name. She stirred, recalled from that far borderland, and came back from the very gates. Are these things great enough to put into a Life ? Yet they help to make up life.

So, too, does the feeling of the people of the land for their missionary. This feeling is round about him like an atmosphere ; sometimes depressingly chilly, sometimes gladdening with a sunny warmth which braces to fresh purpose to be worthier such affection. The writer here is the child of those days, and she expresses in her limited English what many a loving Tamil friend would like to say :

" In one way of speaking, he was more than a father to me. Once when I was tired and weak, he began to write a chorus about God's love in weakness. And I told him how I felt when I was tired, and he wrote words to each feeling, and got a tune for it, and we sang it together.

" One day, when I was resting, he called me to read with him ; and we read through all the miracles of our Lord. After that I longed to study the whole Bible with him ; and I do thank God, after nine years' praying He gave the answer " [as a young

worker in training she was allowed to attend his Divinity classes, and so went through the whole Bible with him].

"Once when I was getting better after long illness, he carried me in his arms out of doors for fresh air. No well-trained, kind-hearted nurse could have carried me so well. But I was heavy; and when my arms were round his neck, I whispered, "Iyer, please walk quickly; then you won't feel the heaviness." But he said, thinking of what we see here often, a hen with a little chicken on her wings, 'Will a chicken be too heavy for its mother to carry? You are my little chicken. If I go quickly, my little chicken will be tired. So I walk slowly.' But generally his love was wordless. I mean, he did not say many words to show it; and so, though he is named the best speaker in South India, I cannot write much that he said, because he did not say much. Only his deeds were his words. When I was ill, he had several times to go away; but he never once left the house without coming to my room to say good-bye, and pray a little with me. Could a father have done more than all this? So I say shortly, in human speaking, he was more than a father to me."

In the midst of the anxiety—for emphatically, in the experience of this household, troubles never came singly—fell one of those crashing sorrows which missionaries who have to do with converts know so well. The journal entry is: "We had an awful day. J. went back. . . . It is heart-rending; Lord, keep our faith."

The last few weeks of the year were spent in labours manifold, among them meetings in Madras and Wallajabād. Then home just in time for Christmas—"So glad to be back"—and the last solemn message in the Pannaivilai Church before the final departure for Dohnavur.

"I thought of life, the outer and the inner,
  As I was walking by the sea:
How vague, unshapen this, and that, though thinner,
  Yet hard and clear in its rigidity.
Then took I up the fragment of a shell,
  And saw its accurate loveliness,
And searched its filmy lines, its pearly cell,
  And all that keen contention to express
A finite thought. And then I recognised
  God's working in the shell from root to rim,
And said:—'He works till He has realised—
  O Heaven! if I could only work like Him!'"

T. E. Brown.

CHAPTER XXV

To Dohnavur: Home

"JANUARY 1.—Reached Dohnavur [henceforth to be home]. Rather a desultory day; getting straight; revising a book for S.P.C.K. on Infant Baptism; letters, etc.; Bible notes; revision of Tamil book; meeting for boys. *January* 4.—Instruction class; continued revision; sermon preparation. We are reading together *Life of C. A. Fox*, a most inspiring book."

So the year begins, which led shortly to work in Travancore and Cochin, a tour previously described, covering six weeks and touching five centres.

Then, with as little pause as might be, straight on to the duty of the time, seven hours of daily class work; all else that came to be done was fitted in between classes, and too often pushed into the rest hour after dinner.

"I do not think I have any real news for you," says a home letter. "We are just back in our normal life again: teaching Ordination and training classes, Tamil proof sheets, plodding away at the notes of a commentary, and such like matters do not interest outsiders very much. In September I am to go to Madras for meetings among the Presbyterian agents. I am invited to N. Ceylon for October; but that is not yet settled. With the days filled up by teaching and writing, it is hard to get time for mission tours." Typical entries upon returning to Dohnavur are: "8 to 10, Ordination class (Articles). 10.30 to 12, Converts' training class, letters, preparation, etc. 2.30 to 4.30, Ordination class (Acts of the Apostles). 5 to 6, Converts' training class (Acts); typewriting the parts of the Commentary on Philippians written in rough at Ootacamund; revision of MSS. (Tamil). . . . 8 to 10, Ordination class. 10.30 to 12, Training class (Leviticus); letters; typing commentary. 2.30 to 4.30, Ordination class. 5 p.m. to Māvadi for street preaching. After dinner, typing again."

Sometimes the routine is broken:

"Rather trying letters to-day; but God will undertake. Moonlight preaching in Chettimedu [the village at the gate of the Dohnavur bungalow]; quiet, but a dead place. Lord, wake them up!"

One little break was caused by Bishop Morley's last visit to Dohnavur; for Mrs. Morley, after years of brave suffering, was not much longer able for life in India. It was very sultry that July; and the Dohnavur memory contains an impression more pathetic than sublime, of the poor Bishop in his great patience toiling through long services in very hot clothes, and again of his truly heroic way of preserving to the end of what used to appear endless interviews, a cheerful smile.

"God showed special goodness in sending a cheque for £100, which relieves all anxieties about expenses of work," continues the journal. "Went to S——, where there was supposed to be some movement; but, alas! we found them dead and indifferent. A down day, feeling up to nothing, and unworthy to do anything."

This last was just before one of those special missions which always cost so much in preparation. For days before such work began he would be quiet, and "down." It seemed as though this preacher at least, could never lead others to the sunny uplands till he himself had walked through chilly valleys, where the crags throw long shadows in the morning, and evening falls early. That mission was held at Chingleput, Madras, for the United Free Church of Scotland Mission. "A warm prayer-meeting of keen missionaries in my room," is an entry telling of inward refreshment.

"The Ordination candidates are busy writing their last examination paper," he writes upon September 20th, after his return home. "They have been at it all the week with various subjects. The Ordination is fixed for October 12th. I have only been back from the North a few days. P. [Tamil brother] went with me, and was the only other speaker. All the South Indian Presbyterians united for the meetings, Dutch Reformed, Church of Scotland, and Free Church. We had about thirty

European and American missionaries at Ārkōnam, and over five hundred Tamil workers. The meetings were held in a pandal, which was like a furnace, as the weather was hot and close. We had plain speaking about sin and failure, and I trust there was conviction and repentance. But I am always chary of speaking of results. I spent Sunday in Madras, assisting Mr. Goldsmith in his English congregation there. On returning here, I found Hawkins and the itinerating band, and I am now working with them. We hope to go into camp all together next week into some of the large towns."

"Hawkins preached" is an entry from the journal of that campaign, which recalls a delightful personality. Two remembrances—the last of that last camp, for he had almost fought the fight—are characteristic of the man, a physical wreck, far gone in heart disease, but the life of the party. It was dinner-time, after a day of street-preaching in a noisy market town. Everyone was tired out and not inclined to talk, and home papers were opened in rather depressing silence. Presently there was a chuckle, as the irrepressible member read from *Punch*: "It is night, and in twelve hours it will be morning: wondrous mystery of nature!" and the small camp-chair, a fragile structure, all but tilted over as he leaned back and laughed till the happy infection of laughter caught everybody, and the dinner-table became suddenly so serenely cheerful that not even the black beetles bumping against the lamp, or the silly moths drowning themselves in the soup, could disturb its equanimity.

The other is of the same man preaching to a crowd of market people, his face more pallid than ever in contrast with their hardy brown. His subject that evening was the Good Physician; and quite lost in it, and oblivious to the impression his wasted appearance produced upon the observant and sympathetic Tamils, he exclaimed: "Oh, come to the Good Physician, Who has perfectly healed me!" Then was observable something not seen every day in a rough street-preaching. The people, their attention thoroughly arrested, stared hard at him, till with a gasp they turned to each other too amazed for speech. They had gazed upon what India most reveres, the triumph of

mind over matter, spirit over flesh; and some dim hint of the meaning of it held them in respectful silence, while the preacher, too worn for another word, and wondering wistfully perhaps if anyone had understood, mounted his pony Dan'el and rode slowly back to camp.

This book might shine with such star-stories, if only all the men and women who cross its track were in the better world, which, happily for South India, they are not. But is there not something stimulating in the thought that God has so many inconspicuous heroes? He scatters them as He scatters the seed of His wild flowers and grasses and green and shady trees, so bountifully, so quietly, that it is quite easy to pass them and not see they are there at all. But the angels know them; and it cheers the soul to turn at times sheer round from the people who cannot by any stretch of charity be called noble, and look with the angels' eyes at the lovable people, who, after all, are not so few as in moments of depression we imagine. For the great and blessed multitude of the unassuming good, let us give thanks.

"*November* 18.—Reached Pannaivilai [after a flying visit to Ceylon with Mrs. Walker to meet his sister and her family], to hear sad news that Newbery was down with cholera. [Later] News came of Newbery's death."

In perfect health one evening, gone the next; this is cholera. But a bright little witness was borne to the young missionary who had hardly buckled on his harness: "His servants loved him."

That visit to Ceylon had included a Sunday in Colombo; and he had preached in the morning in Tamil, and in the evening in English. It was the Day of Prayer for India, and as was his way, he poured himself out in those two opportunities; but the journal confines itself to dates and facts. On the following day a friend of Mrs. Walker who was crossing to Tuticorin, heard a fellow-passenger telling the captain about that Sunday evening sermon: "I went to the church on Galle Face last night, and I never heard such preaching as that before. I could have listened for hours. I wonder who the clergyman was?" On being told he said, "Well, if we always heard that kind of preaching, and

that impassioned earnestness and reality, churches would not be empty."

The short stay at Pannaivilai was, unconsciously to those concerned, timed so that help might be given to a convert girl who four years before had wanted to be a Christian. She had to wait, being too young to choose her own religion, and she suffered exceedingly, but held on; now knowing nothing of the help prepared for her, she came just as Mr. and Mrs. Walker arrived at the old home, and they stood by her when her relatives came, and, as she was resolute in her determination, brought her on to Dohnavur. "See what we've brought!" and his voice rang with delight as the bandies stopped before the Dohnavur bungalow four days later, after long struggle with roads which the journal describes as "frightful." "Here she is, safe and sound!"

It was exactly the sort of thing which appealed to him: open confession at home, steadfast waiting, and then the courage of determination carried into action to follow Christ at all costs. When such a fight had to be fought, he fought with all his heart; standing by the defenceless girl, assuring her of all she needed, if she were perfectly true. But a shady case was his abomination. Many a lad was sent home "to fight it out there first, and grow strong," when that seemed the right course (for, as a rule, a boy is able to escape the worse dangers and return later, if in earnest): and he was very strong upon open witness at home. But he never sent a girl or married woman back, knowing their peril too well; and he would have risked much to help them.

The subject is one of moment to many an Indian missionary; so a letter written in answer to the question as to what he would have done in the case of a girl, as he believed mistakenly sent back, is given in full:

"I think that the general principle upon which we should act, and it seems to cover all cases, is this: When anyone comes of her own accord, professing a desire to be a Christian, we should keep her at least for a time, to find out whether she is sincere—in a special case, special arrangements for housing may have to be made; but that does not affect the principle. If we find she is

sincere in her desire to learn of Christ, then, of course, the temporary keeping becomes permanent. But if we send her back, it is almost like thrusting her down again into heathendom, however good and right our intentions.

"I also think that, in the case of girls coming of their own accord, we should not give them up unless forced to do so by Government. I think we may, in our desire to be law-abiding, err on the side of giving up souls too easily. We do not approve of the law, at least I do not in these cases; and should only yield to it if forced. The age-limit is too high.

"I merely state these things because my opinion was asked, but not in the least to reflect upon what you may have done in this particular case. Hindu homes are often awful places, and souls are precious in the light of Calvary. I know you will feel practically with me in this; I also know how perplexing these interviews are at the time. You may also in this case have had other facts before you than those with which we are acquainted.

"We are all praying for this girl, and have been doing so ever since we heard of her coming, and God hears prayer."

A class opened that autumn for the training of a band of evangelists was interrupted by two somewhat conflicting duties: one, co-operation in the revision of the Tamil hymn-book; the other, a battle in the Courts for a convert which, though at first victorious, ended in defeat. Dr. Chandler of Madura writes as to the first:

"One of the most interesting experiences we had with Mr. Walker was when he spent more than a week with us in the autumn of 1903, during the deliberations of the hymn-book revision. His help was invaluable; both on account of his fine knowledge of Tamil, and also of his critical ear in regard to the best word to convey the meaning of a translation while preserving the rhythm as much as possible."

Dr. Chandler writes, too, of the Bible-reading taken for the Madura missionaries upon that always beloved subject, the piercing of the servant's ear with the awl. Of the hymns translated during those years, none received more careful handling than Bishop Moule's "My glorious Victor, Prince Divine!" the last line of which, according to Tamil idiom, leaves the pierced ear listening to the "cooling words" of the Lord.

"The Iyer's hymn," the Dohnavur children called it, knowing his love for it.

The journal tells the beginning of the Court trouble:

"*December* 5.—Went to see the Dyāsthalam ladies about a suit filed against them in case of Shepherd-caste girl, and then to Vakīl [Court Pleader].

"*December* 11.—Telegraphed for to Palamcottah, as criminal case has been brought against C.E.Z. ladies and Mrs. K. [matron of the converts' home].

"*December* 12.—With Ardill to see Vakīl, 10 a.m. To Collector's Court. He would not grant a postponement, so our man had to cross-examine Prosecution witnesses; lie upon lie by the Shepherds. M. [a certain official] obviously opposed and wickedly jocular.

"*December* 13.—Went to consult Vakīl and get help. Court at 11 till evening, when Collector adjourned till Monday. All felt relieved, as from his manner we feared he would only charge at once.

"*December* 14.—Sunday. A day of rest and reprieve and refreshment.

"*December* 15.—Court at 11. Collector acquitted the ladies, but framed a charge of kidnapping against Mrs. K., who is absolutely innocent, and ordered the trial before himself the next day. We were getting our case ready till midnight. Telegraphed for Bishop and Carr from Madras.

"*December* 16.—A hard fight to-day. Trial began at 10 a.m., and we had to protect our witnesses from intimidation. As it is, two of the most important men were seized last night by the Shepherds and have not answered their summons. Our Vakīl re-cross-examined certain witnesses of prosecution. Ardill and I had to tiffen down there at Court, to keep our witnesses safe from bribery or intimidation. Crowd rather rude. Collector objected yesterday to summoning Carr and Bishop; but we mean to produce them ourselves. [Later.] They arrived from Madras; such a relief to me."

The evidence offered by Bishop Morley and Mr. Carr saved the situation: the criminal case collapsed at once. "Now, Lord of Christmas, draw near!" is the peaceful entry after storms; and the year closed in peace.

"Would not the operations of the Christian Church, in India and throughout the world, be infinitely more fruitful and effectual if we called a halt, and faced honestly and earnestly the conditions for receiving our Ascended Saviour's great pentecostal gift?"

T. W., in his *Introduction to Commentary on the Acts.*

CHAPTER XXVI

The Burden which the Prophet did see

Among the Dohnavur possessions is a bookcase full of biographies. Men and women who searched for souls as for hid treasures are the stimulating companions for those whose purpose in life is the same: "To will the same thing, and to nil the same thing," is comradeship. These comrades then, were known, and enjoyed to the full. Here is a marked passage in one of the earlier chapters in *Charles G. Finney*:

"When I was at the bar, I used to take it for granted, when I had before me a jury of respectable men, that I should have to repeat over my main positions about as many times as there were persons in the jury-box. I learned that unless I did so, illustrated and repeated and turned the main points over—the main points of law and of evidence—I should lose my case. Our object in addressing a jury is to get their minds settled before they leave the jury-box; not to make a speech in language but partially understood by them; not to let ourselves out in illustrations entirely above their apprehension; not to display our oratory, and then let them go. We are set on getting a verdict. Hence we are set upon being understood."

With something of the same feeling the writer of the journal we have followed so far, reiterates the truth that was laid upon his heart; and verily it was the burden which the prophet did see, for he could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard, and knew in his inmost soul were true. Once, pressed in spirit, he wrote a hymn, "Lord, Thy ransomed Church is sleeping," and sent it to the editor of a religious paper at home; but it did not strike the note of the hour, the editor refused it.

Fellow-missionaries, however, recognised his gift of clear vision, whether they saw with him or not; and from time to

time he was asked to put into written shape this which burned within him. Quotations from such writings are hardly fair, for brevity and balance are not always compatible; and the matter is one of interest to every missionary who has seen far under the surface of things in this land; so the greater part of a paper prepared for the Missionary Conference in 1902 is given as he wrote it. The subject was Spiritual Life in the Indian Church. With some hesitation this chapter is included in the story of a life which would, from one important point of view, be incomplete without it. Those to whom the matter does not immediately appeal will lose nothing of the life proper by omitting it. Those to whom the matter is vital will, it seems to the writer, wish to have every word of it.

"We have heard a great deal lately, on account of the statistics tabulated in the recent Census Report, about the steady increase in the number of Indian Christians. Prophets have been busy telling us, basing their predictions on purely arithmetical calculations (which assume a sort of uniform rate of numerical progress), that within a stated period all the population of this country will be nominally Christian. Possibly there are fallacies in this mode of reasoning; for it makes no difference between class and class, but assumes that those more difficult of access will be evangelised at the same rate as the others. However this may be, thank God we have amongst us seers as well as prophets, men who consider quality as of more account than quantity. It is felt, and strongly felt, that the real influence of the Indian Church is in direct proportion to the depth of its spiritual life; and that while we may possibly win adherents by an imposing show of numbers or by a vast missionary machinery of schools, congregations, and agencies, we can only win true converts by the power of the Holy Ghost working in and through the lives of sanctified believers. It is a widely recognised fact, therefore, that this is essentially the age of consolidation, wherein the Christian Church in India must set her house in order and pay special attention to the spiritual condition of her children. From many sides the cry is going up to heaven, 'O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known.' There is a growing feeling, and I, for one, thank God for the fact, of dissatisfaction with the present state of things, and a longing

on the part of many to see greater and fuller manifestations of the power of God among us. Not a few are praying as perhaps they have never prayed before, for the true conversion and sanctification of those who have renounced heathenism and embraced the faith of the Gospel.

"I. The Condition of the Indian Church.—Let us face, first of all, the facts of the case. Just as there is danger from a false patriotism which refuses to recognise any fault or flaw in the constitution or customs of the nation, so there may be danger from a false sensitiveness which resents even the most loving indication of failure in the Mission or the Church. I have known a grand missionary, at whose feet I should consider it an honour in most things to sit and learn, provoked to indignation when fault was found with the state of the congregations committed to his charge; and yet I have seen the same missionary, when asked later on in life what he thought about the immediate prospect of those very congregations, shake his head, while he said with real sorrow, 'I am not sanguine'! And I have known pastors and others resent the statement that true conversions were few and far between; who have yet, when asked in private, confessed that the congregations under their care were carnal, dead, and worldly. It seems to me, however, that the first thing to do is to realise our actual need.

"There seems, so far as I can judge, something like a consensus of opinion that things are far from satisfactory. I once asked a leading Indian clergyman how many of the twenty or thirty congregations under his jurisdiction could be said to possess anything like real spiritual life. He was silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then replied, 'Not more than two or three; and I dare only speak with certainty of one.' Thank God, there are bright spots; and He is raising up little bands in one place and another of whose spiritual life there can be no doubt. Truth is neither pessimistic nor optimistic; it is simply and only true. We praise God for every congregation in which life clearly and manifestly exists. We thank Him for every man, woman, or little child who can give a good reason for the hope that is in them. But is it not a fact that multitudes of those who figure in the statistics of our Missionary Reports are Christians in name only? And is it not a fact that many of our congregations are stagnant, dead, lifeless? Nay! more, is it not true that there are those (and are they very few in number?) among our mission workers as to whose true

conversion to God we entertain the greatest doubts? This is not said by way of criticism. It is rather the outcome of bitter experience and sorrowful conviction. Would that all the Lord's people were prophets. Would that all our mission workers were true servants of the living God. Would that every Christian congregation in this land were endued with real life and power. The Lord hasten it in His time! But, meanwhile, it is ours to deal with the actualities of the present.

"A few days ago a letter reached me from a friend who loves the people, and is anxious for the welfare of the Native Church. He writes, not in answer to any enquiries of my own, in reference to a certain part of the Tinnevelly district, 'The congregations round here are in a deplorable condition. I fear that there will be still further relapses.' Whilst I am typewriting these words, a Pastor has come to see me on business. I asked him about the state of the Christians in the double Pastorate for which he is responsible. In reply, he names some four congregations (out of the score or so where he has agents placed) where there is a little real life, but he shakes his head about the rest. Possibly I may be told that these instances are far from being typical. Thank God if they are not. I merely give them because they come to hand. So far as our own district is concerned, a tolerably close association with the village congregations during the last few years has opened my eyes to many things, and I do not hesitate to say that here, at least, true spiritual life is lamentably low—I write it with much sorrow of heart—worldliness, Sabbath-breaking, the caste-spirit, marriage irregularities (with the consequent excommunications) are widely prevalent. There is no room for boasting; there is ample cause for weeping: for 'many walk, of whom I tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ.' Small wonder, then, that so little impression is made on the non-Christian world around us.

"I know not what may be the experience of those who hear this paper read. Most sincerely do I trust that it may have been infinitely brighter than my own. But of one thing I am sure, viz., that it will be generally agreed that there is abundant cause for self-humiliation on our part, when we look under the surface and view things as they really are. Let us praise God for every token of life, wherever seen, and by all means let us expect great things in the future. But, at the same time, do not let us shut our eyes to the facts of the present, whatever they may be, or be content with superficial views.

Christ said, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' Let us be content with nothing less than *that* in our churches: eternal life, and life more abundant. There may be zeal for Christianity, without there being spiritual life. There may be liberality in giving, and yet no life. There may be church-going, and lyric-singing, and street-preaching, and all the time no life. Let us confess it on our knees before the living God—we have been too much occupied with outward organisation and missionary routine; we have not sought for our Indian brethren, as we should, a Spirit of life from God; we have not loved them, wept over them, wrestled in prayer for them as we ought to have done. Lord! we blame ourselves to-day. We are verily guilty, we missionaries, before Thee in this thing. Our strength has often been expended over the externals of our work; and we have failed to attain, in any adequate degree, the main object of our mission, that immortal souls might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. From this time help us all to make a fresh start. And O Spirit of life, breathe upon our congregations! Breathe upon these slain, that they may live!

"To avoid misunderstanding, let me say quite clearly that I am not seeking to paint a sombre picture in the darkest colours possible. I believe that there are vast potentialities for good in the Indian Church. I am sure that God has many true children in this great Empire, and that we have many reasons for encouragement. It is my firm conviction that better times are before us, and that we may expect to see God's power and glory in this land. But, as a prelude to all this, we must lay us in the dust before Him; we must acknowledge, with true contrition, that much of our work is stamped with failure; we must realise, till the conviction overpowers us, that our congregations, on the whole, are sadly devoid of Divine life and power; and we must be ready, as God shows the way, to put away from our missions every hindering thing; and, even though it mean the loss of reputation, to purge and readjust our work.

"In one sense, India is Satan's chosen battle-ground. Here he has entrenched himself behind ancient philosophies and the bulwarks of caste prejudice. We shall never win ground from the Brahmans and more intelligent classes unless the Church of the land be full of life and power. A tiny, trickling stream of water will never carry fertility to so vast a Continent. We need floods of living water to flow over the dry ground around us. And, alas! the Indian Church to-day is all too barren itself to

pour forth rivers of blessing on the wilderness outside. Let us acknowledge it; let us realise it; and, by God's grace, let us deal with it.

"II. THE CAUSES OF WEAKNESS.—It behoves us to enquire carefully into the causes of our failure. What is it which is hindering the influx of God's power into the Church of India to-day? With so many congregations, especially in South India—with a steady increase of nominal adherents—how is it that we see so little spiritual life and energy? These are questions which every missionary ought to ask in the secret chamber, with a loyal determination to act upon the will of God when He Himself reveals the truth. I feel reluctant to press upon others the facts which I believe He has pressed upon myself, for circumstances differ in the various Missions; moreover, a dread of appearing to dogmatise comes over me as I write. These words will probably come to many whose experience and judgment are riper than my own. And yet I think I ought to state, in all humility, the convictions which have been borne in strongly on my own mind. In doing so, I shall aim at being practical, for many brochures which I have read on such subjects have struck me as being largely theoretical. Our need, surely, is to discover actual hindrances, and to deal with them at once.

"1. *An Unspiritual Agency.*—I do not like the word 'Agents,' but it is the one ordinarily in vogue among us. 'Workers' would be better. When, moreover, I use the term 'an unspiritual Agency,' I do not for one moment wish to imply that the whole agency of our Missions comes under that denomination. May God forbid. But is it not true that there are workers in every Mission over whom we dare not write the words 'converted,' 'spiritual,' 'godly'? Are men and women never appointed to God's work, as to whose spiritual qualifications we have no sort of *bona fide* guarantee? Are we never influenced by what the world would call 'the exigencies of the case'? We have a vacancy to fill, and we appoint the best applicant available perhaps, though the applicant in question may be an utter stranger to the life of Christ. Possibly we argue, 'No one can read the heart; and it is almost impossible to know, in many cases, whether the would-be worker is really converted or not.' Granted that this is a real difficulty, and that, when we have done our best, we are liable to be deceived, does the difficulty in question excuse us from doing all that honest men can do, in dependence upon Divine wisdom and guidance, to keep out the unworthy, and to admit only those who, after fair enquiry, seem

to be spiritual men and women ? Surely not. We have a serious responsibility to discharge, and we cannot rid ourselves of it. Of course, we shall make mistakes. Of course, we shall sometimes be deceived. But are we doing all we can to weed out from our Missions those who can give no evidence, even after patient trial, of true conversion, and to keep out of the work every unspiritual applicant ? This is not a matter, let it be noted, of narrowing down the Kingdom of God. It is not a question of admitting men to, or excluding them from, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is only and solely a question of appointing them as workers. This being so, we may surely take firm ground, and claim that no one shall be appointed to such a position who cannot give clear evidence of true conversion to God and a real acquaintance with Christ. The blind cannot lead the blind, whatever may be their ability in teaching or in speaking. The dead cannot bring life into our schools and congregations. Those who have not experienced the power of God's salvation will never lead on others to deliverance from sin. In the case of Mission workers, I seriously question whether we have any right to give anyone the benefit of the doubt. The risks involved are too great. We should hesitate, in an important journey to trust ourselves to the guidance of a man who could not state positively, and give some evidence of the truth of his statement, that he knew the way. I would deprecate, also, the idea that a lower standard of spiritual qualification may be accepted in the case of schoolmasters. I know one large Mission in which teachers of schools and colleges are not, in the current terminology, included under the head of Spiritual Agents. But surely the conversion and training of the young is, to say the least, as vitally important as that of their elders.

"It is my firm conviction that every converted worker is a centre of life, in greater or less degree; and that, on the other hand, every unconverted agent is a hindrance and a bane. It is our bounden duty to rise superior to considerations of convenience and expediency. This is no case for making the best of the material at our disposal, or for conforming with the practices of other Missions. The point to face is this. Is it a fact, or is it not, that only spiritual men are able to do spiritual work ? If it be, then it seems to me that our duty is plain and obvious. We ought at once, with prayer and care, to set about the work of weeding our Missions of those who cannot give something like clear evidence of a New Birth in Christ Jesus. Of course, this means trouble, and the reduction, perhaps, of a good deal of our

work. Let every man and woman now employed have a full and fair opportunity of proving by their profession and their life that they are God's true children. If they cannot, after patient trial, they ought to go, no matter what trouble be involved. Let no worker be engaged in future who cannot give clear proof of regeneration by God's Holy Spirit. I repeat it, we shall make mistakes; but, if we prayerfully and carefully set about the task, we shall at least be divinely helped in removing some who are holding back blessing by their love of money and their worldly-mindedness, and whose work is one long failure because they have never passed from death unto life. Many of our schools and congregations are like Lazarus, dead within the tomb; and, alas! many of our Agents are like the stones which shut them in. Does not the Voice of Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life, call to us all to-day, 'Take ye away the stone'? In many cases the people themselves can give us proof that their agent is not a man of God. I believe that a little careful observation of the lives of our workers and a little closer mingling with the members of their congregations will throw light upon our path of duty.

"Is this too high a standard? Surely not. I have taken the lower ground, that Mission workers, one and all, ought to be truly converted men and women. But our Master has raised a higher standard. He points to the great pre-requisite for fruitful service, over and beyond a true regeneration, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. We need, and our workers need, not only a new heart, but also 'the tongue of fire.' 'Wait for the Promise of the Father.' 'Tarry ye until ye be endued with power from on high.'

"Beloved brethren in the Lord and in His work, have we not acted too much on utilitarian principles? Have we not, all of us, deviated sadly from the lines laid down in the Acts of the Apostles? Have we never 'used lightness' in the choice of workers? Can we say honestly before God to-day, that we believe all our agents to be, beyond all doubt, converted men and women? God keep us from lowering His standard and from trailing it in the dust. Let us turn anew to Calvary, and learn afresh the tremendous cost of Christ's redemption. Let us realise, in view of His precious Blood, the infinite value of immortal souls. Let us think of the needs of India, and the enormous issues involved in the welfare of its Native Church. Can we, dare we, commit these congregations to the care of hireling-shepherds, or to the leading of blind guides? Are

we not hindering God's gracious purposes in giving room to unconverted workers ? I pray for myself—may I include you also in the prayer ?—'Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation ; and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness.'

"2. *A Defective Presentation of the Gospel.*—Unless I am mistaken, there are grave defects in the character of the preaching which is current in many of our churches. People are taught to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in order to salvation, but there is not always a clear statement made as to what such faith really involves. The consequence is that you will meet numbers of Christians who will tell you, and with evident sincerity, that they believe in Christ, whose lives are yet practically unaffected by such belief. Careful observation has convinced some of us that at least in our own congregations the Doctrine of Repentance is little preached, and at the best very feebly emphasised. In some cases, though there may be a sort of general declaration that sin must be forsaken, there is no strong denunciation of specific sins. I have known even agents and their wives who had never realised that it was wrong to go and buy at a bazaar on Sundays, until it was definitely arraigned before them as a sin. Scores of village Christians (I wonder whether the evil is confined to villages) will be found who think there is no harm in telling lies occasionally. Even intelligent persons have told us that, though they tell lies every day, they always confess them before going to bed, and obtain Divine forgiveness. I venture to think that some who may not have been thrown into close contact with the ordinary daily life of village Christians (and again I wonder whether town congregations are always better and wiser) would be surprised at the general ignorance which exists as to the very fundamentals of the Gospel. It is a common thing to meet people who seem totally unaware of the fact that repentance and the forsaking of sin is absolutely essential to salvation. They rest upon their profession of Christianity to take them somehow or other to heaven at last. Their argument is : We are not heathen. We believe that Christ died on Calvary. Does not the Bible say, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved ? That is enough for us. Let us alone, and do not teach new doctrines about the need of repentance and holiness. God is merciful. It will be all right at last. Thus our churches are filled with Antinomian doctrines, and with a dead faith that cannot save. I have known Tamil catechists and school-

masters during the course of a Special Mission, set to work to undermine the teaching of Repentance by telling the people behind our backs: This is new doctrine: who can bear it? how can it be possible for any man to live without telling lies sometimes? and as for forsaking the love of the world, that is a preposterous demand. This covert opposition has been met with not once or twice, but again and again. It seems clear to me, therefore, that there is something altogether wrong in many of our congregations, and that a clear clarion blast of Repentance must be sounded throughout the length and breadth of the Indian Church. It was the message of the Baptist, 'Repent, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.' It was the message of the Christ Himself, 'Repent, and believe the Gospel.' The terms of His commission to the Church are equally emphatic, 'Repentance and remission of sins must be preached among all nations.' I believe that, in order to true spiritual life in the Indian Church, three simple facts must be pressed home upon the people with the reiteration of intense earnestness:

"(*a*) Sin of every kind must be confessed and forsaken.

"(*b*) Salvation means deliverance from the power of sin.

"(*c*) The true Christian must live a holy life (holy in every detail).

"It is obvious, of course, that unconverted workers cannot, dare not preach these doctrines with any emphasis upon their truth. Their life before their people is too palpably inconsistent to allow it; and this, I take it, is one of the reasons why, in many places, these facts are conspicuously absent from the preaching. But until our people realise that the very essence of the Gospel is good tidings of deliverance from sin, aye, and from all sin, we shall never see a high tide of spiritual life. And until practical holiness is more conspicuous among us, we shall never convince the Hindu and Muhammadan that the Gospel of Christ is 'the power of God unto salvation.'

"3. *A Sad Lack of Personal Fellowship with God.*—Here the average Indian Christian is at a disadvantage which we Europeans and Americans fail adequately to understand. The poor, especially, experience difficulties in finding opportunities for private devotions, of which we know practically nothing. Life, in the vast majority of Indian homes, is lived in the glaring light of publicity. We, for our part, can retire to our own secret chamber, and shut and bolt our door. But multitudes of our people have no such private room; and from morning till night they live more or less in public, at least as regards the

other inmates of their home. Under these circumstances, their private devotions are carried on under the greatest possible difficulties. We can see at once, therefore, that only the more earnest will persist in them, seeking a retired spot in the fields or under some tree when they cannot secure privacy indoors. In many houses a sort of formal 'Family Prayers' is made to do duty for private devotions. I feel sure that a careful canvass of the members of our congregations would reveal the fact that a very small proportion of them really begin and end the day with *bona fide* private prayer and Bible reading. If we were to deduct from these the number of those whose devotions are formal and perfunctory, I fear the proportion of the remainder to the whole would be grievously small. Again and again have we found that true conversion is followed by the necessity of facing practical difficulties such as these. In the East, public functions often take the place of private exercises. Many Christians in India who attend three or four or even five services or meetings on Sunday, do not spend half an hour alone with God. Add to this the fact that very many cannot read at all, and the further fact that comparatively few who can read know how to study the Word of God systematically and to profit, and is there any wonder that spiritual life is not more healthy and robust? No one can be a strong and vigorous Christian who does not hold real and continual personal intercourse with God. Truly, our Indian brethren need our warm sympathy in the peculiar difficulties under which they labour in this respect; and our loving and persistent counsel in encouraging them, in spite of the difficulties, to follow a practice so essential to their spiritual life.

"4. *The Prevalence of Unholy Customs.*—There is a slavish adherence to custom in many quarters, which militates powerfully against the development of the Church's spiritual life. I would mention, first of all, as the fruitful source of many evils, and the parent of many questionable practices, the active existence of the caste spirit. In many places it keeps Christian apart from fellow-Christian. It regulates marriage arrangements to such a fatal extent that it is regarded by multitudes as almost a crime, not only to marry out of caste (as the world expresses it), but even to transgress the minute sub-divisions of caste; and, in Tinnevelly at least, inter-marriages with the heathen, which means, surely, a practical denial of Christ, are preferred by some to the slightest deviation from the tyrannical rules of caste. Under such conditions, spiritual life

cannot be high. The number of excommunications due directly to this cause is considerable every year.

"I believe debt, also, to be a sad hindrance to spiritual progress, alike among the workers and the members of their congregations. Spending beyond their income is not regarded, by the vast majority, as contrary to the rule of Christ; and Romans xiii. 8 is treated, largely, as devoid of meaning. Thus the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches now, as ever, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful. Is it not true that custom, rather than the Bible, rules the amount of the expenditure on marriage occasions, to take a concrete example, and to such an extent that many incur debts on account thereof which cripples them for life as regards spiritual progress? And what about enormous dowries and excessive jewellery?

"Sabbath-breaking, too, prevents the blessing of God from descending on many of our congregations. In the palmyra districts we have noticed again and again that when the palmyra season comes round, men and women who seemed to have been really stirred and to have started out on a new life, get cold and dead again. The reason is that time and strength on the Lord's day are given to tree-climbing and juice-boiling, and the soul's interests are neglected. Until this matter is faced in the spirit of true faith in God, and His command honoured, I fear we shall see nothing like the vigorous Christian life which ought to exist. And what is true of the palmyra districts is true, to some extent at least, *mutatis mutandis*, of other districts. 'Custom' in such matters is pleaded, to the disregard of God's holy Will and Word.

"The observance of 'lucky months,' even when 'lucky days' are not regarded, as auspicious occasions for marriages; the practice among Christian widows, even the widows of Mission workers, of absenting themselves from God's house for a certain number of weeks after the death of their husbands; these and a hundred other superstitious observances which are in vogue, at least in many places, show that custom is all-powerful with numbers of those who name the name of Christ, and are a standing witness to the feebleness of faith and the low level of spiritual life. I feel sure that we shall have to deal with practical matters of this sort if we would see God's power and glory manifested in our midst unhindered. These evils must be faced, not in the spirit of harsh condemnation, but with the loving heart of those who would take their weaker brethren by the hand and lead them on to better things. It

should be made quite clear, however, that they are contrary to the Word of God and opposed to the whole tenor of the Gospel, and must be forsaken if men would so walk as to please God. Many of these so-called customs are literally and truly grave-clothes. They bind our people fast, and keep them back from the life and liberty of Christ.

"5. *The Evil of Financial Dependence.*—This paper is too long already, and so only the briefest possible allusion can be made to a subject which demands full and separate treatment by itself. I know quite well the difficulties with which it bristles. The poverty of many of our Christians is a fact beyond dispute. And yet it seems clear, on careful consideration, that financial dependence upon others is to a large degree detrimental to real spiritual life. It teaches Christians to lean upon the arm of flesh instead of depending directly upon God. How many eyes in India are looking to the Mission, which ought to be turned, in living faith, to the Hills, from whence cometh their help! How much energy is paralysed because foreign subsidies obviate the necessity of its active expenditure! I am not ignorant of the fact that the Indian Church is becoming more and more alive to the duty of self-support. But is it not true that the power of the rupee in our Indian Missions has sometimes been more strongly felt than the power of the Holy Ghost? And is it not a fact that, compared with some other countries, we are behindhand as regards progress toward financial independence? From personal experience I do not hesitate to say that our most living congregations are those which have received the least financial aid; and the converse is also true. It was the churches of Macedonia, Philippi, and Thessalonica, remarkable for their glad readiness in giving, which showed so vigorous a spiritual life, and cheered and rejoiced the heart of the Apostle Paul.

"We missionaries must largely bear the blame in this matter. One of our great missionary societies has humbly and truly said, We have made a mistake in India. Have we not all made mistakes in this? I have a vivid recollection of hearing a speech delivered by an able Tamil clergyman at a large missionary meeting in your own Madras, in which he said (and the vast audience cheered the words to the echo), 'We are told that we are not as independent as we ought to be. True! we are spoiled children. But who has made us so? The missionary societies have brought us up as spoiled children, and what can we do?' Doubtless there was an element of facetiousness present in the

speaker's mind and words; but the remark was true enough to send at least one of his hearers home thinking.

"Surely the time has come to throw our Indian brethren, more and more, in dependence upon God, on their own resources. They are beginning, some of them, to realise this for themselves. Let us, then, help them to help themselves. It may mean self-denial on our part, though it sounds very paradoxical to say so, to stand out of their way and let them open their purse-strings. It may require patient and persistent refusal to meet what seem like obvious needs, in order that they may have the privilege of meeting them. It may mean less authority and more trouble for us. However that may be, I feel quite confident that the more congregations are thrown upon their own resources, the stronger will be their Christianity and the healthier their spiritual life. The past may have left us legacies which have to be faced patiently (we never make mistakes without suffering for it) and dealt with gradually. All we are concerned with now is seeking to realise the fact that financial dependence is a grave hindrance to true spiritual life, and the realisation to aim forthwith at sound remedies. God in His mercy forgive us whereinsoever we have taught the Christians of India to look, in any measure, to us or to our Mission funds, instead of looking straight to Him.

"III. The Course to be adopted.—We have thus noticed some of the causes which make against the development of spiritual life in the Indian Church. The list enumerated is far from being exhaustive, and other sources of weakness will doubtless suggest themselves to all. I have only dwelt upon some topics with regard to which I have strong personal convictions, formed after no casual observation, and burnt in upon my soul after practical experience of the work. But now the Tamil proverb bids 'him who pointed out the danger suggest the proper way to meet it.' Some of the measures which commend themselves have already been anticipated in considering the sources of our weakness. Perhaps the best plan will be to append here, even at the risk of partial repetition, in a very practical shape the practical remedies which are available to practical men.

"(*a*) Since the unspiritual part of our missionary agency is a hindrance to the highest welfare of our people, steps should be taken, as carefully and prayerfully as you like, but quite courageously, to dispense with the services of those concerning whose spiritual character we have serious doubt. Better pay them to leave than pay them to stay.

"Great care should be exercised, moreover, not to admit new workers who cannot give clear evidence that they have passed from death unto life, and are living according to their profession. Do not vote the thing 'impracticable.' It means taking pains and putting ourselves to much trouble; but it is worth while, for the issues involved are vast and far-reaching. Anyhow, I claim that, in the light of God's Word, we have no option in the matter. We have no right to adopt any other course.

"(*b*) Since, in many of our congregations, the doctrine of Repentance unto the remission of sins is not clearly taught and strongly emphasised, special efforts should be made, in each Mission, to have a systematic preaching of this truth inaugurated in every town and village containing Christians. Let men of approved spiritual character, who have experienced themselves the power of Christ to save from sin, be set apart, for a time at least, to blow the trumpet of Repentance; and, beyond that, to set before the people the real meaning of God's great salvation, with the life of holiness to which it leads through the power of the Holy Ghost. In this connection, let specific sins be indicated, and unholy customs held up to the light of truth. In the case of neighbouring Missions, united efforts of this sort might be set on foot, for unity is strength. The proposal, it will be seen, is tantamount to something like a special mission, general, even if not simultaneous.

"(*c*) Let continual stress be laid on the vital importance of private prayer and Bible reading, morning and evening. In many congregations, adults and young people who are unable to read should be urged to attend night-schools or classes formed, according to convenience, for their special benefit. Where classes are impossible, individuals at least should be taught to read their Bibles, and the help of Christian men and women should be enlisted in this work. We have known women past middle life who have thus learned to read God's Word after their conversion. Instruction and help should be given to our people in the matter of systematic Bible study, and to this end occasional Bible Schools for workers and others, conducted by suitable leaders, would be found of great advantage. It is only the few who derive real help and teaching every day from the reading of God's Word. One word of caution is here needed, viz. that such Bible Schools should not aim at a sort of dissection of the Bible; but at indicating lines of study calculated to produce spiritual profit.

"Let it be remembered, in all this, that the subject to be

promoted is daily fellowship with God for agents and for people. We should not think it a point of superfluous detail either, to show men that they may find a secret chamber in the rice-fields or under the tamarind or margosa tree if they cannot find a quiet corner in their homes. It is often the practical details in which help and counsel are required. It is practical godliness in every detail which needs enforcing in our teaching in India to-day. It is possible to sit down and read holiness books, and to enjoy high spiritual doctrines, and yet to be culpably negligent in the details of everyday Christian life.

"(*d*) Conferences or conventions for workers should be held periodically; not too frequently, but often enough to guard against stagnation. In this the various Missions might lend each other mutual aid. Let men be invited to conduct them who know the needs of those assembled, and can lay their finger on the evils which require remedy. When such conferences are convened, let no money or business transactions be associated with them. It should be a time when men and women can meet with God without distraction. As far as possible, let the meetings be seconded by private conversations, in which difficulties may be met and individual souls encouraged. Many of our dear Indian fellow-workers are located in lonely places, surrounded by a heathen atmosphere, with little or nothing to help them in external circumstances. Only those who know their environment, and the dead level all around them, can properly appreciate their needs and enter into their trials.

"(*e*) Steps should be taken, in every Mission, to throw Indian Christians, financially, upon their own responsibility. But I must close. How miserably inadequate, after all, must seem this treatment of so great a subject. In the very allusion to existing evils, too, it is so difficult not to seem unloving.

"One word only should be added in conclusion. I have made no reference to the outflow of the Church's life in evangelistic effort. Given the life, it is sure to manifest and propagate itself. If our Indian brethren drink, and drink deeply of the Living Water, then beyond all doubt, out of them shall flow rivers of living water, and the whole land will feel its power. God bless, revive, and use, beyond all our expectations, the Church of India!

"As for us, fellow-workers of South India, shall we not humble ourselves for our many, many failures? Do you not feel with me that the times of refreshing which we desiderate for the Native Church must begin with us, the Missionary Body?

We have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. We have not yet to any adequate extent offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears on behalf of those committed to our care.

"We have not yet paid the cost of the tide of blessing which we long to see. We have not yet claimed our full share in the promise of the Father. The good Lord, in His mercy, begin with us. Let Him search us, and cleanse us, and fill us with His power. Are we humble enough? Are we willing enough? Are we unworldly enough? Are we loving enough? Are we holy enough? Are we in earnest enough? Are we obedient enough?

"'And He said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest.

"'And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, . . . This shall come to pass, if ye will diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God.'"

"When Charles VIII. tried to force unjust conditions upon Florence, the Republic refused. Whereupon Charles said, 'Then we will sound our trumpets.' To which Cepponi replied, 'And we will ring our bells.' This closed the controversy."

"Forced uniformity belongs to narrow minds and modern architecture.

C. A. Fox, *The Spiritual Grasp of the Epistles.*

CHAPTER XXVII

Furlough, and Back to Dohnavur

Close upon the conclusion of the Syrian mission tour comes an entry in the journal which notes the beginning, or rather continuation, of one of those weary battles which seem to end in nothing worth the expenditure of energy they cost. But that is only our lower way of looking at things; the angels from the upper air may see it differently.

"*March* 27.—With the Vakils, Palamcottah [about the Civil suit now filed against the C.E.Z. missionaries there], Kember, and Price with me; afternoon with Miss Kember to District Munsiff's court, Tinnevelly."

Two days later, after his return home:

"Heard that the girl was carried off forcibly yesterday after giving evidence in court. Now may God grant a mighty intervention! Left Dohnavur at midnight, with Vakil to Magistrate and Inspector of Police about girl's abduction. Got private information that she is forcibly detained in K——, and after much hesitation [fearing it might do more harm than good] informed Magistrate of it. A man tried to send me off on false track, but we discovered it."

At this point, to the immense relief of all concerned, the English Superintendent of Police appeared upon the scene, and at once organised a night expedition of mounted police, who surrounded the village where the girl had been hidden a few hours before, only to find word had been passed to the abductors that her whereabouts had leaked out, and she had been taken elsewhere. Then, as all who knew her believed, she was drugged, soon after which they allowed her to be found.

"Quiet day awaiting result of Police Superintendent's expedi-

tion, though expect he will have found the girl has been removed. [Later] Found very questionable state of things. It seems clear that they have forced her to recant. She is to be in Palamcottah police station [with her Hindu relations] all night. . . . She gave a statement in Magistrate's court. It is terribly sad. Said she left the ladies of her own accord. She has been married. Her bridegroom came to court. Magistrate handed her over to her people, and that is the end of all the battle for her."

But it was not the end of the battle, for prolonged Court proceedings followed; battle, with all the joy of battle gone. Miss Kember and Miss Max and the C.M.S. men who fought alongside were worn out with the strain and the sorrow; but they had to live through it somehow, till at last, near the end of April, they left together for the hills.

Background again all this; but, as before, it is impossible to show a life poured forth upon the sacrifice and service, without showing something of the altar upon which it was poured:

"It is ten years ago this month," writes Miss Max in December 1912, "since poor A.'s terrible ordeal began, and I have been going through it all again. You know what he was, what a splendid, brave, unselfish defender. How well I remember how he came with us day after day to that hot, crowded court, and how bravely he stood up for us; and not only that, but the long hours he gave to interviewing Vakīls and going through papers, even our old milk bills and accounts, to prove that A.'s father was not the Shepherd who supplied us with milk, as he claimed to be" [a point of importance in the defence]. "What Mr. Walker was to us I can never say."

The coaching of fellow-missionaries in "sweet Tamil," or, as it was more familiarly termed, helping lame dogs over stiles, was fitted into the last three months of the year. One of the favoured lame dogs, a young medical, as keen to help the Dohnavur household as he was to be helped over his stile, writes of those happy though anxious days:

"I can never forget how, at a time when every minute of his busy day was so precious, he gave up two and sometimes even three hours to help me when I was grinding at Tamil; and it wasn't as if we were doing high advanced Tamil; it must have

been very rudimentary stuff to him. I don't think there is another missionary in India who, under the same circumstances, would have sacrificed so much time and patience for one whom he had never seen, and hardly even heard of before. At times I found Tamil a terribly depressing study; but with his cheery smile and lucid explanation he soon made even a complicated Tamil sentence appear, if not quite easy, at least understandable. Then you remember the great interest he took in our swimming and diving lessons. Every day at noon, when he could possibly spare the time, he accompanied us to the swimming-bath, and there, under his tuition (he was splendid at swimming and diving), I made good progress in both branches of the art.

"I think the main impression that I had of him was that he was a strong man with a simple, unwavering faith in his Heavenly Father; and the time I was most impressed with that thought was during Mrs. Walker's serious illness. But I need not remind you of that; you were there, and know how brave he was during that most trying time."

For, at the back of the last few months' work, as Dr. Hardie's letter tells, there had been cause for concern about Mrs. Walker's health; and this led to a journey with her to Madras, which ended, to quote from the journal, in "Doctor's orders: Out of the tropics as soon as possible. One thinks of the converts, etc.: Lord, undertake, arrange, shield." The good-bye came early in December: "We all felt sad at parting, but it must needs be."

Letters were left behind for birthday and Christmas, notes for the guidance of everything so far as guidance beforehand could be provided; even the directions for the then, more than now, complicated journey to the hills, every difficulty of which he had always undertaken, were written out clearly. Has he forgotten anything? was the half-wonder, as paper after paper was turned over: nothing was forgotten. If the number of boxes for the party of some dozen converts, who had to be taken to the hills for safety's sake, could have been foreseen, assuredly the luggage labels would have been written. He was accustomed, to quote his own expression, "to look round the corners" for his friends.

The voyage was uneventful. "The sea must be pretty well strewn with Tamil literature," he wrote from the first port; for

day after day he read and pitched overboard books he had taken to examine for the Literature Committee. At Naples a picture seen fills three lines of journal:

"Struck by a picture of the blind leading the blind; one man has fallen into the ditch, dragging after him another who holds his staff, and behind him four other blind men in one fatal row; faces a study."

Naples, Rome, words of enchantment, then on to San Remo, where he helped at a convention, and other work opened. Then, with Mrs. Walker's sisters, who had joined them, in early April to Bex, where the Hopwoods of Ooty met them at the station, and a perfect holiday began. For here there were no conventions, no meetings, only mountains and wild flowers, and ever new surprises of delight.

"Glorious view of Dent de Midi and other snow mountains; gathering crocuses and gentians; scenery indescribably lovely. Charlton of Bengal came for afternoon from Montreux to see us; a true man of God and a real missionary."

The very reading of the Swiss journal does one good; there is such vigour of life about it:

"Up the Flégère, which has a chalet standing at height of 6158 feet, magnificent views of the bewitching cloud effects. Then we climbed up over the snows and cliffs to a height of some 400 feet above, enjoying the whole immensely. Walked up the hill to Merle, a village high up on green slopes beyond fir woods, where we found lovely anemones on a hilltop. . . . Some of us walked to Argentière to sight the glaciers, there scrambled up the hills to the left of Bossons glacier, and found soldanellas and other wild flowers. A fine glorious day, mountains clear, air crisp and frosty. . . . Took a guide and ascended to the Bel Achat, 7067 feet, the greater part of the ascent being up steep banks of snow, since the path is at present buried. Then on to the Brévent, 8285 feet, crossing a huge snow-field and up cliffy slopes. Then descended to Planpiar, 6772 feet, the way lying down very steep snow-covered slopes, and so back to Chamonix. Views magnificent, one long feast of loveliness. We got back to tea after a day of climax pleasure."

From a snapshot taken on La Flégère, Chamonix.

The paragraph lies like a handful of snow on the heart of the hot years.

It was the one holiday; afterwards, with the exception of the too rare and too short retreats to the houses of relatives and friends, the record of the English months is one of perpetual travelling from engagement to engagement, with little more in its entries than the names of places and people connected with such work. Quite a booklet might be evolved from such lists of proper names, by dint of much correspondence with the people who live in the places, if the object of writing were to describe what is usually called "a well-earned furlough." But as this is not the object, the months may be dealt with, as the journal deals with them, in brief.

Six weeks locum-tenens at Chilvers Coton was a specially fruitful time, but, as was his wont, he was sure he was useless there, no help to anyone:

"Feeling it all a dead failure, and being much troubled thereby. Oh to see people turning to Christ! My last Sunday in Chilvers Coton. May God accept and cleanse and seal the work done here."

Conventions and special meetings followed, at Guildford, Southsea, Sidmouth, Kingswood, North London, Ealing, Reading; and missionary and other sermons, missionary addresses and Bible readings in churches and halls, too numerous to mention, all over the country. As he would never travel on Sunday, feeling it impossible to rob the working man of his day of rest—a fact friends occasionally forgot in making out his Sunday programmes—this work often involved long walks, and sometimes ended in overmuch weariness. At his old church, St. James's, Holloway, he preached an evangelistic sermon one Sunday evening, after which there were decisions for Christ: "Lord, work Thou." At the Keswick Convention an address which much impressed him was Dr. Torrey's on soul winning. "Very solemn, for he was in dead earnest," he said afterwards. "You felt the power of God upon him." Each day during that full week he went away alone to the woods for the quiet without which he could not live. From that quiet he emerged with eyes clear to

see anything waiting to be done from a missionary point of view. A medical missionary now in the field is one of the results.

Sometimes there were pleasant little breaks, days spent with his own family; "a happy day" is the journal note on such a day; or quiet spaces with Mrs. Walker in the restful atmosphere of such a home as Hembury Fort, where the unworldly life of its household was a refreshment to the spirit. But the pages as a whole are so crowded with work that such entries as—"Walk with two girl cousins over the hills and moors. Afternoon I spent in talking to little Sydney about India. Took the three children to Madame Tussaud's," are, even to the reader of these packed pages, something of a relief. One missionary meeting was specially after his own heart: "Went to China Inland Valedictory meeting; a most inspiring time." There was one amusing incident at Oxford, where he was speaking on missionary work in its relation to Hindu thought. Dr. Pope, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society and Professor of Tamil at the University, was sitting near him on the platform. Turning to him and waving his hand with a gesture of airy pity towards the assembled dignitaries, the old Doctor remarked *sotto voce* in Tamil, "Mere ignoramuses!" They knew no Tamil. The point lay in the word "ignoramus," literally "wisdomless," which word in colloquial Tamil signifies heathen; it is the word which, curiously enough, is used by the more rustic members of the Hindu confraternity in speaking of themselves as distinguished from Christians: "Wisdomless are we, mere heathen." The little episode was never recalled without a twinkle of the eye: "Those Dons! Wouldn't they have enjoyed it? Mere heathen!"

Upon October 28th came the parting which had to be; for Mrs. Walker had to wait for another year in England. "But the Lord strengthens us both," the journal says. A fellow-passenger has written about the voyage:

"There were between twenty and thirty missionaries of different missions on board. Every day we had family prayer on deck together, and passengers from the first class joined us. But many were not satisfied with this and the regular services on

Sunday, so they asked our brother to give a series of daily Bible studies. How they were enjoyed! Mrs. Walker, it may be remembered, could not return to India that year, so Mrs. Carmichael went out to stay with her daughter for a time. Mr. Walker showed her the devotion of a son."

The journey ended in the happy welcome home, and the dropped threads, or rather reins, were soon in hand. "I feel as if I hadn't been away a day," he said; "India is home now."

Home meant now as ever, interests wide as India itself, and soon the study table began to fill up with piles of letters; these were dealt with for the most part as they came, and were promptly and with a keen sense of pleasure torn up the moment they were answered: but some were of more permanent interest. Such, notably, was a vigorous correspondence upon Intercommunion, for the subject was coming to the front in India in consequence of the action of some of the Bishops who had sounded their trumpets and prohibited it; and two years before, the Quinquennial Conference of C.M.S. missionaries meeting in Madras had appointed a Committee to deal with it. This Committee drew up a Resolution stating the facts of the case as they appeared to the large majority of C.M.S. men in India:

"The fact that the Church of England is working alongside and in co-operation with many other Christian bodies for the conversion of India, that the gifts of God's grace are as manifestly bestowed upon these other bodies for their work as upon our own Church; that not only in the work of evangelisation, but also in that of building up the Church, it is impossible to deny that God has granted them the blessing of His Holy Spirit in a very marked degree, makes it imperative that the Church of England should give the fullest recognition and sympathy to her fellow-workers in the great cause of extending the kingdom of Christ. There is no doubt that these our fellow-workers in the cause of Christ feel deeply the fact that of late years the clergy of the Church of England have been prohibited by certain of the Bishops from uniting with them in the celebration of the Holy Communion on public occasions, such as the Decennial and other Conferences, and there is no doubt also that the consciences of many earnest and devoted clergy of the Church of England have been deeply wounded by this prohibition."

The Resolution went on to show that this prohibition created an entirely novel situation in India; it proved from historical records that such action is new in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation, and continued:

"In our own times it is a well-known fact that Archbishops Tait and Benson, and several other Bishops, have been in the habit of communicating in Presbyterian Churches when in Scotland, while the fact that the Sovereign who is the temporal head of our Church is at the same time the temporal head of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and a communicant of that Church, is a standing witness to the fact that the Church of England does not authoritatively forbid her members to partake of the Holy Communion upon occasion at the hands of ministers of non-episcopal churches.

"The general attitude of the Church of England towards non-episcopal churches in not pronouncing their orders invalid and in permitting considerable latitude in practice in the intercourse between her own members and theirs, from the time of the Reformation onwards, can hardly be seriously disputed; and it becomes a question of very grave concern whether the Church of England can afford to change that attitude under her peculiar conditions in this non-Christian land of India."

The argument naturally is too long to give in full; but it was straightforwardly set forth and backed by a quiet sentence stating that, knowing that the question of prohibition becomes ultimately a question of law, the writers had consulted certain eminent ecclesiastical lawyers, whose opinion was that occasional acts of Intercommunion did not constitute any breach of ecclesiastical law. But the reference throughout was to the spiritual; and with an earnest appeal to that supreme Court, the resolution summed up its convictions and desires.

Thus the Republic rang its bells. Or to change the figure, thus the men to whom "heaven's high etiquette" appeared to be a desirable thing even on earth, "drew towards the future law," and refused to ask Who? and Whence? about members of the household of God. In face of the great peril of a divided front, the matter seems too trivial for discussion; but the trumpets had been sounded, so the bells had to be rung. For this reason the furlough just over had been partly spent in

getting into touch with like-minded men of the C.M.S.; and ecclesiastical lawyers had been consulted again. For as one of that little group had written before the Quinquennial Conference met:

"I do not know what the Committee on Intercommunion appointed at Madras propose doing, but it seems to me that we C.M.S. men in India should be prepared to speak with no uncertain sound on a matter which will be the key of any serious attempt to avoid perpetuating indefinitely our divisions in India."

Letter after letter was written that autumn upon this subject, and a little band of men worked quietly together in patience.

"Just as water-vapour refuses to condense into rain unless there are particles of dust to form nuclei, so an idea before taking shape requires a nucleus of solid fact round which it can condense."

The Spectator, September 10, 1909.

"With eager knife that oft has sliced
  At Gentile gloss, or Jewish fable,
 Before the crowd you lay the Christ
  Upon the lecture table.

"From bondage to the old beliefs
  You say our rescue must begin,
 But I want refuge from my griefs
  And saving from my sin.

"The strong, the easy and the glad
  Hang, blandly listening, on your word;
 But I am sick, and I am sad,
  And I want Thee, O Lord!"

—CANON AINGER.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Notes in Notebooks, Book Friends, and a Character Study

"COMMENCED Higher Criticism notes to crystallise subject a little" is an entry in December of the previous year. "Plunged carefully into Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*. Read through Kirkpatrick's *Divine Library of the Old Testament*. Made notes on Sayce's *Higher Criticism and the Monuments*. Read hard at Pinches' *Old Testament in the Light of Historical Records of Assyria and Babylon*, and found it fascinating." These are some of the journal entries of 1905.

"It was an especial joy to me to realise the thoroughness with which he was giving himself to study and scholarship with reference to the needs of the Indian Church," writes Professor Griffith Thomas, now of Toronto, "and in this respect, as well as in others, his loss will be deeply, and, perhaps increasingly, felt. What I particularly valued about him was his strenuous and courageous championship of the old faith, together with his modern outlook and his readiness to adopt everything that was real and true in present-day thought and life. It was this blend of the conservative and assimilative elements that attracted me to him; and, in common with very many others, I grieve over his—humanly speaking—mysterious death. We greatly need men of his type who are firmly fixed on the Rock of the Supreme Authority of the Bible, and who are yet able to stretch out loving hands to all who are seeking to know and follow the will of God."

Dr. Griffith Thomas has found the fitting word: there was in truth a blend of the conservative and assimilative elements in a character and mind by nature conservative. For his mind was never a house with the blinds drawn down; every window was thrown open wide for fresh air and light: "Oh

light, light, light, I hail light everywhere," is underscored with red, in *Aristophanes' Apology*, and he was quick to share his light. Tapping at the door of a friend's room one day and handing in a slim little book, he said, "You should read this, Deissmann on the records of the Græco-Roman period, quite a small book, but so fresh." He had always tried to keep abreast of the times; but now, foreseeing what was soon to come upon the Indian Church, he read more and more widely, and, as always, carefully, sifting every statement, comparing view with view, entirely unimpressed by the sound of a great name, but with a mind open to weigh every argument adduced in support of some new conclusion; only requiring that it should be argument, and not mere clap-trap—verbal jugglery he called it—and he was quick to recognise this same quality in others:

"Thanks for letting me see enclosed," he wrote to a friend who had shared with him a letter from a distinguished woman; "whatever else, Miss M. is plainly a decided Christian, and one who disapproves of modern extremes of criticism. The air is full of it; and we need to keep our heads, and our feet, not to say our souls."

The notebook in which the subject is crystallised deals with Kirkpatrick's *Divine Library of the Old Testament*, Ryle's *Canon of the Old Testament*, Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, Möller's *Are the Critics Right?* Sayce's *The Higher Criticism and the Monuments*, and Pinches' *Old Testament in the Light of Historical Records of Assyria and Babylon*, altogether about a hundred quarto pages of close writing. To look through it is to have access to the workshop of a brain; the book under review is studied, its views are summarised, then the results are worked out under different headings, thus:

"His admissions carry consequences with them. His conclusions are often highly conjectural. Differs from Cheyne and Driver considerably. Admits differences among critics. Cites certain examples to question accuracy of Hebrew text."

Each heading is followed by quotations germane to the subject, copied from the book in question, and the summing up of the notes just quoted is:

"In any case the number of discrepancies in the O.T. which, so far as our present knowledge goes, are not explainable, is not very great: and it is one thing to face them, and quite another to accept hypotheses throwing doubt on the date and authenticity of whole books."

As to his own views, he endorsed the opinion of those scholars who held that many of the conclusions accepted by critics are not justified by scientific principles; he agreed with them in thinking that merely philological preparation was inadequate for the study of historical problems; and he held this "philological attitude" responsible for much erroneous thinking. Again and again he noted the absence of what he called the mathematical sense in many of the critical writers. "They accept hypotheses too easily," he used to say. "You can see they have never had a mathematical training." And he would compare them with scientists like Clerk Maxwell, Stokes, and Kelvin, with their patient search after truth and humility born of profound knowledge. Once at a meeting held for missionaries he pleaded earnestly for caution in accepting opinions which the research of to-morrow might subvert: "Don't let us be afraid of being called old-fashioned and narrow-minded; all the scholarship is not on the side of the critics." And his well-known habit of studying the Scriptures, not only book by book and period by period, but literally word by word in the original languages, in conjunction with the best that could be had of modern scholarship, gave weight to his opinion; and strengthened many a younger man—dazzled perhaps by the fascinating brilliance of some new writer, or beguiled by that calm custom of taking it for granted that "no one" holds the old views now—to wait awhile before being sure. "For there is bound to be a reaction," he would say, "against these extremes of criticism." And he thought the reaction from what he considered an extraordinarily uncritical acceptance of German speculations by English scholars, might come sooner than anyone imagined. He was not fond of satire where such matters were concerned, he felt the whole question too serious for satire; but he marked with appreciation the lines in Coleridge's *Vision of the Nations*,

which describe those who, deeming themselves free, chain down thought, and cheat themselves

> "With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
> Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
> Self-working tools, uncaused effects,"

and he thought it was true, as the verse goes on to say, that the ultimate end of all such work is to untenant creation of its God. More like him, however, is the little poem facing this chapter. It touched him deeply. And the sentence which follows from Bishop Moule's *Ephesian Studies*, expresses his attitude of mind towards anything which sought to rob the Word of God of its supreme power to deal with the consciences and lives of men : "We may have come to take 'liberal' views of the Bible, till we hardly know what it is to approach it except as its critics. Yet on a sudden this book turns upon us, rises as it were in new and awful life from the dissecting table, and speaks to us with even more than its old authority about temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come, till we tremble all through."

Lighter books of the year were Dr. Horton's *Life of Tennyson*, "which has given me an insight into the poet I never had before" ; Dr. Adam Smith's *Henry Drummond*, "a mysterious, but attractive and useful life" ; and Browning, whom he read conscientiously straight through. For that was always his way of cutting the pomegranate ; and the thirty odd volumes of poetry upon his shelves—beginning with Shakespeare and working on to John Drinkwater, whose noble poem, "Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray," he often quoted—are marked in almost every case from the first poem to the last. He never felt he knew a poet until he had read him from cover to cover.

His reading of the poets was as fresh and untrammelled by the opinion of the hour as was his other reading. Tennyson was his delight. "Revelling in Tennyson" is a journal entry. He liked his careful observation and his exactness in using metaphors; and the combined strength and refinement characteristic of the poet appealed to him ; he never could understand why poets, or anyone else for that matter, should feel it necessary to fish in muddy waters. Browning he liked immensely in parts ; but he

did not like his obscurities. Matthew Arnold's *Rugby Chapel* was a favourite ; and he would read it aloud at dinner—the time of most leisure when the family met—little thinking his listeners saw something of him in it :

> "If, in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we saw
> Nothing—to us thou wast still
> Cheerful, and helpful, and firm !
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself ;
> And, at the end of thy day,
> O faithful shepherd ! to come,
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

Parts of many of the older poets, and occasionally verses from the modern, used to be read aloud at those happy meal-times, or in rare whole holidays on the hills. One such whole day of bliss was spent with Charles Fox, "Poet buried to be heard," who should always be read on the mountains or in woods by running water. For pure fun there was Calverley, with his inimitable parodies ; but the poem of joy was *Follow the Gleam*. Everything was forgotten in the enchantment of that little poem, "After it, follow it, follow the Gleam !"

Perhaps the treat of the week was Monday morning's mail with its bundle of home papers. (He could not understand people's being uninterested in politics and current events. "I like to watch God making history," he would say, if any wondered at his keenness over the tri-weekly *Madras Mail*, or for Church doings, *The Record*.) *The Times Weekly Edition*, *The Spectator*, always specially welcomed, any notably good cartoon in *Punch*—these were among his pleasant things to be legitimately enjoyed, at any rate occasionally, in that hot, heavy noontide hour when all the Indian world goes to sleep. In religious literature, perhaps there was nothing which gave him greater pleasure than the discovery of a new voice. Mr. Harrington Lees, for instance, was recognised at once as refreshing, and

welcomed. And Sayce and Ramsay and other keen workers in new fields were on his shelves almost as soon as they appeared in England.

But bandy and train journeys were the great opportunities for serious reading; and no one who ever saw him off can fail to remember how, long before the bandy had reached the gate, he was deep in his book, or in the *Expositor*, often saved up for such times, as it was light to hold. Once, by some oversight, he had nothing more sustaining than his Hebrew grammar, which he had been revising; and stranded with this and this alone, he spent a foodless day at a wayside station, having missed his connection through a delay on the line. Usually, at least one solid book, some current papers, and packets of Tamil MSS. for review, were his companions upon a journey.

The year was full of journeys: meetings in North Tinnevelly, camp in South Tinnevelly, the usual tour in Travancore, missions to scattered Christian congregations in the South, the Kandy Convention; then South Tinnevelly mission tours again; a six weeks mission tour in Western and Northern India, and, lastly, a happy run across to Colombo to meet Mrs. Walker in November.

The first few weeks of the year were spent in comradeship, always a pleasure; for, his opposite in natural temperament and therefore his perfect complement, G. S. Eddy of the Student Volunteer Movement, now Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for Asia, joined him for a campaign in North and South Tinnevelly. Then came one single great convention at Mārāmana, described in Chapter XXI. Its final journal note is "*Laus Deo.*"

Those to whom the return home after such tours is a remembrance distinct in every detail, recall the small happenings of such times with a vividness which makes it difficult to believe they will not be again. First there was the welcome jingle of the bullock bells, usually some time before dawn; then a sound of doors flung open; a tired but very happy voice, "Here I am!" then more opening of doors and getting out of things, and then silence for awhile. Or if it were too early for that, a quieter entrance with muffled voice so as to wake nobody; but, whichever way it was, there was the good, glad sense of "All's well now."

Then a little later, morning tea out in the compound, with the calm shapes of mountains looking through gaps in the trees; a time of hearing all about everything and of telling the home story: nothing was too small to be interesting. Followed invariably a vigorous set-to upon the *sāmān*. Every article of clothing had to be hung out on a rope in the fresh air after the close heat of boxes; books and papers had to be put each in its proper place. "I can do nothing till I'm straight," he would say. It was in vain that those about him suggested rest after the sleepless night or nights—he always looked thoroughly tired out after such nights—he would not listen, would not accept any sort of help, would do nothing, in fact, but go his own way with a perfectly cheerful disregard of admonitions, quoting a Tamil proverb, perhaps, about the impossibility of getting the curl out of an old dog's tail. Then, the pile of arrears upon his study-table dealt with, and the stream of callers satisfied, he would, if so moved, live through the campaign just over, and send it to friends in England in the shape of an open letter; and then the journal, as a rule, reverts to the usual:

"Heavy correspondence. Coached Eddy [not, however, a usual pleasure]. Going through specimens of all the Tamil handbills to find out the worthy ones. Young Muhammadan to read St. Matthew. . . . Letters. People from village for an enquiry. Casteman for long talk; he occupied almost the whole day. Address preparation at intervals. Tamil with Eddy.

"*March* 24.—Eddy and I left for Colombo. Reached Colombo at daylight. Felt done after two broken nights, and could not work to-day.

"*March* 26.—Preached in Galle Face Church in Tamil to very full congregation. Took English service in Galle Face Church."

Then came the Kandy Convention.

Of one early difficult meeting the journal says:

"Did not seem very warm or real; but God knows. We both felt defeated afterwards, though a good many gave in their names."

But a break was granted at the close, and the convention ends with "God has blessed us; to Him be praise!"

Much lies between the first of such entries and the last. Those whose lot is cast in the spiritual battlefields of the world will find themselves looking instinctively behind the shown to what is not shown. Something of it appears in the following sketches written for this book by the friend and comrade of that Kandy campaign, whose Dohnavur name is Zinzendorf (because of what the name connotes, "I have one Passion; it is Christ and Him only"); and something more will appear in later letters. But when all is shown we shall only know in part; who can push behind the mystery, and explain how it was that when Moses held up his hands Israel prevailed?

"I am sending you a few hastily written words as we are riding along in the train amid noise and dust. I do not feel that they are adequate or worthy of the great warrior they so feebly describe." [But words which bear the mark of battle are most fitting, after all, to show a warrior.] "The news of his death came to me as a great blow. Even now I cannot find words to measure the loss which India has sustained in his being taken away from us. His was a unique nature. In fifteen years' travel in every province of India I found no man quite like him in this great empire. His mind was clear, penetrating, working with mathematical exactness, and always under superb control. His clear-cut, intense, white face, with dark, glowing, penetrating eyes, and finely-chiselled features, reminded one of Francis of Assisi, or some of the old saints and men of God of a bygone age. His character was of the type of John the Baptist, for he was ever a prophet of righteousness.

"Though he was one of the mountain-peak men and lived on the lonely heights in close fellowship with God, he had not attained this easily or at a bound. Those who knew him in the earlier years did not see perhaps in his life the final touches which were manifest at the close. Those who have not attained, and those who look up to such mountain-peak men, need not to be discouraged or think that such attainment is impossible. We all have our faults and limitations, and he had his. I question whether by nature he had the breadth, the sympathy, the tolerance, the patience, and the loving-kindness that ripened

with his later years. I had much to learn from him, and was never thrown with him without receiving blessing; but I watched him grow in gentle sympathy, in fondness for little children, in kindly tolerance for those who differed from him, and in more tender love made perfect through suffering.

"I have often heard him say that the iron had entered his soul in India; and if it had made him strong, it also made him tender, for he had large capacity for suffering. Reserved, retiring, he was high-strung and keenly sensitive. To be misunderstood, to have his good evil spoken of, to be misjudged or mistrusted by those whom he had sought to serve, found him often unable to express or defend himself, yet none the less loving those who unconsciously injured him.

"It was my good fortune to spend many weeks in his own home, receiving his help in Tamil, when I was studying the language. Never have I seen quite such a missionary home in India. The prayer that rose, spontaneous and free, and often in strong striving, as we knelt after each morning meal, and the still evenings sitting out under the stars, resting at the end of the day, and ending with his own quiet petition, left an abiding impression upon my mind. I was thrown with him as a fellow-worker time after time in missions, in conventions, or student camps. I often found myself unable, through sheer lack of physical strength or of spiritual attainment, to hold on with him in the lonely hours of continued and concentrated prayer; or in the terrible soul struggles, as he sought to turn the tide in a convention or meeting from defeat to victory, from indifference to spiritual hunger, and from sin to righteousness, in the vast throngs that he faced from time to time. Truly he was one of God's noblemen, an Elijah in modern times, a John the Baptist, a prophet of righteousness, a watcher in the lonely heights, fearless in conflict, whether he met with the praise or the blame of men. He combined elements of character rare indeed in our superficial and worldly age. His was a life that was holy, humble, and that seemed to keep 'the unstained spirit of a little child.' His was a mind pure as the heart of a flame.

"Such a life has its message for our day. As a practical mystic, he combined both fellowship and service, the fullest use of human means with the most complete dependence upon God in prayer. Though intense, he was never carried away by winds of false doctrine and specious new teachings; with an absolute loyalty for truth, he yet had a tender forbearance for

men from whom he differed in convictions. He moved among us a strong man; and many, from Ceylon to North India, from Travancore to Madras, are richer for the true life that he lived. I, for one, thank God for having known Christ in him."

Many village missions were organised that year. The journal reads seriously:

"Solemnised myself, but oh for the solemnising Spirit to work in every heart! Not happy about things here. Worldliness is eating up the leading families. Not much response; people seem very dead as a whole."

Perhaps no one unfamiliar with these missions for unilluminated Christians in a heathen land can quite understand the impression produced upon the mind by the sense of death where life should be. There is something almost tangible, too, in the sense of an encompassing opposition crushing in upon the spirit, paralysing its energies—against this the only weapon of defence is prayer. Many hours were spent by this missioner upon his knees in the little hot mud prayer-room, sometimes the only shelter possible in the remoter villages; or in tent, where privacy was even more difficult to secure; or, if the meetings were being held in some central station, in the quietest place obtainable in the mission bungalow. "With God for men: with men for God" was the watchword of those days. All of which may seem to contradict what has been written before about the real difference between a heathen and an even only nominal Christian community. But life is full of contradictions: we need not stay to reconcile them; both views are true.

"*September* 23.—A lazy day; did a little address-preparation for North India. Helped to see ——'s babies off to Neyoor for the new venture."

"I liked him best in his everyday clothes of the plains, with nothing admirable about him but himself. The man of God, the saint, and the hero stood the more clearly revealed for the

absence of the clerical, the saintly, and the heroic in those ill-fitting grey garments."

A friend and frequent guest said it; one who had frequently seen him engaged in simple things like this "seeing the babies off to Neyoor"; it is recorded for the truth in its simplicity.

"The only way to gain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in refreshing the fire of God within the soul."

WILLIAM ARTHUR, *The Tongue of Fire.*

CHAPTER XXIX

To the North and Home Again

"Oh to be cast upon God really and truly in faith!" Thus begins the new tour which was to touch eight C.M.S. centres—Bombay, Nasik, Agra, Allahabad, Lucknow, Jubbalpore, Manmād, and Poona. Such a tour in retrospect looks like the sunlit peak of a spiritual Matterhorn; but the climber struggled up through clouds: his mountains seldom shone for him while he was climbing them. Among the journal notes belonging to another tour, written during a long and difficult mission taken in the midst of untoward circumstances, there are sentences which show him as few perhaps knew him:

"Handicapped by interpreter. A. has helped me hitherto here, and does splendidly. Why cannot they leave him to do it? Thy patience, Lord. . . . The message, weak enough in itself, was fearfully mashed. Now, Lord, use a big failure. . . . Spoke on the lame man healed; but it was a dead failure, flat and cold, and people on the fidget in the heat all the time. Lord, forgive the failure, and wash it and me in the Holy Blood. Lord, at Thy feet I lay the work of the last eight weeks. . . . Came home feeling sad; when souls are neither saved nor wish to be saved, Lord, what can man do? Spirit of God, work Thou. . . . People listened, but no anxious souls. Lord, forgive the failure. I feel that nothing has been done here to speak of. Do Thou fulfil Thy purpose, no matter how I be humbled. Have felt a hindrance all the time here, and I must just write 'failure' over this too. Feeling sad and despondent. Lord, shall I go on or turn back? Show me. But, Lord, I lay it at Thy feet; cleanse, confirm, bless it, and give fruit unto life eternal. Amen."

"Oh for an anointing for the meetings which begin to-morrow," is the first of the North Indian notes. "Seemed some power and touch, but oh for the Spirit. Many professed to

seek eternal life; enquiry-room full. God make it real and save us from artificiality. Failure in the work, burdened, a dead block. Is it I? Mass of agents untouched, apparently; feeling dead and hindered and powerless; but at after-meeting a large number of young men and women stayed. Thank God for young men in earnest; but the agents are unbroken. Feeling defeated and miserable. What wilt Thou have me to do? After-meeting, agents' confessions. Several in enquiry-room. We had more confessions of sin; some young men to see me at home who have decided, praise God! Pain of body made prayer and preparation difficult: God took away the pain as I spoke. He gave liberty, and there was distinct impression. A number came and stood up for fuller yielding, and then some who have decided for Christ this week, with some new desirers. I kept back the men for a talk, and made other arrangements for the women. The Lord cleanse and confirm this week's work."

Once more a comrade's hand shows the missioner in his mission. And again the letter was written in the midst of stress, by one who, to quote his own words, was brother beloved to his friend, Rev. L. B. Butcher, of the C.M.S. Divinity School, Poona:

"From my diary I see it was at the Coonoor Convention in 1900 that I first met 'Walker of Tinnevelly'; and ever afterwards one of the chief attractions of the Nilgiris and the conventions held at Coonoor and Ooty, when I was able to go so far for my annual holiday, was the prospect of the Bible-readings he used to give.

"I met him again at Coonoor in 1903, and shall never forget the readings he gave then at the conventions there on Haggai, and on the Epistle of Jude at Ootacamund the same year. The combined scholarship, clearness of exposition, forcible and most practical application, and deep spiritual power, made a great impression on me; and few men have helped me as much as he. Again and again it seemed as if the messages he brought straight from God's Word, drawn from the Word itself in the simplest and yet most masterly way, were just those needed for one's life and work in the field to-day.

"So far, however, he was to me only one of the convention speakers. I was soon to be brought into much closer contact with him. Our Native Church Council was planning to hold a *mēla* [gathering of the people] for all the Indian Christians at

Nasik, and I was one of the Committee to make arrangements. This was early in 1905, and at Coonoor that year I sounded Mr. Eddy [whose line of service lay in conducting such meetings] about coming as a speaker. He was not free but, 'Why not ask Walker?' he said. I jumped at the suggestion. I soon had an opportunity of talking over the matter with Walker himself, and found that he was planning a visit to North India about the very time we wanted him, so that he could take Nasik on his way; and it was arranged for him to come first to Bombay at the time of our semi-annual conference of missionaries, and to take all the addresses on our Quiet Day; then go on with us to the *mēla* at Nasik. This programme was carried out; and I remember well how stimulating and encouraging were the addresses he gave us on the Quiet Day, especially one on God's purpose and power to open springs of water on the bare heights.

"After this interval I have only one or two outstanding recollections of that *mēla*. One is the sight of our Nasik church filled to overflowing on the Sunday morning. Some of our Christians had come from far-away places where they were only a handful in the midst of the heathen; and it was a great source of strength and cheer to them to find themselves part of a large body of fellow-Christians, while at the same time they received the helpful yet searching messages of the chosen trio of speakers—Walker the one European, the two others being a converted Parsi and a converted Brahman, both ordained clergy of the Church of England, the latter working with the Cowley Fathers.

"Another of my recollections is that of a quasi-pastor coming and confessing his sin in the matter of debt. Walker's addresses, while simple, had been very practical and searching; and numbers were brought under conviction of sin, judging by their prayers in a special confession meeting. This man, with several others, was quite broken down, and went away from Nasik to commence at once to devote the greater part of his income to pay off his debt. Others were convicted of sin in other respects; and I shall not soon forget the wise and sane way in which he conducted that meeting, encouraging those who had burdens on their conscience to confess their sin to God in prayer, and then go away to make restitution where possible.

"I should mention the care and pains he took in preparing his interpreter. Although the pastor who interpreted for him most frequently on the different occasions he visited our mission

was a really excellent interpreter, knowing English well, and interpreting most sympathetically, yet Walker never left anything to chance; but would arrange for him to come an hour before each service that he might talk over the subject, and be sure he would understand any allusions, and have the different heads and points clear in his mind. This no doubt helped materially to the success of the interpretation, as the pastor was never at fault.

"The *mēla* ended, with a consecration meeting in the evening, and the next day the camp broke up, and the speaker left.

"Just four weeks passed, and then on November 7th we welcomed him to our home and station. The meetings began that evening in the large new schoolroom of the Z.B.M. Orphanage, and they continued for two days. The messages were solemn indeed. He knew there had been trouble in the congregation, and a quarrel which had divided the C.M.S. agents into two parties, each bitterly opposed to the other. Long and earnestly he pleaded with them; but, as he confessed to me, it was like speaking to a stone wall. Finally, on the last day, he separated the men and the women, to get the Z.B.M. widows and girls alone, and escape the utterly deadening resistance felt in the spiritual atmosphere when the men were present and refused to yield. He had the men alone first, and pleaded most lovingly with them not to let anything stand in the way of getting right with God; but not a man would give way, and as he went away he said so sorrowfully, 'We go away defeated.' But in the women's meeting all was changed. The atmosphere was now as different as could be imagined; and when he gave an opportunity for decision, asking all who would to say to the Lord Jesus, 'I give my heart to Thee,' first one and then another began, and then from all over the hall came the sound of young voices uttering the words of consecration. A large number professed to decide that evening; and, thank God, the testimony of the ladies in charge, after several years, is that they were real conversions, and those girls have been true Christians ever since.

"Dear Walker never spared himself, but literally poured himself out for the people. The impression he left behind him was one which was deeply engraven in the hearts of both Indians and Europeans, and of all with whom he came in contact, who looked on him as one of God's prophets and as a brother beloved."

"He poured himself out for the people"; it is a true word. In his copy of *The Tongue of Fire*, this sentence is underlined:

"a gunner working heavy guns, but with silver barrels, and scented powder, and balls of frozen honey." Honey balls, scented powder, silver barrels—of these things he knew nothing.

Such tours opened many opportunities for quiet meetings for missionaries, similar to the convention Bible-readings, now a recognised feature of the various hill conventions. He never wrote about work of this character, nor ever broke faith with those who trusted him with their confidence by using such confidences as an illustration of "How to deal with souls," or in any other fashion. He prepared, if possible, more carefully for work of this sort than for any other, knowing too, as only a missionary can know it, the manner of mind with which he had to deal.

For missionaries, at any rate Indian missionaries of a certain calibre, are not the most malleable of audiences. The men and women there are for the most part accustomed to work their way through tough vernaculars, and it may be that gives a certain decisive force to their thinking, for they are not fond of platitudes; and they burrow—some of them—far underground on their own account, and detect the superficial with fatal facility. Then, too, they have a private set of weights and measures, seldom discussed even among themselves, and certainly never disclosed to the confiding stranger, who stands before them as somebody who has kindly come to do them good, and is searched up and down by eyes practised in character study. He has not been through the mill as they know it; and if he is not aware of the fact, and frank and humble enough to act accordingly, he has lost his chance. On the other hand, anything like a promiscuous throwing of halos is the most resented of crimes. Missionaries, who know well enough what poor stuff they are made of at best, do not enjoy being assured they are noble heroes in the forefront of the battle. Of course, here as elsewhere there are those pleasant people whose approaches stand wide open—kind, uncritical folk; but the type is otherwise. So at least this missionary found, and he had fair experience: "The hardest possible audience to speak to—till they know you," he used to say. Therein lay the secret. The

missionaries of India grew to know him; he had been through the mill, shirked nothing of it, spoke not from the platform, but from the ground-floor of life. And they listened, recognising him as one of themselves; and those inner doors opened to him which, once opened, do not shut again.

"*November* 20, DOHNAVUR.—Met by boys, teachers, girls, etc. Cheered to find real tokens that God has been working.

"*November* 23.—Revising Tamil book. Preparing for Colombo and B.!!

"*November* 27, COLOMBO.—B. arrived on the *Caledonia* about 7.30 a.m. Thank God for bringing her back safely.

"*November* 29.—Reached Dohnavur about 2.30 p.m. Met by many on way. *Santhippu* [gathering of Christians in welcome]. Quiet evening."

It was a joyful quietness. Dohnavur in its new dress of green after the rains, its mountains cool in clouds, its fresh washed air, was all awake in welcome. And the family, complete at last, settled down to its usual state of perfect happiness. "Are you always so absolutely happy in Dohnavur?" a guest asked once, after spending a day or two in that home where unkind words were never spoken of the absent, and those who met at meal-times were always glad to meet. The answer had a low laugh of content at its heart: Dohnavur had its troubles, sometimes it seemed to have rather a large share of many and grievous troubles; but it was always happy, perfectly happy within itself.

So the year closed full to the brim. As usual, the journal looks back with no feeling of personal satisfaction. "Oh for God's presence and power! And now for His pardon for the poor life and work of 1905." But a word from a letter looks across the few remaining years to the gladness at the end:

"What a gathering we shall have by and by round the Throne in the Glory land! As the Tamils would say, one's heart boils to think of it. 'Only a few stiles to cross, and I shall reach my Father's house.'"

"Indeed it seemed to myself as if I could rain hail and love upon them at the same time; or, in other words, that I could rain upon them hail, in love."

CHARLES G. FINNEY.

"Lord, give me this new year a burning zeal
For souls immortal; make me plead with such
With earnestness intense, love strong as death,
And faith God-given. Will the world cry 'mad'?
Such madness be my joy."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXX

And Behold a Shaking

"So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. . . . Then said He unto me, Prophesy unto the Wind, and say to the Wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as He commanded me, and the Breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

All over India, towards the end of 1905 and the beginning of 1906, men and women read these words, these tremendous words, with hearts strung to expectation. For them, at least, those months stand out from all the other months of life. They saw a new thing then, a thing which up till then had been but a dream of desire, and they cannot ever be again as those who never saw. For, during those wonderful months, they, prophesying as they were commanded, watched the Spirit of God clothe the barest sentence with power. They saw whole churchfuls of ordinarily restrained people (as the strong Tamils, at least, are in matters of religion), bent and swayed as a field of corn is bent and swayed before the passing of a mighty wind. They saw them stirred as no human influence could have stirred them, cut to the heart, moved to action as the Word that is sharper than any two-edged sword did its effectual work. It was as if a curtain were suddenly swept aside,

"And without a screen
In one burst was seen
The Presence wherein we have ever been."

But the result? Where is the exceeding great army of the

prophet's vision? Perhaps if all those quickened during those months could be brought together into one valley, they might appear in truth a great army. But even so, who can be satisfied, while the plain around is white with the bones of the unquickened millions? No, there can be no slackening in the cry that still goes up day and night from India: "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

C.M.S. annual letter, private letters written to his wife from camp, and a carefully worked-out study of the movement, after—to the grief of those who were in it—it had begun to pass, show the time.

"Special missions are being called for everywhere," he wrote to the C.M.S. towards the close of 1905. "Both the missionary body and the Indian Church are feeling, as never before, the need of power from on High. Surely this means that God who is exciting this desire is going to satisfy it to the full! I have returned to the South to find that He has been working during my absence both in Palamcottah and in Dohnavur. It is only little portions of His ways which we have seen as yet, but many of us are waiting to hear the thunder of His power throughout India."

1906 did not bring the thunder of His power; but it did bring enough to cause all whose souls were swept by the grace and the mystery of the time to become divinely dissatisfied, if such a word may be used, with anything less than the spiritual for ever after.

His letters written from camp to his wife early in 1906, show the up-and-down experiences of the time. For, as will be gathered from these quick sentences, written usually at the end of a long day's work, even in places where that strange and blessed Influence was felt, there could be, and often was, but little response. And again there was response of a sort quite new to those who work among the Tamils.

"CAMP ĀNANDAPURAM, *January* 8.—On Saturday night we had a solemn meeting, but I could get no really satisfactory after-meeting. Just at the close, our friend the apothecary

arrived with all his family, and at the close of the meeting he said, 'Away with custom and ceremony in the service! Let us cry to God!' It was like a match to a train of gunpowder, and the majority cried aloud.

"At noon I preached, and appealed to those still unconverted, and there was a regular flare up; and we did not get out of church till 4 p.m. So we had to give up our proposed preaching to the heathen at a big village two miles away. Many of the people went off into the fields to pray and weep. Some came to me under true conviction. At night P. spoke, and there was another stir. When he asked those who had sought and found forgiveness to show it, the majority stood. How many are really saved I cannot say, but there has been real conviction.

"SĀTHĀNKULAM, *January* 12.—We have had no break here so far. God send it, for it is sorely needed.

"*January* 15.—There has been blessing, but not the break and stir we had in other places. The people from Ānandapuram and Palamkulam came over for testimony last night, about a hundred of them, singing at the top of their voices. We had a stream of testimony. But the witnesses among the Sāthānkulam people were few. Then came a storm of prayer for the unconverted, and afterwards a number rose to show they would yield to Christ. But I feel that the congregation as a whole has lost an opportunity for real conversion, and been satisfied with a measure of conviction. The difference between the Ānandapuram and Sāthānkulam sets last night was that of between heat and lukewarmness. We have had Hindus listening at the porch each day, and we had a good open-air preaching last night.

"SATHIANAGARAM, *January* 16.—This is a very difficult place, and has been from the first day I knew it. There is a little band of truly converted and praying women, and that is our hope." [Details of local dissensions follow.] "If it were not for the knowledge that God can move mountains, it would be hopeless." [Follows more detail as to local conditions.] "So you see the place just seethes with worldliness and sin. One is almost afraid of letting them pray in church, lest there should be fraud in that too. Just a few seem touched so far, but the mass is unmoved. I am glad to find that the catechist of K—— is now converted. He used to be a thoroughly worldly-minded man, but his wife has been made a blessing to him. He told me this morning he used to regard me as an enemy. That was because I found him out

in a fraudulent sale of land. What a world it is, and how few of us know 'things as they are'!

"*January* 17.—We had a big noise in church last night, after an address on repentance; but how much it means I cannot tell. At least some have been hit; but God looks for fruit meet unto repentance. One woman who had been trading on Sunday is now smashed up about it.

"*January* 18.—There is no real break here, only individuals have been broken. Love of money is the curse of the place.

"SIRAPPŪR, *January* 19.—We had a remarkable meeting last night in Sathianagaram. We had not seen much break, though there had been confession and some weeping. We were out preaching to the heathen about 7 p.m., when the sound of music and singing of a lively sort was heard in the distance. At first I thought it must be the Ānandapuram folk; but it turned out to be a strong contingent from Sāthānkulam, evidently bent on giving testimony. After the preaching to the Hindus, we assembled in church, a great crowd of people. P. spoke very clearly and forcibly on 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' Then we called for testimonies, and there was a flowing stream of them from Sāthānkulam. I had no idea so many had been blessed and saved there. Their witness was as clear and decided as the Ānandapuram people's. Then came the turn of the local Christians. These witnesses were much fewer in number, but very encouraging. . . . Then we had a storm of prayer for the unconverted; after which I invited the unsaved, and there was a wave of weeping and crying. It was a raging sea for half an hour; then we pointed them to Christ, and I was going to close, and pronounced the benediction, but it would not stop. A man's confession caused a new wave of violent conviction, and so it went on. We got out a quarter of an hour before midnight, after four and a half hours of it. The Sāthānkulam contingent went off bright and singing all the way. It would have done ——'s eyes good to have seen P. clap his hands to the time of the hymns! He has got quite stirred up. You have quite a number of spiritual grandchildren in this circle. A. P. [a bright Christian woman who had been led to Christ by Mrs. Walker] has been greatly blessed and used.

"SIRAPPŪR, *January* 20.—At our noon meeting here there was a raging storm of prayer, but it is almost confined to the women; the men seem a hard set. We have found, hitherto, that blessing comes after plain teaching about sin and repent-

ance, when hearts are made ready for the stir. Still, it is grand to have this volume of prayer going on all the time, regardless of benedictions or anything else.

"*January* 22.—Just a line in leaving. I trust there has been real blessing and stir here. The men held out at first, but finally began to weep and pray aloud. Last night was our closing night here. One set of people came singing from Sāthānkulam, and another from Sathianagaram. There was a long stream of testimony. Some of the biggest sinners and drunkards of Sirappūr testified; and a retired catechist who has been in Ceylon for years and has retired on a good certificate testified that he had never known what conversion meant till now. Poor old man!

"ANUKIRAGAPURAM, *January* 24.—We have found the people here very careless, and got very little response after the addresses. Last night, after an address on repentance, very few confessed their sins; and yet there was evident impression, so I asked the converted to pray for the unconverted. This stirred the place into a regular ferment, and there was a wave all over the congregation, which did not subside for an hour and a half. I don't know what it meant, but at least it opened the people's mouths. They were fast enough closed before."

And so the letters continue day by day through that month. Sometimes a hard congregation was moved by prayer when all other means had failed.

"The people here are fearfully careless. I had great difficulty in fixing their attention last night. So after speaking, I called for prayer, and the little company of true Christians present started praying aloud. This spread to some extent, and I hope it will go further and deeper to-day. It seems to be prayer rather than preaching which touches these very dead congregations. The great thing is to get their mouths open in something like confession of sin. They come to church, and go on year after year without a thought or a feeling."

There is one amusing little note on a fellow-worker's familiar habit of lengthy speech:

"He is as unpractical as ever he was. He had an early meeting for his people here, and gave them such a long address that I started off alone, the time being up. I will talk to him about it. He is one of those men who are so up in the

sky that they forget men have bodies and that the earth has clocks. But he looks so good, and is so much in earnest, that you feel a brute for not being in the clouds alongside."

As is its wont, if it opens out at all, the journal goes to the heart of things.

"A tremendous wave of feeling and prayer right through the church. Thank God for His work; and yet I feel unsatisfied, and long for deeper and fuller things in my own heart and in all the work. Oh for the real break of the Spirit! . . . Meeting much more broken; we kept some back, and we had very general response. Much moved myself, and meeting stirred. But my soul is not satisfied. Oh for a deeper work!

"People fearfully careless. God shake them! They are only half Christians living among heathen. Some spirit of prayer, but very little response. House visitation. Found people very indifferent. The A—— people came over in a body, and we had a protracted storm of prayer, fast and furious. God shake the indifferent! Feeling a block. Not deep enough. Meetings for workers. Lord, lead us. A dead block. No new ones humbled, so stayed on in church fasting; prayer went on with power among the converted, but the mass at the back would not move [then it transpired that many present were involved in financial entanglements]. This caused a stir as to who were involved, and led to dismissing the meeting. Had a meeting for prayer with much power. But at last meeting for testimony some ringing false. I came away feeling defeated all over. Lord, forgive!"

The centre last touched was a noted mission station of the South. Visitors travel far to see it; to the outward eye all is right, and very admirable. The journal pierces the placid surface, "Dead weight of resistance." There was nothing else to say, for nothing happened there. So ended thirty days' continuous work in a district where Revival Power was abroad. Could anything show more clearly the need for revival than these unstudied notes?

It was very noticeable that in all his work, whether during revival or ordinary times, he thought of the people with whom he had to do as individuals, not as masses. It was as if he were always quoting to himself the words, "Souls are not saved in

bundles. The Spirit saith to the man, 'How is it with thee?—thee personally? Is it well? Is it ill?'" And yet, perpetually, his thought and his prayer went out to the Church at large. "The sin which came to light was terrible," he wrote to the C.M.S. later in the year, with reference to the revival movement, "and showed us forcibly the need of a flame of heavenly fire to sweep through the whole of our Tinnevelly Church." And not only through that one church, he used to add, but through every company of Christians in the land. The sense of this need was a burden to him. He never seemed to slip from under it. It was with him to the end. Sometimes those who thought that things were going fairly well with the Church used to rally him on what appeared to them his over-anxiety, and often tables of "results" would be produced, of the sort that look excellent in print. But he would rise from the study of those cheerful compilations as unsatisfied as ever. It was as if he were always measuring values in Eternity's scales, and he could not feel sure they stood the test. His concern about the spiritual state of the Church was intensified by his feeling of doubt as to the trend of things ecclesiastical, and these two intertwined anxieties shadowed his years, although—blessed spiritual paradox—it was equally true that he lived above the shadows and walked in the light.

The year held more than Revival work, and all that came to be done was not of this soul-stirring character. The weeks in camp were followed by an Ordination class, and a class intended to ground young men in Scripture knowledge, and to prepare them for evangelistic work. The spaces between classes were, as usual, filled with literary work and correspondence; so that the impression the head of the family left upon the family mind during the class period, was of a back and profile. For he used to stand just within his study door, every foot of the small room being utilised for bookcases, tables, benches, and men, and the huge blackboard beside which he stood, covering it, many times a day, with Tamil writing, which the students took down in their notebooks. Between classes it was still a back and profile, this time bent over

a desk; for his desk was moved to the general living-room during the year when an Ordination class was in progress, as the men used his room for study, and there was nowhere else for him but the sitting-room. This meant a test in calmness of spirit, appreciable perhaps only by Indian missionaries who know what the central room in a mission house is like. On either end were rooms where work was going on, and the walls do not touch the roof; at either side verandahs, one used as a sort of pantry by the servants, the other a place where everybody came for everything. Quiet in that central room was something rarely attained; and to a man nervously built, the inevitable strain was not slight. It was upon such a day, a day of classes, struggles to get on with Commentary work, and interruptions, that he gave a friend for a birthday present, Matthew Arnold, with the words "Toil unsevered from tranquillity" underlined in the poem "Quiet Work."

In June of this year, Dohnavur welcomed for the first time its new Bishop, Bishop Williams, who had succeeded Bishop Morley. The people of the congregation and circle generally claimed the Bishop for various functions; but the half-hours between these engagements were entirely devoted to the small life of the place, and the result in public was at times unexpected. As, for example, once near the close of the Harvest festival, when the clergy were dealing with gifts in kind in the chancel, and the Bishop was standing forth holding a tray to receive the offerings in money, and the Christians piloted and propelled by their anxious catechists into orderly lines were streaming up to the front, the course of events was suddenly interrupted by a person aged two, who with a derisive whoop had eluded her guard and darted to the Bishop. For one triumphant moment she held on to his feet, looking up unabashed for a welcome. She had just time to catch the smile which dropped upon her offending head, before she was clutched from behind and precipitately shot into the background. Such incidents, not infrequently, lightened the gravity of life.[1]

[1] This book in MS. was about to go to Press when news came of the unexpected passing of the good Bishop, beloved by all who knew him.

"*October* 25.—Heard of Arbuthnot's smash, and all my little capital gone. God knows."

This is the entry between the usual entries of the usual day, class, interviews, correspondence. There had not been time to open the paper till about noon, when he came unexpectedly upon the announcement that the bank in which most missionaries had their savings, had stopped payment. He had not much in it, but it was all he had; and there were still many responsibilities upon him connected with converts whom he was educating and starting in life. Next morning, at early tea out in the compound, he watched the crows attendant at every Indian outdoor meal, then quoting from the Tamil said with a smile, "Consider the crows." That Sunday he preached to the Tamils upon losses greater than that of money, precious as money may be; and never, except in sympathy for someone to whom the bank failure had meant desolation, did he mention the subject again. But he did not forget it. A fellow-missionary contributes this most characteristic reminiscence:

"He had such a heart of sympathy and ready hand of help in times of need. When the terrible failure of Arbuthnot's Bank threw thousands into hopeless want, and I had lost all the savings of twenty years wherewith to meet the College fees of my two sons, he ferreted out from me the hopeless state I was in, and even offered to pay a portion of the fees every year (an offer which I could only decline with warm thanks). Then, though he had himself lost, he found that twelve days before the failure I had sent the amount of their terms' fees to the Bank for a draft, and that had been swept away too. So he insisted on my accepting a cheque for that amount."

He was always noble about money matters. During his

As the little girl of whom he was so fond (and to whom he had often made time to write in the midst of all his busy life some quite delightful letters) said in speaking of Enoch, "God called him, and he went." He had been feeling unfit, but was not known to be very ill; and on July 30th decided to leave the hill station, where he was staying with his wife, and go down to Madras. He took his ticket, and chatted in his kindly, self-forgetting way to the friends about him, one of whom turned aside for a moment, and upon turning back to him, found he was not: God had taken him.

early years in India a friend sent him a considerable sum of money; his first thought was the good of the mission at large, not his own private mission need, and the money was spent in helping to buy the bungalow since used for the Chairman of Council, whoever he may be. Again and again help was sent to someone in need out of a very slender store. A Tamil friend, a Christian lawyer, writes:

"He had no love of money. When he spent, he spent like a prince. He paid me most liberally for some service rendered, though I had refused a fee; and the money came as a godsend just at the time when I stood in need of the amount."

It is in the trifles of life this kind of nobility shines most brightly. Pettiness of any sort was foreign to his nature, and money had no fascination for him. Among the few business papers left in his despatch box was a pencil note of a letter drafted for his wife to write concerning the disposal of a certain sum in which she had an interest; this is how he advised her to write:

"We do not wish to allow money matters to interfere with our work for God. . . . My own interests in the matter I leave in the hands of the executors, since I am not going to let money considerations influence my mind in any way."

In August he went to Ceylon for convention work, and on the 17th wrote to his wife from Trinity College, Kandy.

The journal entry that day is, "Eddy and I had a time of prayer together at noon about Fraser's case," and the letter explains it:

"Yesterday was in one sense a day of heavy sorrow here. Fraser and Senior returned from Colombo with the news that Mr. Fraser has sleeping-sickness, contracted four years ago in Uganda. Some of us had prayer while he broke the news to his wife. She took it wonderfully. Oh, it strengthens one's faith to see how some Christians bear a blow! She told her husband later it had been a glorious day, and yet I know her heart is bleeding. They have three little ones, and are just in the middle of a grand work here with endless possibilities of usefulness before them. God had given Mrs. Fraser beforehand those wonderful verses,

'We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in Whom we trust that He will yet deliver us.' I never saw anyone bear a blow so wonderfully, and their prayer is that God would draw them by it closer to Himself. This is real faith, God's gift. There have been only so far two cases of sleeping-sickness cured, and they have been left wrecks."

A few details follow as to the specially terrible nature of the disease as it runs its course, and then:

"Mr. Fraser knows all this; and, though wrung through and through, just bears it all grandly, and quietly makes arrangements for the college."

He speaks of the younger man—"a dear fellow" he calls him—upon whom the great responsibility of carrying on the work must now fall, and of the quiet heroism of the husband and wife; and enlarges upon the line of prayer those who would give themselves to prayer for them should take. Upon his return to Dohnavur he went over it all again, for his heart was full of it; and the first meal broke up into prayer continued faithfully till the answer came from God which raiseth the dead, and the college welcomed its missionary back, healed and whole.

Towards the end of 1906, and for some weeks into 1907, the Dohnavur village was smitten by cholera; and the Ordination men, following the example of their teacher, helped to nurse the stricken people, carrying medicine to them in brass bowls, rubbing their poor knotted limbs, ready even if it had come to it to help to bury the dead, last and lowest of duties in the Indian scheme of life. And it all but came to that. For the disease entered the village by way of a single family whose perquisite it was to possess the clothes of the dead. They brought cholera-infected garments from another village into their little hut, on the edge of Dohnavur, and no one knew. One by one the children of the house sickened, then the parents; and the terror passed like wildfire through the place. Still those men and women clung to their death rags, hiding them away, denying that they had them; till almost the last of them

all, the old grandmother, who had seen the whole household swept off, for nothing could save them, struggled out into the street, leaving in her despair her son at the point of death, alone with his motherless infant; and clutching her white widow's cloth, she pulled it over her face like a shroud, and died where she lay in the street. Next morning she was found. There was not a living thing left in her house but a six months old babe, a pitiful bundle of wails, and the son now in collapse. Who was to bury her? Her own caste folk were dead, and no other would touch her. For an hour or two there was question. The Christians, led by the Ordination men, would have conquered themselves and come to the rescue; but just when it had become a matter to be immediately decided, kindred from outside appeared, hastily scooped the poor old huddle of rags out of the dust, and with their double burden of dead and living, fled to their own place.

Towards the end of the time the cholera medicine ran out; and till more could be obtained, quinine proved efficacious given in ten-grain doses every hour. But the type was virulent. Strong men went out to their work in the morning, and were buried in the evening. Children at play in the street at noonday were in their graves within four hours. Gradually the power of it abated; recoveries were more frequent, and the village took heart to hope again. But that strange Christmas Day will never be forgotten. Long before light, the call came for help; and the first case, happily successful, was no sooner dealt with than others called. And the hours were spent between the stricken people and the children of the compound, for whom the day, in spite of the awful presence stalking within a few yards of them all, must be made bright.

"Cholera still increasing," says the journal, upon December 31st; "and so the year ends with something of cloud and sorrow and the shadow of death. Yet He is faithful. Oh for love and zeal and power, and the prayer-spirit by and through the Holy Ghost!"

That cry was pressed from a heart burdened afresh for the people. Does it seem as if this life were constantly entering into

experience of burden? If so, it is only the truth. There are some who seem in a special manner set apart for fellowship in the sufferings of their Lord. The cause of the burden was the ceasing of the prayer-spirit so marked some months earlier in the congregation of Dohnavur, and indeed all over the district. It was as if a wave had come, swept over the place, and gone. There were results, but he had looked for greater things.

"Any point that is reached by a wave of light becomes a new centre of radiation from which the disturbance is propagated towards all sides."

Encyclopædia Britannica on "Light."

"Keep up the flag, never ground arms, always advance."

Duncan Matheson.

CHAPTER XXXI

Life Various

The life of the year included the closing of the Ordination class, a long tour in the Syrian country, some baptisms of special interest at Dohnavur (the journal notes each name, with, at the end of the list, "God keep them," a prayer answered through the years that have passed since). Then came a time of sickness among the children, he sharing the anxiety as if the little ones had been his own; and then a few weeks at Ooty, spent mainly in translation work—he was translating his Notes on Philippians into Tamil.

Local engagements followed the return to the plains, meetings here and there, each calling forth his best. The conveners of the Tamil Congress, Madras, invited him to address them, and crowded in great numbers in the Memorial Hall for a week of special meetings. Then work in Lucknow, Japalpur, Poona, Bangalore, 5500 miles of travel in all, and then home again. Thus in outline, the year's life.

With courage and with expectancy the new year had opened. The feeling of stir was still in the air; for though the movement of 1905–6 had to a great extent passed, there was enough of the unusual to quicken faith in those who were listening for "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees."

It is this element, the unusual, which seems to warrant somewhat full quotation from the journal where it touches the Syrian meetings. To those who lived through the time, the brief and, as it were, hot notes will recall it with a vividness no studied after-account of things as they then were could accomplish.

From the first day there is the sense of stir:

"Signs of evident response. But oh for the resistless power of God! Good congregation; spoke, then threw meeting open for prayer. Some earnest prayers. Temperature distinctly higher than yesterday. Evening, earnest prayer followed by prayer-storm."

But, as might be expected, there was special attack; and difficulties abounded, most of them of that trivial, insinuating character difficult to meet. "May God work. Not happy about things here. Still there was a warm close"; then on to the next centre.

The journey by wallam was restful:

"Read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Enjoyed quiet on back-waters, and reading, preparing, etc. Watched fish jumping in water, birds, people making cocoanut rope."

In this second centre the people were keen. "Huge audiences, emotional and responsive. Lord, work in hearts." But this convention did not satisfy the deepest desires; the final entry is:

"Morning meeting, spoke on the commands of Acts. The audience broke down, but it does not, alas, seem to have lasted. Evening meeting, huge congregation, spoke on John vii. 37 with much brokenness myself, and plenty of emotional response, but no break."

His birthday: "A year's march nearer Home! Oh for a Pentecost myself!" This is followed by: "The audience moved, through and through. Lord, work deep!"

"Feeling sadly the lack of power. Lord, deal with me." Thus another new convention opens. "Throat sore, and feeling under par; spoke ostensibly to communicants, but place filled to doors with general congregation. Evening, huge congregation. God has helped throat to-day. Oh for His power to save! . . . Throat weak and troublesome. As thy days so shall thy strength be." [" It came like a living word to me," he said afterwards, in telling of this experience. "I could not be afraid after that. I felt sure my throat would hold out."] "Large concourse; there seemed real grip. Evening, huge congregation, quiet, attentive. What more? Only God knows. . . . Voice hoarse and weak; at closing meeting some measure of response.

It made one feel solemn to see the huge congregation. Lord, cleanse the work. Voice held out, thank God."

The difficulty of living in the midst of noise through the heat of February and March pressed somewhat at times; but help always came just when it was most needed:

"They are putting me up in Syrian house close to pandal by their church. Windows look on bazaar street, and it is sadly public. Much troubled by rude onlookers" [no privacy possible]. Next note: "Mrs. Nicholson and Miss M'Kibben [who were staying in an adjacent C.M.S. Bungalow] called to see me." Nothing much would be said about the strain of the noise and heat, but the following morning: "Had a lovely quiet time" [at the bungalow]. No small boon to one to whom quiet between meetings was the essence of life.

Once there was a break at the house of C.M.S. friends. "The Neves received me kindly. Good night's rest, but feeling under par. Thank God for an easy day." And again fellow-missionaries, the Bowers, made all easy when the work touched their part of Travancore.

But the strain of four conventions single-handed, conducted always under trying conditions, was telling, though the word of strength did not fail; and never were comrades more welcome than the three who now gathered at Mārāmana. The crowd there was always larger than anywhere else, and more difficult to handle. Speaking in open pandals is terribly exhausting work; one meeting in the blazing heat in that huge pandal, set on the dry sand of the river-bed, with glowing sand all round, is enough to drain the strongest of a good deal of vitality. But though the lion's share of the work still fell to the one whom the Syrians looked upon as their special possession, a great deal could be shared. The four friends perfectly fitted into each other's ways, watching always for that spiritual lead which, when recognised and followed, makes for inward harmony and gain to the meeting in question. Often addresses prepared were undelivered, because the previous speaker seemed to have gripped the people, and so the second stood out. There was no formality, only a careful sensitiveness towards things eternal.

And from the beginning there was a distinct response; but response alone does not save souls:

"Oh for the Fire! Some emotional stir, but oh for broken hearts! . . . Number of enquirers and backsliders professed. But oh for deeper things yet! . . . A lashed sea. Storm all over the pandal; it gradually subsided. God bless and cleanse."

Then came resistance:

"Morning meeting: there was a block somewhere. Again evening meeting a dead block, and we came home defeated and ashamed. Lord, cleanse, forgive. . . . Solemn meeting" [again that which cannot be shown lies between these two entries] "in which we felt God's presence, and the congregation was moved. God cleanse it all."

"*March* 4.—Up at midnight [to see fellow-workers off]. Got off by wallam at 3 a.m. Troubled by my pain. Reached Pallam at 5.45 p.m., from whence in Bishop Gill's bullock cart to his house. Long talk on mission politics.

"*March* 5.—Left Bishop's house about 9.30 a.m., and had a restful day in the Gills' comfortable wallam."

The easy journey was a relief, for the next two campaigns had to be conducted alone. They were characterised by much solemnity and by the evident interposition of God, which made for quietness. In Kunnankulam, where there might easily have been trouble because of the strong Jacobite element, the journal notes:

"There was a sudden rush [caused by stone-throwing] while I was speaking, but all quieted down again and was solemn and still. A few stones fell on pandal, but people have listened for seven nights running. God bless His word. Oh for conviction as well as solemnity! . . . Quiet attention, but oh for power and conviction! Crowded audience, many standing, quiet and solemn, and many faces showed seriousness."

And at Trichur:

"Distressed to find that the pandal is fixed in a dangerous place [a place, he means, where its presence might provoke the Orthodox Syrian Churchmen to cause a disturbance]. Lord, guide. . . . Our pandal kept quiet by God's special help. Very still and solemn, but oh for a Nineveh

repentance! . . . Huge crowd and some response, but felt lack of power. Thus end the pandal meetings: Lord, cleanse, and give the increase."

Then, after the return home, comes that for which for want of a better name we call background. The joyful baptism day is noted in the journal. There followed immediately a sharp attack from the forces of evil, and a long train of anxieties ended in one of simple human sort:

"Still concerned about dear little C.; she has had high fever again to-day, early and late, only going down in middle of day. Oh for Thy healing grace."

That day a letter was written to one compelled to be absent: "Every little lamb belongs to the Good Shepherd, not to us"; by which he meant to say, "Prepare to give up this little one." But next day the entry is: "C. much better, praise a gracious God." And the daily progress is noted: "C. had a little fever for some hours. God heal her completely. C. free from fever to-day, thank God."

Besides the Commentary work on the hills in May there were the usual conventions, and Bible-readings and meetings. Sometimes he would have been unfeignedly glad of a rest; but he never had the heart to refuse appeals for help, and he toiled unto weariness and rejoiced to do it. The Ooty Bible-readings that year were on the Book of Zechariah; and to one sorely tempted to look at the encompassing "horns," the word, "I saw four horns. . . . And the Lord showed me four carpenters," brought courage and reassurance. "We can see the horns for ourselves; we need the Lord to show us the Carpenters. A Carpenter for every horn."

One sorrowful day is thus summed up: "No tokens. I came away feeling defeated." It was a quiet day, held for Tamil workers at Ooty, and the spiritual atmosphere was dull. Sometimes a splendid walk on the hills breaks into the record of Commentary work, and correspondence, and meetings: "With Miss Hopwood to Governor Shōla, and back over Cairn Hill; grand blow and drizzle"—drizzle in Ooty in June meaning a light dust of rain from the sea which makes one feel in sea air again. But the

journey home in the heat ended in something almost like illness: "Tired out, . . . very tired, . . . feeling the heat. Pain."

It is not the only time the journal writes the word: "My pain. My pain again. My old pain." The words occur too frequently. Right through the years, from the first year in India, he who was so keen to feel with all in pain was often in pain himself. He called his trouble by various names, and took little notice of it, only yielding to it when it was absolutely impossible to hold out for another hour. Few knew anything about it. Fewer still, that it discovered a tendency to one of the most acutely painful diseases the human frame can be called to endure. He was spared by his quick translation what might have slowly fastened upon him; but now that he is gone, it need not be longer hidden that the sympathy which so often strengthened others and helped to tide them over some season of suffering, was fruit of silent experience in the private ways of pain.

But let no one imagine a sufferer of a pensive frame of mind, visibly afflicted; things were entirely otherwise: "Listen to this," he said, one evening, bringing Matthew Arnold to dinner, with a twinkle in his eye, familiar forerunner of something good; and he read aloud with relish:

"I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favour'd sons, not me.

"Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show!

"Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name."

The rest of the poem was not food for laughter, but those three verses had interjection marks down their margins. Again, upon a later evening he regaled the family upon this from the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which he was then translating:

"Honour a physician according to thy need of him with the honours due unto him:
For verily the Lord hath created him.
For from the Most High cometh healing; and from the king he shall receive a gift.
The skill of the physician shall lift up his head;
And in the sight of great men he shall be admired.
The Lord created medicines out of the earth;
And a prudent man will have no disgust at them.
Was not water made sweet with wood,
That the virtue thereof might be known?

. . . .

Then give place to the physician, for verily the Lord hath created him;
And let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him.
There is a time when in their very hands is the issue for good.
For they also shall beseech the Lord,
That He may prosper them in giving relief and in healing for the maintenance of life.
He that sinneth before his Maker,
Let him fall into the hands of the physician."

The climax or anti-climax was irresistible: "The irony of it! After cracking the doctors up to the skies, 'Let him fall into the hands of the physician'!" Jokes which come back now with a sort of pang, but were pangless at the time, and show the light-hearted, almost boy-like *abandon* of a life which was strenuous enough and serious, but full of human brightness too.

September began with a struggle with fatigue; for there were various night disturbances, caused by the dogs in the Dohnavur village, which were suffering from an epidemic of barking. A disturbed night with him meant more than with many—exhaustion next day, and a tussle between his will and his feelings. Five such nights preceded the long tour of the autumn months, with their extremes of heat in the south and cold in the north.

"*September* 14.—Reached Madras, feeling dead tired. So hot. Spoke to Free Church Mission agents.

"*September* 15.—Thank God, much better night in spite of heat. Preached in Zion Church. Very hot day. Spoke in the adjoining Free Church to large congregation.

"*September* 16.—Praise God for a good night. Tamil Congress week, Memorial Hall Bible-reading, 6 p.m. Spoke to

crowded audience. Very hot in speaking. Oh for power! Throat a little uneasy."

The journal notes through the week are like those so often written before; for no outward sign of prosperity, no refinement of education, not even the true kindness, heart-refreshing though it was, of many of the Indian friends in Madras could satisfy the one who had come among them now. Only as souls he saw the Christians of Madras; and he longed over them as he had longed over the multitudes in Mārāmana or the sleeping churches of his own province:

"Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining—
Oh, let my sound be stormy in their ears!
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining;
Eyes that would weep, but cannot wait for tears."

It was his prayer there as everywhere.

"Spoke on Hosea ii. 14–27. Feeling so much the need of love and unction, with such a solemn subject before me to-night. Large crowds, but oh for Thy salvation! . . . Feeling some burden. A good many stayed behind, but came home feeling it a failure. God forgive. Good deal of simultaneous prayer among the women, some among the men; but oh for God to arise! Evening, crowded hall and many professions, but many unmoved. Very intense after-meeting, with a spontaneous stream of dedications. . . . Last meeting more than packed; a number stood up for surrender, but majority not. Lord, cleanse! Woke up with bad throat. Thank God, it has stood the strain of last week. Service at Zion Church. Spoke with husky difficulty." And thus concludes the Congress work: "*Hors de combat* with throat."

Fortunately for himself he fell into the hands of the physician, and kind, strong hands they were. So as for once it was a case of inability no will-power could overcome, doctor's orders were obeyed:

"Dr. Macphail [of the United Free Church Mission] wrote to forbid my speaking again this week, so had to write to Ewing [of the Y.M.C.A.] to that effect. What wilt Thou have me to do? All is well, whether in speech or silence."

There were many visitors through those days—Syrian Christian

students studying in Madras, Tinnevelly friends resident there, and sometimes Hindu enquirers. The home burden was shared, as always, even during tours; for it was part of life, not an extraneous thing. "Anxious news from Dohnavur about little C. God help them!" At last, on September 30th, the record scribble in an evidently very shaky train is: "*En route* for Lucknow." Three days later: "Throat still under par; Lord, help." The throat had not got complete rest; for a travelling companion was without Christ, and it was impossible to be wholly silent. "Lord, save him!" is the journal note as the travellers part company. But a good night and a day's rest at Lucknow worked wonders:

"Evening to Residency, where an old chowkidar, who wore Kabul and Kandahar medals, took me round. The place full of interest; stood where Lawrence was shot, stood by his grave, and those of other brave soldiers. God make us faithful in such a blood-bought land!"

Then followed the mission:

"Lord, visit us! Good congregation. Oh for the Spirit's work! . . . Large congregation; very still, but oh for God to work! Good deal of burden to-day. Lunch with the Z.B.M. ladies. Their sympathy and prayer helped me much. . . . Crowded church, with a goodly number of professions and confession-prayers. Spoke on Rev. iii. 20. Response afterwards disappointing. Oh, it seems only to have scratched the surface! Lord, cleanse. Dinner with the Gray family, nice, quiet, helpful. Spoke on Heb. ii. 3. Felt it a dead failure, and was ashamed before God. . . . Workers' meeting, some real feeling in meeting. Closing meeting, stream of thanksgiving."

And so the record runs day after day, for spiritual warfare is no child's play:

"God is speaking, but oh for greater things than these! Don't feel there is much power in the meetings. Lord, quicken me. Feeling deadness all around, especially in myself" [these entries follow a prolonged attack upon an entrenched position]: "Feeling so empty and needy. I came home defeated and disappointed."

But his work was with his God.

"*November* 15.—Dohnavur at 6.30 a.m.; so glad to be back after nine weeks' absence." It was a happy home-coming. Miss Wade, then a new recruit to Dohnavur, whom he had met at Tuticorin and brought on with him, remembers how he slipped away just as the bandies reached the gate. He wanted her to have the whole of the welcome; so he stopped his bandy just outside the compound and got in quietly by the side gate. It was a little thing, but like him.

The remaining weeks were filled with home work, the correction of Tamil proofs, the setting of examination papers in theology, and the putting into shape notes upon the Acts with a view to another Commentary. "Making a sketch map for Philippians" is one entry, followed next day by "Made a fresh sketch map"; such details got the best that could be given to them. There was the usual preaching work, and camp occasionally; and there was much of all that is included in the comprehensive word "help." Help to fellow-workers alongside, help of that nameless sort hardly perceived at the time, but missed when it is taken away. In the defeats and difficulties of a new work there was the strength of counsel and of sympathy:

"It's sure to be hard," he used to say, quoting a favourite word from Carlyle. "'On the beaten road there is tolerable travelling, but there will be sore pain; and many will have to perish in fashioning a pass through the impassable'"—for such in truth the work attempted seemed, and still seems to those engaged in "fashioning a pass." "But never mind," he would add, when the winds were even more than usually contrary, "let's be like the Iceland ducks [whose spirits rise in a storm] and sing in the teeth of the blizzard!"

"O most glorious God, relieve my spirit with Thy graciousness; take from me all tediousness of spirit, and give me hope that shall not fail."

JEREMY TAYLOR.

"There is a River the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God."

"If only one can have courage and faith and patience to go on pouring toil into the indisputable ways of doing good, grinding away at the things that no one can fail to recognise as one's duty, then as years go on, after a longish spell, one may look back and wonder to see how much has come about incidentally that one hardly thought of."

BISHOP PAGET in a letter of 1894.
(From his Biography by STEPHEN PAGET and J. M. C. CRUM.)

CHAPTER XXXII

The Monotone

There is something in the East, whether in city or in country village, which is like a certain type of Indian music, requiring for its perfect performance that a single low note should be sustained throughout the whole. This note may be played upon a conch shell or a flute; all that matters is that it should go on without a change to the end. The surface of such music may be anything from a series of moans to a bewildering dazzle; there is an extraordinary manipulation of time and scale in the different instruments, and the leading chanter has power of sustaining his breath and skill in the use of varied devices amazing to the unaccustomed. This surface movement, or series of movements, has for its peculiarity a singular responsiveness to the lightest indication of your wishes: enter into it with enthusiasm, and it becomes wildly enthusiastic; doubt, and it doubts with you. All the Indian sensitiveness to outward influence is shown forth in this quick response; but underneath, unaffected by any wish of yours, oblivious to such wish, that single note continues. There are some who never hear it. Others again catch it all too soon, and never lose it. It is like the sound of the sea heard from a little distance, behind and under more trifling sounds, the chirp of the sparrow, the laugh of a child—a solemn, ever-continuing sound; and the heart of the man who listens is filled with just this longing, to bring the force of another Continuance to bear upon the persistent note. The spirit of the East is in it. What of that? The Spirit of the Lord is stronger than the spirit of the East: it is old; He is eternal. So the missionary goes on; but a missionary journal often for pages together must have something of the note in it.

That is why it cannot be always interesting. It does not mainly deal with the changeful surface of things, but with that which lies behind; and there can be no variety there, for the note is a monotone. This year, 1908, offers little in the way of material for book writing. There are twenty-nine pages of entries after the fashion of the monotone. And that is all. Here and there, but hardly half a dozen times in all, other entries occur, and these recall moments not monotonous:

"*February* 22.—Talk with the ladies and Philipose about the position in Travancore.

"*February* 23.—Spoke on 1 Samuel xxiii. 18 ('and they two made a covenant before the Lord'), finishing with crowning Him Lord of all. Rain prevented afternoon meeting. *Laus Deo!*"

The ladies, Mrs. Nicholson and Miss M'Kibben, fill up the spaces:

"He never took what he called the path of least resistance; but would meet them [the Syrian Christians] with his clear, decisive pronouncement of what he considered right. And from Mr. Philipose downward it was accepted and acted upon. Our headmaster told us some time ago how in the early days of his conversion he had a difficulty that he could not get over with his logical view of things. He wrote to a well-known English leader, and got pages of writing which gave him very little help. Then he wrote and asked another to explain, with no better result. Then he asked Mr. Walker, I think at the close of the convention, and got a clear answer upon an ordinary sheet of notepaper upon his return to Dohnavur."

And as to that crowning meeting:

"It was Sunday, and the closing day of the convention. There was a crowded morning meeting, and there was to be another (the last) in the afternoon; his subject was David and Jonathan and their threefold covenant, of love, obedience, loyalty. He described how they two stood alone in that wood for the last time on earth, and how Jonathan crowned David king; and then he brought it home to the people, and asked who would make Jesus king, and all over the pandal there went up a sudden burst of 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'

"As we walked home together along the river-bank he said, 'I feel we have reached the climax this morning. There should be no other meeting; this should be our last.' And so it was; for about half an hour afterwards, before the next meeting was to gather, a violent thunder-storm began, and it could not be held."

April 20.—"Overdone by the heat" recalls a blazing day of the kind that takes something out of soul and body. The heat, if there is only physical or mental strain, is one thing; but, when all the time the spirit is hard at work, it tells. The work of that day was in camp among students. "Prayer with Eddy," is the word of the day before; and that friend has told of what fashion the prayer was. Then came the conventions on the hills. Of one of his addresses the entry is "Felt no liberty: God forgive"; but that of another is set down as "a precious word."

There were some fine walks that year, notably one to a gorge opening upon a glorious view of crag and torrent and far-reaching downs. Wordsworth was the companion that day—Matthew Arnold's little blue Wordsworth, with a round gold Rydal Mount upon the cover:

> "There's joy in the mountains;
> There's life in the fountains;
> Small clouds are sailing,
> Blue sky prevailing;
> The rain is over and gone."

Wordsworth, like his less-known brother poet of the lakes, C. A. Fox, asks to be read in the open air.

And now the entries are just a succession of duties of the ordinary sort. Occasionally fitted in between them was something difficult enough to be mentioned with special thanksgiving when it was over; as when an unworthy worker—who, hoping to obtain foothold in the district, had invited himself for a two days' visit to Dohnavur, where he insisted upon singing hymns all day at the top of his voice—at length departed; then the entry is, "to my intense relief." Or pleasant enough to have a line all to itself, as "Telescope arrived from England."

This, though only a small instrument, was a real refresh-

ment. Many a guest to Dohnavur recalls the pleasure of those starry evenings, when the Nebula 31 M. Andromedæ, or the great Nebula in Orion opened out their mysteries, or the sparkling little Beehive, or the blue and golden double stars in the Swan. When Saturn and his rings were for the first time clearly visible, hanging just over the bungalow roof, the call sent forth to all the family was a peremptory "Come at once!" and the family came and gazed, hardly knowing which to enjoy most—the delight of enjoying the telescope or the delight of its owner. So again when Jupiter arrived with his moons, "playing ball" as an irreverent junior remarked, everyone assembled to see him, and for several successive evenings that majestic game in the sky filled the hour between eight and nine; for at nine, now as ever, everything stopped. The star-filled fields came near through those months; and there were some to whom the map of the moon was a better-known subject than the map of the earth. "Students' wives to tea; singing and telescope," is an entry fitted in between records of routine work. Once he quoted beautiful words from the Book of Baruch: "The stars shined in their watches and were glad: when he called them, they said, Here we be; they shined with gladness unto Him that made them," and a line from C. A. Fox's *Prayer before Nature*, upon "the moon's white dream of holiness," charmed him about this time.

The first break of importance that autumn was a mission to the American Presbyterian mission at Pasumalai. Dr. Jones of Pasumalai writes: "I remember very well his visit to our home and campaign in our church in September 1908. He was in the prime of his power then, and was full of deep, spiritual earnestness in conveying his fine message to our people. Many of our people spoke to me of the deep and abiding influence his addresses had upon them at the time. I never knew him to be among us with so prophetic a voice and so imbued with the spirit of his Master as at that time. He had a splendid vision of the possibilities of the mystical, spiritual life of the Indian Christian, and in that I have always had full sympathy with him. He and I talked much about this subject, and we were in full harmony as to

what is the greatest need of the Indian Church to-day in the development of its spiritual life." Or, as he himself expressed it, when he returned home a day or two after that conversation, "We agreed that what the people want to make them all they are meant to be, is grit, character." That, to put it tersely, was to him the need of India. "Some grip. Lord, cleanse it all," are the only journal notes of the Madura meetings.

A series of camp meetings held near Madras for students occupied a week or so that autumn; in some respects they were disappointing; but "God has blessed," the journal says. Individuals were helped, as the long stream of young men who came for private talks proved; but the inner question was, "Why not more? Why this hindrance to the full tide of power? Where is the block?"

Upon Sunday, November 19th, after his return home, there is a new kind of entry:

"At noon service people came so late that I stopped preaching, and this created some effect; and they held a prayer-meeting and later a meeting to arrange for regularity."

It was a curious Sunday. Those who were at home, as some of the Dohnavur household usually were, so as to set others free to go to the service, were astonished to see the congregation returning in disconcerted groups long before the ordinary time. Astonishment sat upon the faces of all those returning ones; anything so amazingly unorthodox had never happened before in all their long experience of Tinnevelly ways. "I thought I would see how it would act," was his own explanation; "it will be worth it, if it teaches the people reverence." It certainly did seem to have some such effect. For months not a single man or woman came late to service; and the standard of punctuality, so difficult to keep up in a country congregation, had been raised. "We must be in time or——" and a twisted curl of the right-hand fingers would forcibly finish the sentence.

It is impossible to read through the journal for this year without feeling the distinct sadness of lowered hope. It was not that nothing was being done; but eyes that have seen the mysterious Moving of the Spirit upon the face of the waters

never again can be satisfied with the laboured work of man, or even that which, before that strange experience was granted, had seemed enough to ask.

Night by night in the little side-room where the journal was written, there was searching of heart as the day was reviewed; another day without that for which its writer waited: "Lord, is it I?" he would ask again and again. "Am I hindering blessing?" "Revive me, O my God!" and being, as such souls cannot but be, very sensitive to those dimly perceived spiritual influences which surround us, he was sorely tempted to depression when the months passed, and nothing happened out of the ordinary; and most sincerely he sympathised with those who, hardly knowing how to bear the general lukewarmness, sent out from time to time fiery appeals for more earnestness in intercession. But his inward attitude and the calm way he judged things, even in the heat of desire, is shown in a letter written towards the close of the year to his friend, Rev. R. J. Ward of Coonoor:

"I have received from V. to-day some papers, one of which is entitled 'Who is able to drink of this cup?'

"While in full agreement with most of it, I think it unwise to circulate it in its present form; I have written to V. about it. Is it not better to avoid all criticisms of others in the interest of the Cause? *e.g.* Is it wise to refer, as the paper does, to the Anglican Congress and to Keswick? I feel more and more 'Who am I, that I should criticise?' Lord, bring me lower. Surely we had better keep to positive positions and definite calls, and avoid the judicial altogether. Oh, the poverty of all we do! I write in case you are thinking of inserting any of it in the Prayer Circular. We want to win fellow-missionaries to join us. But this kind of statement may repel where we wish to attract."

The letter was signed, "Yours, less than the least."

"Among the hindrances which will prevent anyone from having the 'Tongue of Fire,' none acts more directly than any misuse of the tongue itself. If the door of the lips be not guarded, if uncharitable or idle speech be indulged, if political or party discussion be permitted to excite heats, if 'foolish talking or jesting' be a chosen method of display, it is not to be supposed that the same tongue will be the medium wherein the sacred fire of the Spirit will delight to dwell. Who has ever worn at the same time the reputation of a trifler and of a man powerful to search consciences?"

William Arthur, *The Tongue of Fire.*

CHAPTER XXXIII

Come, Wind of God

"INDIA is in an interesting and transition stage; but, spiritually speaking, there seems to be a reaction at present from the promise of the widespread revival which seemed so imminent a few years ago. We need a spirit of life from God both in the Christian congregations and among the non-Christian millions of the land. The present condition of things calls loudly for earnest prayer."

So he wrote to the C.M.S. towards the end of the year. It was a year of the intense sort, intense watching unto prayer in the longing hope that that which had gone might return; and intense earnestness in buying up every opportunity to reach souls before the chill which had fallen upon the land should harden them past desire for better things. To read the journal, knowing what lies behind each entry, is like tracing the course of a strong runner, running, as Simeon of Cambridge ran, with all his might because the goal was so near.

The Ordination class ended. The students gave each his farewell message in the Dohnavur church, and were ordained at Mengnānapuram by Bishop Williams in presence of a large congregation:

"The whole service was very solemn and impressive. The newly ordained men are now in charge of pastorates and are busy preparing for presbyters' orders," he wrote to the C.M.S.

Then, after some days spent mainly in trying to help a weak soul to put on strength, off to North Tinnevelly for meetings, where there was, the journal notes, real response; then home for a few days of life's sundries.

"My birthday," he writes upon February 9th; "another

year of life gone, and so little to show for it." Then, towards the end of the month, Travancore.

"MĀRĀMANA.—Larsen [of the Danish Mission] turned up about 5 p.m. Archibald [Children's Special Service missioner] arrived."

Welcome entries at the beginning of such a campaign. The three friends were housed in what they called the rabbit-hutches, little booths made of cocoanut matting put up in a garden about eight minutes' walk from the pandal—a comfortable arrangement, and a vast improvement upon that of earlier days. As always, the kindness of the Syrians was unbounded.

For once there is not a word in the journal record, other than the bare details of addresses. Not one of the familiar, brief, pressed-out prayers; it might be a business record of a business undertaking. But the time lives in the memory of those who shared it:

"From that convention I carried away an eternal blessing," writes the younger of the two, R. T. Archibald; "not the sight of so many thousands, nor anything which was said during those days. The Syrian Bishop had given us booths with three cubicles. Mr. Walker was in the middle one, and as I passed his cubicle to get to mine from time to time, the curtain would blow aside and disclose a kneeling figure, that made an ineffaceable impression, and I longed for such a spirit of prayer. How little those thousands knew that throughout the convention he practically lived on his knees receiving bread for them from the Master. It was the explanation of the overflowing love which characterised the delivery of every address.

"At the average convention—if any notice is taken of the children at all—meetings are arranged for them rather as a 'side-show' than anything else. At least, such has been my experience. They don't want the children in the bigger gatherings, and so something apart is arranged for them to keep them quiet. Consequently little is accomplished; for those who might offer their services are busy about 'the more important meetings.' The children's gatherings which were held at Mārāmana for the first time, I believe, that year, were not considered a mere adjunct. Mr. Walker told me the first day that he was sorry not to be able to come himself, as he needed all his time to

prepare whenever it was his turn to address the big morning meeting. One morning in the week he was free, and he took the first opportunity to give us a helping hand. He sat right in the midst of the children; and when I beckoned to him to come up to the platform he shook his head, intimating that he was happier where he was.

"I was struck, too, by his practical life. As our host he anticipated all our wants, and nothing escaped his attention; for instance, he kept his eye on our plates, and was never behindhand with the next slice of bread, or whatever was needed—a rarely cultivated habit in India, where everything of the kind is left to servants. His well-known greeting, 'Well, man, and how are you?' soon dispelled the notion that there was anything soapy about his saintliness.

"I remember that on the occasions when he was to be the speaker at the big convention, he always walked to the meeting ahead of us, in order to be alone and away from casual conversation. "His silence about results after a mission was also a great lesson. He always seemed to me to be keeping secrets with God. And with all his spirituality he was so sane. On the day before the last day of the convention I was speaking, and as we closed, the whole congregation (17,000) broke out into audible prayer. The noise increased every moment, and I turned to him for a word of counsel. He said, 'Let them go on; they will stop soon.' In five minutes all had subsided, and then he came forward and said, 'We don't mind the noise, but we want the faith'; and made them face the appeal of the morning once more in silent prayer before sending them away. To have deprecated the noise might have been a stumbling-block to many. On the other hand, much might have been lost by allowing the meeting to end in noise. The quiet time at the close, and those wise words which I have never forgotten, solved the problem."

This was the man as his comrades knew him, not only through one week of special high-level life, but through the common days of common years.

This habit of silence before meetings was very marked always. Mr. Ward, fellow-worker in many a convention, recalls how, when he was his guest, he "was struck again and again with the silence that he maintained during a meal preceding a meeting. The message was indeed a burden of the Lord. It

was not exactly a contrast to that, but another aspect of the same earnestness, which led him, after meetings were over, to join so heartily in the life of our home, and especially in the hymn-singing with which during the convention the day closed."

"Home upon March 3rd. Hard at work with arrears of correspondence. Got off revision of Philippians for second edition. Preparation for Madras. My old pain came on and hindered evening work.

"*March* 9.—Left for Madras, Eddy joining me."

Again the journal is silent as to deeper things, except for the word at the end, "Lord, cleanse, and bless, and confirm it all," and as is its wont, so is the annual letter. Only upon very rare occasions do we find more than the most guarded of surface news in anything written for print; but the friend who organised that mission, Rev. John Stewart of Madras, overheard some Hindus talking together as they went out of the hall. They were wondering at the intense earnestness of the speaker. That, rather than what he had said, had struck them and impressed them. "Do be in earnest"—Madame Coillard's dying words seemed ever ringing in his soul.

"*April* 6. — Dohnavur at daybreak. Correspondence. Finished review of Acts MS. and despatched to press. Reviewed a Tamil MS. for opinion, etc."

That "etc." covered much; for the time was hot with a battle in which he shared, trying to save those to whom it properly belonged from the full brunt of it. It concerned a brave and innocent young girl who for four years had set Dohnavur before her as her one hope, believing that, if only she could reach it, she would be protected from the worst that could befall her.

There are hours of life which burn. Such an hour had to be lived through upon April 12th when, with Mrs. Walker alone in prayer in the room on one side of the bungalow, and the child with those who loved her, waiting in tension beyond speech, on the other, he in the room between, while wicked men and women clamoured around him, pleaded, reasoned, threatened, in

vain. Power, the power of lawful authority, was on the wrong side that day; the child had to be given up. With a set white face and eyes that looked unutterable things, he left the room, when the deed was done, and threw himself upon his knees. There were few prayers in words in the house that day. There are things that scorch words.

Then Ooty; but towards the close of the month he came down into the heat to meet half-way a member of the Dohnavur family who had been detained over the child's battle and other matters. The one thus met at a wayside station was not expecting him; and the relief to a tired traveller may be imagined when the flicker of a distant lamp fell upon his face, the one white face among the many brown faces pressing round a gate which was locked and could not be opened till the sleepy official could be found and roused. Once more that reposeful sense of all's right now: the batch of converts undertaken and piloted across the line; the minor burdens, luggage and tickets, lifted off: such is comradeship.

"Not very warm or free," thus he summarises one of the hill conventions. There was earnest speaking; but it required more spiritual power than was apparently present to pass beyond the usual, and reach a wealthy place.

Followed a series of missions in various places in the South and in Ceylon: at the last of which, Mr. Larsen and Mr. Eddy joined him, so the work was immensely lightened. There are few notes. One of the few, however, is characteristic: "Preached in a church not according to my liking, but tried to make the best of it." Then, on the way to Dohnavur, a pause in Palamcottah for what, viewed with human eyes, was nothing of importance. "Gave evidence in Court in case of little M."

It was the child given up upon that pitiful day in April; for her kindred had gone to law among themselves, a criminal case was in progress, the little girl was Court witness, and Dohnavur was summoned to give evidence which to the human eye could do nothing for her salvation. Then on to Dohnavur, but only *en route* for Nagercoil, a station of the London Missionary Society in

South Travancore. The journal says nothing about the meetings there, but never had missionary warmer friends outside his own mission; and such excursions were often very fruitful.

Early in August there is a bright record; he must have wanted to dip his pen in something other than common ink the night he wrote: "—— came, bringing little M. [spoils of battle], accompanied by Price" [as escort]; for God had interposed, and in open Court, by the consent of all concerned, the child was given up to the people of her choice.

"I sent you out with mourning and weeping; but God will give (yea rather, has given) you back to me with joy and gladness for ever." In some such words the Dohnavur family, with the child set in the midst, praised and rejoiced; and he who had suffered before as only a chivalrous man can suffer in the presence of wrong triumphant, could not rest till he had heard the whole story of the deliverance: and his prayer that night was a song.

The next undertaking was a long stretch of itinerating work among remote villages where he spent week after week, smitten to the heart by the prevailing apathy, but always going on. Whenever possible, Rev. Luke John, Dohnavur's good pastor, worked with him. Together they toiled through those little village missions, and together they grieved over the great need around them of life and life more abundant; but the greater the need the greater the call to be up and doing and to go on doing.

Sometimes, in thinking back over the chapters written, it seems to the writer that enough has not been shown of this simple going on. Special missions represent spiritual stress and strain; still, there is the sense of movement, the zest of co-operation with a band of like-minded colleagues, something not ordinary. But the normal life of the years was as ordinary as it is possible to imagine. And this is the part which, if only it could be shown, would appeal most to the average worker, the toiler out of sight.

The missionary usually comes out warm; the tendency is to cool when the influences around begin to tell upon the spirit.

Just at this point, perhaps, his lot is cast in some obscure little place where there is neither the inspiration of numbers, nor the cheer of sympathy, nor anything else the least quickening to the natural man. There may be vivid incidents; but life is not made up of such incidents, but of matter-of-fact routine. Sometimes, as he plods along, the man who came out keen is conscious in his inner being of having lost something. It is as if a breath had dulled his mirror: it does not reflect as it did. He could mount up with wings as eagles, but this walking without fainting is a different matter.

To see the life this book is meant to show, to fit it into its true place in the landscape, it must somehow be seen moving quietly day by day over the plain flats of the quite prosaic. Such levels are rich as corn lands: could there be better places for proving that the joy of the Lord is strength and sufficient stimulus? but they offer nothing the least romantic. It may be different in newer fields, while the glamour of newness is still upon them; but even they soon become old; many of the world's fields are old, and yet they are needy enough, and some must be willing to serve in them. Tinnevelly is such a field.

There will be some to whom this paragraph will not appear worth printing. They find everything inspiring, and they are delightful people to be with for awhile, for they throw a shining veil upon everything they see. But a time comes when even they touch bottom, and the veil wears thin, and they look round with a sort of desperation to find somebody graced with a single glory, the Glory of Going on. There is very little said about these village missions in the journal. There is nothing to say except that he went on. But one afternoon that August, in the cramped and noisy quarters of a local chieftain's house where he was staying, he set down his heart's desire upon paper and signed it " A Lover of Wind in an upper room on a sultry day ":

> Come, Wind of God! Blow, Breeze of heaven!
> Move through this still and stifling air;
> Be clouds of mercy o'er us driven,
> Breathe life and coolness everywhere.

Come, Wind of God! Blow, Breeze benign!
Our languid spirits droop and fail;
We long, we pant for Breath Divine,
Awake! arise! Thou heavenly Gale!

Come, Wind of God! breathe on us now,
This deadly stillness stir, remove;
Cause every heart to bend and bow
Before the swelling Breeze of Love.

Come, Wind of God! and fill this place,
Sweep on with mighty, rushing sound;
Rouse, cheer, renew us with Thy grace,
Shed health and vigour all around.

Come, Wind of God! thrice welcome Guest,
Thy grand approach we hear, we greet!
Our quickened spirits spring refreshed
To happy toil and service sweet.

This, all it stands for, explains the going on. Immediately upon his return home from these weeks among the villages, he began to prepare for a Bible school for the Tamil clergy, who were to meet at a house a little way out of Tinnevelly town, fittingly called the Retreat. Then there were a few days of busy home life before the tour of the year to Western India and to some places in the United Provinces.

These few days at home were always very full. He was so thoroughly played out after a long mission that a little rest seemed very desirable; but half an hour's walk up and down the drive, in the short twilight, with his wife, was as much as he would consent to, over and above the one hour later under the stars; and though that later hour was sometimes taken for Commentary work, he always considered he had had it, and regarded the half-hour before as a great concession. Work for the Tamil Literary Committee or the Madras Text Book Committee, the preparation of various memoranda (one on Prayer-Book revision was the subject of some thought just then), the revision of old hymns, and the writing of new—these things consumed the day. Always they were accomplished between the usual interruptions of headquarters; the pastor would come with a string of difficulties, a schoolmaster

with a grievance, or a catechist with a tangle taking hours to unravel. Sometimes a new convert would appear for a talk. Once a lately attempted robbery had to be enquired into (for Dohnavur lies open to such diversions, being guarded solely by robber-caste people subsidised to restrain their fellows from pillage); all these things, each so minute taken alone, but so time-absorbing, belonged to the day's work. And fitted into the corners of such days was the endless business of translation. For he was translating the Apocrypha into Tamil, working direct from Professor Swete's Cambridge Old Testament in Greek, and noting the variations of the English Revised Version in the margin — a work which, as he said, needed "considerable application." Sometimes something specially fine from the book of the day was read aloud at dinner, to the blank discomfiture of the faithful Michael, who, concerned for his master's highest good, would persist in pressing pudding or some such triviality upon him just at the wrong moment. One such shared pleasure was the portion which sets forth the contention of the young man of King Darius' bodyguard, that above all things Truth beareth away the victory; for

> "Truth abideth, and is strong for ever; she liveth and conquereth for evermore. . . . And she is the strength, and the kingdom, and the power, and the majesty, of all ages. Blessed be the God of Truth. And with that he held his tongue. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and strong above all things."

A passage like this was pure pleasure to translate, and did much to atone for the tedious parts which were sometimes so tedious that he all but regretted having undertaken the work. Still he held on to it; not only because he had undertaken it and it was not his custom to change his mind, but because he felt that certain passages required more than ordinary care in translation, lest the result should be misleading.

"We must act like men who have the enemy at their gates, and at the same time like men who are working for Eternity."

MAZZINI.

"Every minute was an opportunity."

JOHN MACPHERSON, *Life of Duncan Matheson.*

CHAPTER XXXIV

To Western India and the United Provinces

AND now came another long tour, this time to Western India and the United Provinces. The journal notes are, for the most part, brief records of contest.

"Feeling distressed about the stagnation, ignorance and apathy. But at the end a goodly number signed, and brought in the decision cards. Lord, cleanse and bless.

"People seem cold and many ignorant: Lord, quicken us;" and again at the end, "Response."

The next:

"Some response. Decided response. Lord, cleanse and confirm.

"Did not feel it very responsive; but the fault must have been in me. Kept back Z.B.M. girls for after-meeting; good response. God accept, cleanse, and confirm the work."

"Interpretation hampered me fearfully. Such a flat business;" he writes once, much depressed; but in spite of it, a later note is, "Response; Lord, cleanse and confirm the work." Among the people of Bombay some are Tamils. It was good, he says, to speak again in his "own language" to a full congregation who greeted him kindly afterwards. "Now, Lord, take, cleanse, bless all."

"Alas! so dead and flat: God be merciful," so the next mission opens. He was feeling ill, too, for physical disability almost invariably attended these special efforts: "Lord, heal the chill, so as not to let it hinder Thy work. . . . Response: God cleanse, bless, confirm." "Feeling that we are not making headway, but there is a block somewhere. Lord,

cleanse and use. Not at all happy about things. Oh for the power!"

For a series of special missions, as must by this time be abundantly evident, was never a triumphal procession, or an easy walk over from victory to victory; but a conflict renewed at each fresh place with Powers, actual, determined, subtle—never more actual than when they delude the imagination of the foolish into questioning their existence. "Lords of darkness" are they, "whose present sway is world wide; wicked beings that haunt the upper air." Such words may be mere hyperbole to those drugged to the point of denial; none the less they represent tremendous facts to the man who knows what it is to close in grapple with that which they describe, and in the name of the Lord to triumph gloriously.

Throughout this tour, as throughout every other, he wrote daily to his wife letters full of detail, so that she could follow him through everything. Sometimes he took time to tell of the pleasures by the way, as when he first sighted the snows of the abode of snow, or Temple of the snow, as he delighted to translate the Sanskrit word Himālia—or when a kindly hostess gave him a fire in his bedroom, a comfort keenly appreciated by his "South Indian skin." These letters show him in every mood:

"*October* 25.—We had a good gathering at the Y.M.C.A. last night, with a sprinkling of Hindus amongst the Christians, and there was solemn stillness towards the close. This morning we had another workers' meeting in church; but there is a big block somewhere. There is no spirit of earnest prayer among them and no apparent soul hunger. . . . It was so when we began the mission, and it has become clearer as we have gone on. I feel utterly helpless about it, and don't know what to do. If they all go away as they came, it will be terrible. . . . One feels, however, that if God's Holy Spirit filled oneself, the obstacles would be swept away. . . . Please pray hard in Dohnavur for Western India. There are no very cheering signs.

"*October* 27.—We had quiet attention at the general meeting last night. This morning we had the last workers' meeting. There has been nothing like a break among them; but I felt that there had been enough teaching of a searching kind, and so spoke of Christ, and begged them to yield full allegiance to Him.

Then there was a stream of brief consecration prayers afterwards. I do not know how much or how little it may mean, but there we had to leave it.

"*November* 4.—We finished up the mission here last night. There was well-sustained attention and interest throughout. At the close we distributed dedication cards for people to sign, if so led, alone before God. It is always difficult to judge results in India; but God can take care of His own incorruptible seed.

"*November* 5.—We had a full church at both meetings yesterday, and close attention; I hope the word is going home. More and more one feels that the real work is in the heart and not in excited feelings.

"*November* 6.—The special meetings are over here. The last one was very solemn, and there was distinct and ready response at the after-meeting. The waters would soon have boiled into excitement, but I do not think that would be good for the people. What they need is real decision of heart and will, and that is what we tried to keep in view. I had several visitors later, young men who had been decidedly touched. Pray that the work in men's hearts may go on.

"*December* 5.—The Himālia snows were lovely as we drove out in the morning, and remained visible all day. I could see their dreamy beauty through the chancel window during service, and they suited one of the Psalms for the day: 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.'

"I was amused by the extract from the letter of ——'s brother just received. Of course I have booked it. It is a parable of the life of many, seeing God and then eating worms! [This was the story of a little lad who when asked by his father, 'Would you like to be a bird?' answered, 'Very much; for then I would fly up to heaven and see God, and come down again and eat worms.']

"This is my furthest point from home, and yet it feels nearer; for when I leave, my face will be homeward."

And later, as he turned the corner and faced the South again:

"I shall soon be on my last part of the programme in the United Provinces, and then hurrah for home! . . . A fortnight next Monday I shall be leaving for Allahabād, and three weeks next Monday shall be homeward bound. Hurrah!"

But the missioner, what of him, as fellow-workers saw him?

At Gorakhpur, in the United Provinces, he was the guest of Rev. J. F. Pemberton, of the C.M.S., who with his wife shared in that conflict for souls. He writes of his friend:

"I find it extremely difficult to write about our missioner. Reverence draws a veil over much; for the deepest things of life are not to be handled lightly, but must remain within the sanctuary with God. Before the mission commenced, our Bishop (Dr. Clifford) wrote a circular letter to the Indian Christians commending the missioner to them, and in this letter he wrote, 'Mr. Walker is a man of God.'

"He was no stranger to us. We met him for the first time when he came to Watford (Herts) on a C.M.S. deputation in 1893. That visit to Watford is indelibly impressed in the memory with certain outstanding features: his address on the missionary vocation based on Joshua i. with the "Whithersoevers" of consecration, success and power; his enthusiasm for the cause, with marked self-restraint; and above all the spirit of prayer in which he was steeped. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that he appeared to spend most of his time on his knees. In Watford I found him on his knees when I went to inform him that it was about time to start for church. The servants in Lucknow, where he was conducting a mission, told their mistrees that he was always found on his knees when they entered his room. So, too, in Gorakhpur, during the greater part of the intervals between the meetings he gave himself up to prayer. Prayer was his strongest weapon. No wonder then, when it was finally arranged that he should come to Gorakhpur to conduct Revival meetings for our Indian Christians, almost his first words written to us were, 'Start the people praying.'

"As his visit to us proceeded, the personality of the man became better realised. I have spoken of his prayer-life, which was the dominating characteristic. But, apart from this, his self-effacement was very marked; he seemed to be anxious lest he should obstruct the flow of grace from the Fountain-head. In prayer he once asked for God to overrule 'our clumsy work' in His service. I remember feeling the pathos of this when more self-assertion on his part seemed called for amongst some too self-assertive people. He was so much with Christ, that Christ's life shone through him.

"I think mention should be made of his desire for sympathy; his warm heart yearned for a response of warmth. Missionaries are sometimes placed on a pedestal, as though they were removed

from the human feelings of their fellow-men; but he confided to me on one occasion that, holding a mission in a certain place he had felt so isolated by the lack of sympathy of the brethren, it had made his work more exacting. We found him always willing to speak to any individual or address a class or receive a deputation during the mission. He was with us for one purpose, and anything that would further that end he gladly welcomed.

"Again, he was so tactful in dealing with individuals. He seemed accurately to gauge a person's sincerity and earnestness. He accepted certain conditions as inevitable. Of one who seemed unmoved by the mission, he remarked, 'I don't think he has the capacity for more enthusiasm,' an encouraging remark in one way. Of another he said, 'She will have a trying time ahead,' where he saw an enthusiasm that was too shallow and liable to suffer in unfavourable conditions."

The same discernment of spirit, whether the question were one of the individual or of the mass, gave special entrance in the still more difficult Western mission; for revival had been there, much that had happened had not been of the Spirit, and some were distrustful and afraid of excitement.

"But," writes Rev. L. B. Butcher, "he had so won the affection and confidence of all, both Indian and European, at his previous visit, that it was felt we could not do better than invite him to come again, this time as sole speaker, and to ask him to give us a whole month of his time. In making the arrangements, I remember how careful he was to obtain beforehand the consent of the Bishop, and also of the chaplain at Lonaula, before he would consent to speak; and I always found him scrupulously careful to conform to the rules of comity and church order in all his work.

"One special mission had been made widely known, and all were made to feel they would be welcome, with the result that the church was packed night after night, and our hearts were rejoiced by seeing Anglicans and Presbyterians and Methodists all worshipping together in one church building. A pastor belonging to the Cowley Fathers was seen sitting next to, and sharing a hymn book with, the pastor of the United Free Church Marathi congregation. Cowley Fathers were at the services more than once; and their appreciation of Walker and his message came out in an invitation to him to go and speak at

their church at Panch Howds, to their large congregation of women and girls, under the charge of the Wantage Sisters, our C.M.S. church being too far across the intervening city for them to come to us. I went with Walker to the service, where he was given a free hand, and had as his interpreter the same who had been his fellow-missioner at the Nasik mēla. It was an isolated service and an isolated message, of course; but a clear and earnest Gospel was proclaimed.

"One or two little points I must mention, as they illustrate the whole-heartedness with which he gave himself to this special ministry. He was staying with us, and always excused himself early in the evening, about 9 o'clock if I remember right, to go to bed, that he might be fresh for the next day's work, and be sure of rising early for his quiet time. Also he would not go and see any of the local sights. He had come for a definite purpose, the mission, and to that were given all his energies. While intensely in earnest, he was very human and very good company; and I well remember his chuckle of amusement at some ludicrous incident or funny story which he would tell with real enjoyment. I cannot describe the help it was to me personally to have fellowship with him in prayer, and to talk over with him the revival and difficult aspects of the work. His wide experience and clear insight and withal deep spirituality made his advice of untold use to me in the difficult circumstances of our mission. Starting from the unhappy 'block' at Manmād, it has seemed as though there were a hardness on the part of the mission agents all through our Western India Mission, unlike anything which he had met with in his missions elsewhere; and whenever we met subsequently, he showed how he remembered us in this special difficulty.

"At the Lonaula Convention, where I was present, Walker seemed at his very best. He had been working at the Acts for his Commentary, and his Bible readings were all taken from that book. His messages on the 'Glad surprises' recorded in the book, introduced by the word 'behold,' and on the danger of leaving the main line of God's will and becoming side-tracked, went home to many and were widely blessed. This was his last visit to Western India."

As to results, the Day shall declare them. We leave them where he would have wished them to be left, at the feet of his Lord.

"Let us build for the years we shall not see."

NEWBOLT.

CHAPTER XXXV

Correspondence on Literary Matters

MENTION has been made in some of the preceding chapters of literary work of various kinds. Such work, as has been shown, fitted in anywhere it could, between other engagements. It was the same with the conventions and missions to different parts of India; they were interwoven as it were with the life ordinary, not fenced off into little fields of their own. It is partly this which made it difficult, if not impossible, to pull them out of their settings and arrange them in orderly sequence. If in the life written they are mixed up with everything else, it is because they were just that in the life lived.

That life was full of correspondence on subjects of interest at least to C.M.S. missionaries. For example, it often fell to him to safeguard the young Church from what he regarded as error; one such attempt which was successful is related to the publication and use of a certain book whose general trend may be gathered from the following criticism upon it:

"I think it would be best to say that the book is written throughout from a standpoint which, as an Evangelical Body, we cannot accept, and which we should not feel justified in allowing our agents to study; and that, therefore, the number of passages requiring alteration would be legion.

"Why should we submit our opinions to 'his judgment'? [The reference is to a certain Bishop.] Say also that translations will not properly represent the force of the original, and that the sense given depends largely on the personal equation of the translator.

"If he still presses, then the book must be re-read, and time must be given.

"Perhaps things are coming to a head, and a *casus belli* may arise. If so, let us sit tight and shoot straight."

Later:

"I have been through Q.'s book again. You had better run through my marks and jottings, and do as you like with them.

"1. I have marked with red the chief passages to which certain of our Nonconformist brethren might fairly take exception. In some cases it is a word or phrase or allusion which is discourteous and unkind, and everything will then depend on a proper translation. In other cases, the whole sentence is objectionable. The passages in question are [pages follow]. If the Bishop has any doubt, let him put the Tamil book into the hands of an intelligent and godly Nonconformist missionary who speaks Tamil (say Chandler or Jones).

"2. His attention should also be called to the following passages, which are objectionable to others than Nonconformists:

"(*a*) Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is denounced as a gross sin against the law of God. Now, while we are prepared to accept the rule against it as a wholesome rule of the Church, we are not convinced that the offence is one against the law of God, and Q.'s words are unwarranted.

"(*b*) He states that the remarriage of presbyters is forbidden in 1 Tim. iii. 2; Tit. i. 6, in a quite dogmatic way. We protest against such statements in the name of scholarship and fairness. They are both inaccurate and unkind.

"(*c*) We also protest against his introducing extraneous titles for the Holy Communion, *e.g.* 'Mass,' and assuming their correctness. This is not expounding the Church Catechism, and is departing deliberately from Prayer-Book phraseology in the interests of a party.

"(*d*) We also protest against his introducing a sort of Supplemental Catechism which is not in the Prayer Book, and that in words which claim for it some kind of Church authority. Our only hope of unity is in adhering strictly to the Prayer Book.

"3. The book claims all through, that Episcopacy is absolutely necessary to the *esse* of a Church, and its teaching is founded on that dictum. Now, while we Evangelicals are convinced that Episcopacy is essential to the *bene esse* of a Church, we know too much of Church History, and are too well acquainted

with the opinions of the Reformation period, to accept the dictum that the Church of England has bound herself to the *esse* doctrine. We cannot therefore teach our people what we do not conscientiously believe, and what we hold, in company with scholars of Bishop Lightfoot's stamp, to be historically incorrect.

"4. Neither can we accept Q.'s teaching on the Sacraments, though we do accept that of the Church Catechism.

"5. I think it would be well, therefore, to tell the Bishop again that the book assumes what is known as the sacerdotal position all through, and therefore cannot possibly, even with emendations, be acceptable to Evangelical Churchmen. Its sanction as a Bishop's Prize Text Book would therefore be regarded as sanctioning a controversial book, making against our Evangelical teaching; and the Bishop could not expect us as honest men to do anything but discourage it in every way."

Another subject of interest to all who have to do with the translation of ancient literature for young churches, is the correspondence connected with the revision of the Tamil Prayer Book. A memorandum written in 1900, and recently privately printed at the suggestion of the late Bishop Williams of Tinnevelly, sets forth the argument upon which he held an extremely strong opinion. He thought that the translation of ecclesiastical terms, whenever possible, should be rendered in the vernacular; failing that, by transliteration from the original language, Hebrew, Greek, or Latin; of all things, he considered transliteration from English most objectionable. The memorandum, somewhat condensed and deleted of local names, is as follows:

"In 1872 the Tamil Prayer Book was revised by a strong Committee. It may be said without hesitation that it would be impossible nowadays to form so strong and capable a Revision Committee. The fact that the later Revision Committee only altered its wording in a very few particulars is a sufficient proof of the excellence of this book. I think I am correct in stating that the wish for any further revision was dictated chiefly by a desire on the part of a very small minority for the transliteration of certain ecclesiastical terms, and not from any belief that serious revision was needed.

"Be this as it may, in 1890 [the] Bishop of Madras appointed a new Revision Committee. The Committee carefully

considered all the suggestions which had reached them, and they went thoroughly through the whole book on their own account. They were also in constant communication with Bishop Caldwell, and referred every important matter to him for opinion. Bishop Caldwell approved of nearly all their decisions, including the retention of the Tamil words already in vogue for ecclesiastical terms. The proposed changes were then submitted through the Bishop of Madras to the Metropolitan, who objected to some of the alterations suggested, and who further called attention to a resolution passed by the Bishops of India in Synod in previous years, requiring such ecclesiastical terms as 'Bishop,' 'Priest,' 'Deacon,' etc., to be transliterated; adding, however, 'The utmost that I can say is that if the Bishop of any Diocese should signify to me that the general feeling, in which he concurred, is that the vernacular equivalent, hitherto in use, should be retained, I should be disposed to consent, and I would confer with the other Bishops of the Province on the subject.' He referred the proposed changes back to the Revision Committee, with his own criticisms, for reconsideration.

"In the meantime, the Rev. W. T. Satthianādhan, Tamil scholar and chairman of the Revision Committee, had died, and I was appointed by the Bishop of Madras to take his place. I joined it, therefore, just at the juncture when it was about to reassemble to reconsider the whole question. Except one (now retired to England), I am the only member of the Committee still in the land of the living, and so the only person now in India who can speak as to what actually took place at its Sessions.

"We met again in 1892, passed some new suggestions which had been recently made by the then Bishop of Colombo on grounds of scholarship, and decided with reluctance to abandon certain verbal changes objected to by the Metropolitan. We also went thoroughly into the matter of transliterating the ecclesiastical terms in question, with the result that, taking advantage of the Metropolitan's words as quoted above, we decided to press for the retention of the Tamil words already in vogue. I am witness to the fact that our deliberations on this question were singularly harmonious, and that we were all but unanimous.

"Unfortunately, as I think, the Bishops in Synod declined to sanction the retention of the Tamil terms in question, and insisted on transliteration. The further question then arose, 'Should the transliterations be made from the original

languages or from the English ?' The Bishop of Madras [then Bishop Gell] was in favour of transliterations from the original, and in a conversation I had with him in Ootacamund, assured me that he should insist on this for the Tamil Prayer Book. The matter was referred to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave it as his decided opinion (I myself saw his letter) that the transliterations should be from the original languages, and not from what he called 'the truncated English forms.'

"At this stage I was suddenly summoned to England by reason of my wife's serious illness there.

"I heard no more of Tamil Prayer Book matters till my return to India ten months later, in the autumn of 1893. I was prostrate with illness for some time after returning, but heard with astonishment that the Tamil Prayer Book was going through the Press with the ecclesiastical terms transliterated not from the original, but from the English. Though a member of the Revision Committee, I had not been informed that any fresh action was being taken. I found also that none of the Tinnevelly C.M.S. missionaries knew anything about the matter. I therefore applied to Mr. W. for information, and found that, in my absence, he had circulated the question among the members of the Revision Committee, and he allowed me to see the 'opinions' received. The only C.M.S. opinion was from the Rev. S. Paul [a Tamil pastor], and ran to the effect that 'The English words sounded sweeter to Tamil ears than Greek words'! No wonder, since he was ignorant of any foreign language except English. None of the 'opinions' approached the questions of scholarship, etc., involved, and a united Session would probably have entirely altered the vote, as it would have given opportunity for facing the principles involved.

"There was no course open to me except to record my strong protest, and I accordingly wrote to the Bishop of Madras.

"I received no written reply to this letter; but when I met the Bishop of Madras a few weeks later at Ootacamund, he admitted my contentions and expressed regret, promising that, though it was too late to prevent the issue of the new Prayer Book then, the matter should be fully reconsidered when a new edition was called for. It has never, however, been reconsidered, to the best of my knowledge. The Prayer Book, with transliterations from the English, duly appeared in 1895. Bishop Gell's increasing infirmities compelled him to resign his Diocese in 1898; and the matter was left *in statu quo*.

"Such, in fact, is the history of the last Prayer Book

revision. I have not at hand a copy of the Resolutions passed at the next ensuing Synod of Bishops in Calcutta; but I recollect reading something to the effect that a copy of the new Tamil Prayer Book was presented, but that, for some reason unstated, formal approval was withheld.

"I find that, in a letter written from London and dated October 25, 1895, the Secretary of the S.P.C.K., Madras, says, 'The Archbishop of Canterbury has forwarded to us a lengthy correspondence which he has received in regard to the renderings and transliterations adopted in the Tamil Prayer Book. The Committee have agreed to make it the rule in future versions printed at their expense, that transliteration shall be made direct from the languages of the original as nearly as the genus of the language into which transliteration is made will permit. This will exclude for the future all transliterations from English equivalents.' A comparison of the dates will show that this letter was received after the revised Tamil Prayer Book had been published.

"It also shows that those who contend for transliterations from the originals can claim the clearly expressed opinions of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the S.P.C.K. as supporting their view of things. The S.P.C.K. Committee's Resolution referred to in the Secretary's letter was plainly the outcome of their negotiations with the Archbishop on the question.

"With these facts before us, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that many of us have felt unable to welcome the Prayer Book of 1895. There ought to have been a further Session of the Revision Committee to consider all the matters involved. The Archbishop's opinion ought to have been placed before that Committee, and thoroughly weighed. And suggested transliterations from the original ought to have been submitted for approval to the Bishop of Madras and the Metropolitan. As it was, however, the matter was hurried through without due consideration, and without the knowledge of one at least of the members of the Committee.

"If any further action is now proposed to be taken, may I beg earnestly that the following considerations may be given due weight:

"Is it for the real welfare of the Indian Church to insist, by authority, on transliterations? Had the Revision Committee been left to decide the matter for themselves, they would have resisted such transliterations; and Indian members were in the large majority. I urge, in all humility and sincerity,

certain facts which ought, I venture to think, not to be lost sight of.

"Are we not in danger of presenting both the Gospel and our own Church polity in too foreign a guise to a land like India? Is it wise or really necessary to increase the use of foreign terms? Already the cry is going forth for something more Indian in the presentation of the Gospel? Should we not aim at diminishing, rather than increasing, all that sounds foreign and alien in our religious phraseology?

"Does Apostolic practice warrant the usage of transliterated religious terminology in such matters as those under question? Did not the Apostles adopt Greek words for 'Church,' 'Bishop,' 'Presbyter,' 'Deacon,' 'Holy Communion,' etc., which were already in current use, generally with a different etymological meaning, trusting the new usage and the work of time to connote a Christian and theological meaning? It is often objected that words which have been adopted in translations do not carry, etymologically, the exact ecclesiastical or theological significance intended. Exactly so; but would not the same objection lie to the first adoption by the Apostles of Greek words to express Christian ideas? In time the connotation of the new idea with the old word becomes an accomplished fact. Etymology alone would hardly justify the application of a word originally meaning 'elder man' to a young clergyman only twenty-three years of age.

"I confess to feeling jealous of the introduction of a foreign phraseology into a land like India, especially in view of the fact that we are all too foreign already in the eyes of the people. The Indian languages, with the help of the classic Sanskrit, ought to be as well able to furnish us with Indian terms as Greek, which has so many affinities with Sanskrit, and was found capable of furnishing suitable expressions to the first Missionaries of the Gospel. Will the Bishops kindly excuse my laying stress on this point.

"If, however, the decision to transliterate certain terms be irrevocable, may I suggest that it is only fair to infant churches to go to the original source, and so avoid, as far as possible, the introduction of, and emphasis on, our Anglican controversies? Even in England, Hooker (*Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. lxxviii. 2, 3) had to labour at some length to defend the retention of one of the terms in question, and admits his personal preference for the more original form of the word.

"It appears to me that, if translation be forbidden (which

I most earnestly and humbly deprecate), the best possible source of agreement is to be sought and found in transliteration from the original."

A memory with a happy little human touch in it lies buried among these records of a controversy keen enough though so calmly set forth in the printed page: the time, some years later, the occasion, the meeting together of men of diverse views belonging to the two societies S.P.G. and C.M.S. to consider several thorny questions connected with the translation or transliteration of certain ecclesiastical terms. A list of names selected for the small sub-committee was read aloud, and the name of the one whom all recognised as the strong man among them was not on the list. At once a younger man on the S.P.G. side, divining, as all present did, the cause of the omission, stood up and asked that it should be included. It touched the one concerned very deeply, and when he came home to Dohnavur he told it, cheered to the heart by the generous brotherliness of it.

Afterwards, when he was taken, some of the warmest words of appreciation spoken in all India, came from those with whom he had often had occasion to contend. Verily it is true that kindred souls meet and touch in Heavenly Places.

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Quiet Work.*

CHAPTER XXXVI

Commentary Work

APART from the translation and adaptation of hymns, this literary work centres round two Commentaries, one on the Epistle to the Philippians, which he himself translated into Tamil, the other on the Acts. The books belonged to a series of Commentaries planned by the Bishops in India at their annual synodical gathering in 1900. Their desire was to have a series prepared for the use of Indian and Anglo-Indian Christians :

"These Commentaries," writes Dr. Eugene Stock in the *Church Missionary Review,* "were designed to 'present a direct and scholarly interpretation of the New Testament based upon the work of the great English commentators,' and at the same time to 'contain such references to Eastern religious thought and life as might make them serviceable to both Christian and non-Christian.' They were to be written and published in English in the first instance, and then, if funds permitted, to be translated into the leading Indian vernaculars.

"The carrying out of this admirable plan was committed to the Bishops of Lahore and Rangoon, Dr. Lefroy and Dr. Knight; but the latter having retired from his see, Bishop Lefroy has been chiefly responsible. Subsequently, the Rev. C. F. Andrews, of the Cambridge Brotherhood at Delhi, was appointed General Editor. The Bishop, however, wrote a general Preface to be printed in all the books produced; which explains the design, as quoted above, and adds these important words :

"'It is inevitable that in the interpretation of the New Testament there will be differences of opinion, and it has seemed best to allow these differences to appear in the series, rather than to aim at a colourless uniformity. The final responsibility for the views taken of particular passages will rest with the individual contributors.'

"Five of these Commentaries have now been published, and it is interesting to find that four of them have been prepared by C.M.S. missionaries."

"What epistle shall I take? I have nearly the run of the whole to choose from," he said one morning at breakfast. "Take the Joy Epistle," was the first suggestion. "Just what I was thinking of!" and he took it. How he worked at it, off and on as best he could, has been told. Acts came next.

Thereafter this book absorbed him. If he had a Bible hero it must have been Paul the missionary. The prize poem of 1908, "Gallio," by St. John Lucas, was a constant inspiration. He would read it aloud with special pleasure to anyone to whom it appealed, dwelling with delight upon the passage which describes the apostle before Gallio, who is supposed to be writing an account of the strange Jew to his brother Seneca in Rome:

> "His face, his face, beneath whose light my soul
> Saw herself judged, her philosophic robe
> Shrivelled; her dismal weed of self-esteem
> Burnt in the steady flame of those great eyes.
> The man was fire, all fire!"

And again with as keen appreciation, later fine lines:

> "Staunch as a rock
> In some discordant sea; his lion's head
> Thrown backward, and in his unshifting eyes
> Nor hate, nor fear, only a royal calm."

This "Paul the Christian, this sword-blade man," was his companion through many and various hours, between classes, on rare empty afternoons, late on in the evening sometimes. Every book of note bearing upon him and his times was, as far as possible, consulted; and Sir William Ramsay especially was often quoted. No point was too small for careful study. Perhaps he rather delighted in the minute, holding as he did that unexpected light often comes through small windows.

The feature of the books, naturally, is their Indian atmosphere. Dr. Stock counted two hundred and forty local touches of colour in the notes on Acts alone. For example, he instances a note on Acts xvii. 29, 30: "The Godhead: better, that which is divine (margin); almost exactly the same Greek word, in its Sanskrit form, is in use in the same sense in India to-day (*dévam—daivam*); Times of ignorance: this very term in its Sanskrit form

(*agnánam*) is represented in Hindu philosophy as the chief cause of man's failure and bondage. Cf. also the Muhammadan use of the phrase, the days of ignorance, for the period before the preaching of Islam."

But a thoughtful reader, whether his sympathies are Indian or not, will discover something rewarding in the study of either book. Especially if he be a teacher he will find much to help in the close-packed notes, for the writer had teachers in mind when he wrote. These notes, to quote Dr. Stock again, "combine in a quite unusual degree adequate scholarship with definite spirituality. The notes are so terse and to the point that at first sight one imagines them to be sketchy and scanty; but when one reads them carefully they prove to be full of good and substantial matter." This last remark is singularly true. As writer and as preacher he had a simple way of saying things which sometimes put both reader and hearer rather off the track —till they stopped to think; when they probably found there was more to be had than they had imagined. For, all his life, he was adverse to cloudiness of language; and much as Browning at his best appealed to him, he could read Calverley's *The Cock and the Bull* with the utmost satisfaction, holding that Calverley was seriously right in this matter and Browning as seriously wrong. "If you have anything to say, say it out and have done with it," he would remark rather testily, if overmuch tried by the ambiguous. He could not understand why, if a thing were to be said at all, it could not be said plainly.

And yet there was nothing tiresomely prosaic about him. Instead of writing in a copy of his Acts given to the friend with whom he had fought through the battle in the Law Courts in 1910, some tame statement and a date, he wrote this: "In memory of the battle and the breeze" (a quotation from an inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral), "which have not ceased with Apostolic times, but still go on, as also do the Spirit's Acts." And lower on the page, words from "Gallio":

> "In whose triumphant eyes
> Burns calm the perfect knowledge, the great hope,
> The love that heals the red wounds of the world."

"Love feels no burden; thinks nothing a trouble; attempts what is above its strength; pleads no excuse of impossibility: for it thinks all things . . . possible. It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and warrants them to take effect, while he who does not love would faint and lie down."

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

"One thing more," he would say, "thank God, and now for the next?"

Charles Kingsley's Life.

"What an emphasis gets on to kindness as life goes on!"

BISHOP PAGET in a letter of 1894

CHAPTER XXXVII

Going on

1910, and on till early April 1911, as traced in the journal, show little more than a steadfast going on. As so often before, the records chiefly deal in broad washes of quiet colour; background again.

The year began with classes, for a new set of students had come to Dohnavur; so the routine was teaching, correspondence, and literary work, varied by occasional expeditions into the surrounding country with the students, and a series of meetings in an outstation for workers. Early in the year one of the girl converts suddenly died, "to our great grief," the journal says, "but she is safe." There are far greater griefs than to see a convert die. Later, a new battle began about the child M.; but the Court case was prolonged by postponements. "The Lord reigneth," is the note at the close of the first of those weary Court days. The journal says little of the Travancore work, which began in unpropitious circumstances, as he wrote to his wife:

"Mārāmana, *February* 21.—It began to rain on Saturday, and kept on steadily till early morning. Our sheds, however, proved water-tight. The river was very full of water yesterday, and it was doubtful whether we could hold a meeting or not. As the people were gathering, Philipose decided on a meeting. The water was up to their shoulders wading, and some swam across. Others came in boats. . . . I don't know what will happen if much more rain falls. Even yesterday most of the booths were half immersed in water. Still, both the weather and the work are God's; He knows what is best all round."

"Oh to feel Calvary with power! Oh for a quickening!"

entries upon Good Friday, and again during the Ooty Convention, are among the few audible prayers of the year. Distinctly it was a year of hope deferred. No quickening movement passed through the Indian Church. Many, fearing excesses, had almost ceased to desire it. A fatal contentment with the prevailing stagnation was the peril of the time.

But the year, so barren of material of writeable sort, held many an unforgotten ministry.

One such is recounted in the *Record* of September 1912, in an In Memoriam article signed by initials familiar to S. Indian missionaries, A.N.C.S.:

"In times of sorrow and suffering his tenderness and cheerfulness brought out a side of his character which perhaps the world never saw. Two years ago the writer, when very ill in an Indian hospital, had the great privilege of almost daily visits from him. He can only say that as Hopeful was to Christian when crossing the river, so was his friend Walker to him when almost sinking under weakness and depression, and it is as a tribute of love and gratitude to one who was closer than a brother that he writes this."

The incident recalls the grieved surprise with which he heard the cheap criticisms sometimes passed upon broken-down missionaries, when the cause of the breakdown had been honest work, perhaps strain caused by someone else's lack of service. "Remember Epaphroditus. Paul didn't blame him;" or, "Much they know about it," he would remark indignantly if the criticisers were of the easy, leisured, unburdened variety: and he meant every word of his note in his commentary upon Phil. ii. 30:

"For the work of Christ he came nigh unto death, hazarding his life: Lightfoot renders it, 'having gambled with his life.' Epaphroditus gladly risked his life in the work of Christ, treating it, as it were, with holy recklessness in his consuming zeal for his Master's glory. The work of Christ in India demands more of this 'gambling with life.' There is far too much attention paid to our own health and ease and comfort. After all, our life is not a very high stake to throw down for the salvation of others, in the light of vv. 5–8."

One bright picnic day is marked "Delightful" in the journal; it was spent out in the woods near Ooty reading, with a waterfall in view and the hills around, a book little known even to book-lovers, and now out of print, C. A. Fox's *Lyrics from the Hills.*

The serenity of Dohnavur was disturbed that October by a petty lawsuit between the Protestants and the Romanists of the village. This insignificant affair gave poor Dohnavur no small trouble. The Romanists, who up till then had been upon amicable terms with both Hindus and Christians, now stirred up by outside influence, insisted upon trying to force their noisy night processions through the narrow Protestant lanes, to the detriment of their trees, the one glory of the village, and the disturbance of the general peace. The matter ended satisfactorily; but the journal sighs over the fuss: "Disturbed day: Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Alas for strife, alas for friction!"

Some sixty-five guests found their way to Dohnavur during the months covered by this chapter; and as there is no accommodation in the village or near it, all stayed at the bungalow. But the work went on as steadily as might be, through all distractions; though sometimes it was a problem as to how to manage that it should do so. "Let me undertake them," he used to say to the perplexed, when impending arrivals other than fellow-missionaries or familiar friends were announced, as if he had not as much as anyone to do; and more than once his journal refers to this small and commonplace occupation—background work again. One of the sixty-five has tried to show the head of the happy household as he appeared to a very welcome guest:

"I know he was an inspiration: I always had a feeling about him, that I never had about any other man, that he was as near a pattern of Christ as a man could be; and I used to wonder how he could be so high-strung and intensely sensitive, and yet have it all under control: it was such a wonderful combination. Then how he remembered all the little details about everyone's work; he seemed to care so much in a strong brotherly sort of way, specially when he prayed for the different

needs after meals. The thought of his life and his work is always a spur: how he did press on, never slackening for a moment."

And a guest of 1908, the old and lovable Metropolitan Bishop Copleston of Calcutta, said a word that includes all happiness: "That is a holy house: the Lord dwells there." Was ever sweeter word spoken of Christian home?

Those of his guests who were of quick perception used to wonder sometimes how it was that a man of his calibre could live so contentedly in such an obscure place as Dohnavur. But those who knew him better knew that the contentment was a gift of God. For anyone created as he was, strong of conviction but most sensitive, keen to suffer and to sympathise, and in certain ways far from physically robust, a retreat out of the rush of things was a necessity if he were to go on in the tropics at all. His retreat was, as has been shown, no lazy land of ease, but a workshop where he wrought hard and constantly. But it was, so far as any place can be in India, a place of repair for the spirit. Not that Dohnavur is in the least a health resort; it is flat on the hot plains, right in the midst of the life of the plains, and yet somehow it is a place of healing: the calm of the mountains is about it, a sense of remoteness, a feeling of retirement; in the midst of work it is possible to be alone and think. He could not have held out long, and he could not have done the sort of work he did, if there had not been some such place prepared for him. So his contentment with it as a home was of God. And there was no doubt whatever he was most deeply heart content. He had many invitations to reconsider his decision to be a Voice in the Wilderness, and work which would have brought him into prominence was more than once all but thrust upon him; but however the natural man might have been attracted by it, he refused it, knowing by some sure instinct he could do his best work where he was.

The daily correspondence of this year was no lighter than in previous years; people wrote to him upon all conceivable subjects, missionaries for advice about enquirers, and converts, and every variety of difficulty. Indian Christians wrote about

perplexities, spiritual, mental, financial. And many a letter came asking for special prayer. An Indian brother now in training for the ministry, quaintly says what many a friend would say:

"He was a father to hundreds upon hundreds, and to me I think he was so in a very special manner. Whenever I had a difficult problem I used to write to him for prayer, and the answer used to come from God in a remarkably short time. There had been problems which had been perplexing me for years, and which I was not able to solve, but they were solved in no time when I asked him to help me with his prayers."

Letters, too, used to come from people at home who wanted to know things Indian from the under side. But these were rare enough to be wondered over a little when they came, for he always declared that the person whose opinion was of most value to the home public was the globe-trotter. The winter visitor and occasional visitor came next, then the very new missionary. In fact, your value as adviser and oracle in general exactly balanced your ignorance. The less you knew, the more you seemed to know, and the more you were accepted as knowing. It was a side of life which often amused him; and he would read aloud some crude generalisation or conclusion from a current magazine, and smile at the delightful deference with which it was accepted by a kind and pliant public, which having got what it wanted was content.

But his helpfulness as counsellor is our subject now, and with reference to this, one whose remembrance of him dates back to 1885 writes:

"No matter what the subject might be, he gave you himself for the time being, as if you were the only one in the world, and put at your disposal the whole of his powers of thought and perception. He never appeared bored with the minutest little details that could make him the better grasp the subject; and then he would give a well-balanced opinion of the best course to take. There are very few who do this, who are not *distrait* while listening to long rigmaroles. His power of sympathy was marvellous; you realised he was giving you his very best."

"Discretion, the capacity of well-considered action, understanding, the capacity in the case of opposing rules to make the right choice, and in the matter of extremes to choose the right medium." These words from Delitzsch on Proverbs ii. 11 are underlined in his copy of the commentary, and they express what his friends recognised in him. Canon Sell, C.M.S. Secretary, Madras, sets this down with the quiet deliberation of the veteran:

"I should like to place on record how valuable to me, in the administration of a great mission, his advice always was; and what a very real help it was in circumstances often very difficult and perplexing. I could appeal to him for guidance with great confidence, for his judgment was remarkably sound and true. I did not always agree with him; but none the less did I value his counsel, which, with few exceptions, I was able to follow. In this respect I feel his loss very much indeed. It is the side of his character and ability with which I was most brought into contact. During my many years of secretarial life there has been no one to whom I more constantly looked for advice; and for that advice, always so freely and kindly given, I shall ever be deeply grateful."

In connection with this work of counsellor there was one thing he greatly disliked: he could not bear having anything "sprung" on him. Give him time to turn the matter over in his mind, avoid all appearance of being in a hurry, and you could count on his best. Hurry him, press for an immediate decision right off, and his forehead would knit and his eyes turn unsympathetic. Or if you were too much of an outsider to be treated quite like this, you would, if you were sensitive to slight signs of disapproval, begin to be aware that you had made a mistake.

In a book which does not profess to skim the mere surface of things, letters from those intimate enough to express themselves freely are not out of place; such letters touch upon the hidden things of life:

"I hope you will bring out how much tenderer and more forbearing he was, latterly, to the opinions of those who disagreed with him. There was a gentleness and mellowness of judgment upon others which he did not show when I first

knew him; and several times I noticed how he toned down my own criticisms or said something on the other side."

And again another:

"He grew in gentleness and love immensely; he was always strong, but grace added the Christlike gentleness and love. I do not think that love was such a feature in him when I first knew him, but I remember how much he used to pray for love; and even in the short time I was in India I noticed how much softer he became."

"He grew in softness," it was the same word that occurred to another; one by nature gentle, and to whom the strength of his friend had been for many years something precious. Is there anything more beautiful in the spiritual world than to watch the growth in gentleness of the naturally strong?

It was the combination of wisdom and leisure of heart which accounted for the greater part of the daily pile of letters. The growing kindliness of character too, encouraged an immense amount of correspondence. He had always been quick to sympathise with genuine need, and entirely forgetful of himself and his own reputation where help was required by anyone in real straits; but now that he seemed to be able to bear more gently with the ignorant and erring than formerly, these weaker brethren soon discovered the fact, and drew more and more upon a strength and a kindness that seemed almost limitless.

Such letters by their very nature are too private for reproduction; but sometimes an impersonal fragment has a word which may have a message for some reader. The question of public confession of forgiven sin seemed to crop up constantly after the revival of 1905–6, and it tortured sensitive souls. His thought upon that subject was clear:

"As to the question of raking up sins in public confession, sins which have been honestly dealt with and put under the blood—I do not think that it is God's mind and plan. It is one thing, like St. Paul, to say, 'I was a blasphemer, but obtained mercy,' in order to glorify God's grace and encourage the faith of others. It is quite another to bring up sins which have already been confessed and put away. Peter,

in writing his Epistles, did not rake up his awful denial of Christ. Satan will bring up past sin in our conscience and remembrance; but it is ours to point him to the Blood, and claim full immunity and victory through that. To humble ourselves is one thing, to torment ourselves is another. 'The cross now covers my sin, the past is under the blood;' and in the light of the promises 1 John i. 7, Heb. viii. 12, Hos. xiv. 4, 5, it is ours to claim through Christ a clean sheet and go forward with His encouraging 'Sin no more' ringing in our ears. Confession of any sin which binds us and hinders the cause is a duty. But raking up the buried and pardoned past is not; indeed, it implies a doubt as to God's promise, 'I will remember no more.' Jer. l. 20 is a favourite verse with me. While, therefore, we are watchful for the future, let us have no doubt about our standing: 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.'"

Where the sin in question had been committed against a fellow-man, he was equally clear as to duty: "Go straight to him, or write and confess it. If it is a thing you can put right, put it right." Public confession of secret sin against God he considered a different matter, in fact he had the feeling that the less people said about themselves in public the better; and in the Olney hymns he marked certain strong lines which declare that sin twines itself about our praise and slides into our prayer:

"When I would speak what Thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make Thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in."

Still he did make God's mercies known himself, and would not have quoted the verse without balancing it with its opposite truth; for the merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance; and he did most thoroughly believe in and rejoice to teach of a cleansing which can purify that "fountain of vile thoughts," as the hymn puts it, and lead to something better than the dismal conclusion that "self upon the surface floats still bubbling from below."

Sometimes the letters of the day dealt again with the question of Intercommunion, not in the true but lesser sense of the word emphasised of late at Kikuyu, but in the far fuller sense to

which reference was made in the C.M.S. Quinquennial Conference of 1902. To a younger C.M.S. missionary much exercised upon the subject, afraid on the one hand to stir up trouble through any act of unwisdom, and on the other to be bound by the traditions of men, he wrote advising him to a certain course of action, which he believed would result not only in the personal liberty of all C.M.S. men of like convictions, but in the emancipation of a buried truth, the spiritual unity of the Church of God. And yet his letter ends with a word as characteristic as it is frank:

"But I feel strongly that the liberty should only be exercised on special occasions, when we are really acting on a principle, and it is worth while risking explosions. With myself, I have done it [met at the Lord's Table with fellow-Christians of churches other than his own] after taking meetings for workers in other missions, feeling unable to turn my back on the act of Holy Communion with which the series closed."

That last sentence shows him exactly. He would not court trouble; but he would risk it any day if principle were involved. He would not fight for fighting's sake; but he would not avoid a fight for the sake of a hollow peace.

Fitted into the odd half-hours of the previous year, and now almost completed, was a C.M.S. Study-band book. He wrote it first in the way he thought would be most helpful, but found it was considered much too difficult for the purpose required—a surprising discovery to him. "I thought they were a *study* band!" he said in half-amused, but quite sincere, protest at finding himself expected to supply a plate of missionary bread and milk; for such he considered "Missionary Ideals" had become by the time it had been sufficiently simplified. It was despatched in February.

The year held but few special missions. One, however, was important, in that it reached a class acknowledged to be the most difficult to reach and move, the educated Hindu community. For several consecutive evenings those keen-brained men listened to a masterly setting forth of the claims of our Lord Jesus Christ in Tamil; the beautiful Tamil itself drew them.

But to the grief of those who hungered for their souls, they only applauded, they did not act. Christ as peerless Example—this they admitted, sometimes in choice and telling language; Christ as Saviour from sin, One and Only Redeemer, and Him crucified—they stopped there. It meant too much.

"Went to stay at Mr. Appaswāmi's; talks on God's work; preparation; callers; talks with my host; Hindus in Centenary Hall,"

thus the journal of the time. That now aged host recalls those long, leisurely talks, the last of very many, and the pleasant meals, served after the Tamil manner upon large, fresh plantain leaves, upon which the white rice and yellow and brown condiments look more appetising than anywhere else. Fingers were used for spoons; and there is something to be said for this good old Indian custom, for fingers are not shared after the promiscuous fashion of spoons. Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of a kind Tamil house know how pleasant such meal-times can be.

Then came the hardest fight ever fought by this soldier practised in many fights: hardest, because fuller than any other of acute pain and prolonged tension of spirit. The journal burns with it; but though little may be told, something must be, for it was inextricably part of the year's life. It concerned the child M., then a girl of fourteen, who had chosen that good part which it seemed as if the powers of evil had determined to wrest from her:

"*January* 31, 1911.—At 11 a.m. to Judge's Court, Palamcottah, as M.'s case was posted for to-day. We waited till 4.15 before it came on; and then it was adjourned after ——'s evidence had been taken. God's hand must be in it.

"*February* 28.—Hearing of little M.'s case. Down at Judge's Court. Arguments not all heard, and so postponed. God deliver her!

"*March* 11.—[When he was in the midst of convention work in Travancore.] Bruised by telegram with news of adverse decision in little M.'s case. The Lord alone can deliver: help, Lord!

"*March* 17.—Chiefly in prayer over little M.'s business.

"*March* 18.—A burdened day, and yet He careth.

"*March* 24.—Palamcottah at daylight. Judge's Court, 11 to 1. He announced his intention to give written orders on Monday to deliver little M. to her mother on April 5th. God deliver her!

"*March* 27.—Off with —— just after midnight [of Sunday, 26th] for Palamcottah. Business with vakīls. Down to Judge's Court with ——. Written judgment in little M.'s case against us *in toto*. A bad time altogether. ——'s application for stay of execution [to give time to appeal to the High Court, Madras] treated with scant courtesy [and finally refused]. Got off for Dohnavur alone at 10 p.m.

"*March* 28.—Dohnavur at daybreak. Informed of little M.'s disappearance. . . . May God keep the child.

"*April* 4.—Morning of real mental pain in prayer. God's arm alone can help."

There, where he left it, that story must be left for the present. But only those whose battle he so thoroughly shared that it became his own, can come near to imagining what the brief entries cover and what it meant to him. All the time Mrs. Walker had been failing in health, and preparations were being made for another journey to England.

"*April* 7.—Final packings and settlings up. After dinner left with B. for Palamcottah, with a somewhat distraught mind." For those who had to be left behind were exposed to special peril and were in great anxiety; and he could not help sharing that anxiety. But the angel guard was doubled round Dohnavur through the months when it was left without its human guard, and all went well.

Phil. iii. 14.—"Very healthy, stimulating, and invigorating are the words which follow. It is not the language of doubt or uncertainty or despair. There is a clear and joyous ring about the whole which cheers us on our way and bids us brace ourselves together and strain every nerve in our eager progress towards the final goal. 'I press on.' 'I stretch forward.' 'I follow after.'"

T. W., *Notes on the Epistle to the Philippians.*

"Expecting Him, my door was open wide:
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side:
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there."

T. E. Brown.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

To England and Back to Dohnavur

"APRIL 12.—S.S. *Derbyshire*. Lazed chiefly [being thoroughly tired out], but read a little.

"*April* 13.—Saw captain about services, and found him very kindly. Many of passengers very nice, but feel out of their world.

"*April* 14.—Good Friday. Service, fair attendance; but little sign on board of a real remembrance of Calvary on the part of most. Spent the day quietly.

"*April* 16.—Service. Sabbath desecration painful; skittles and puerilities.

"*April* 17.—Tamil Apocrypha work; got through a stiffish chapter in the rough.

"*April* 20.—Tamil Apocrypha. Saddened by general worldliness on board, and by my own powerlessness."

On the *Derbyshire* was one fellow-passenger of a spirit framed to appreciate the scholar-missionary, who when the first weariness consequent upon the long strain which had preceded this journey had passed a little, gave himself to his work uninterrupted by the interruptions of ship life. This was the Rev. A. C. Clayton of the Christian Literature Society. He writes:

"The memory of the days that we spent on the s.s. *Derbyshire* will always remain with me; for it was then for the first time that I became really acquainted with the scholar and preacher whom I had known by correspondence for several years, and who had so often helped me.

"He was busy then on the Tamil version of the Apocrypha, that is left unfinished by his death, and was working at it with enthusiasm and perseverance. It was a subject which called for the utmost care. The Greek text of the Apocrypha presents

many problems; and the rendering of many ideas, Neo-Platonic, Alexandrian, Hellenistic, Jewish, essentially foreign to Tamil expression, afforded much matter for discussion and research. But the instincts of the scholar in him made the work not a toil but a delight; and I learned to have all the more respect and admiration for the man who could give himself as eagerly to making an accurate translation as to the work of the evangelist. He knew Tamil, and wrote it as few men do, and he used his gift to the utmost with unsparing diligence."

But shipboard life held other possibilities: "We have a padre on board who has no time for games; but he is teaching me about the stars"—the writer, a young girl, had seen various types of missionary life in the East. This type interested her. "He has no time for games." For others, as for her, intercourse with that padre meant talk upon matters higher than the stars.

Then England, a strange medley in memory, as he described it upon his return to India, of the inspiring and the disappointing; on the whole the note of disappointment predominated. He did not always find, even among true Christians, the depth for which he looked; there was less intensity of purpose, and a greater worldliness than he had expected, and a startling increase in pleasure-loving and luxurious living. These things saddened him. He rejoiced when he met earnestness, and old-fashioned spirituality and unworldliness; but in talking over his impressions upon his return, he said to a friend who had not been out of the East for years:

"You would be terribly grieved if you went home now; you would see a great change everywhere; things seem much shallower all round. At least, that's how it struck me."

It was always as if he were looking through the pressing, crowding, articulate Seen, to the great, quiet Unseen behind; and he could not be satisfied with the chatter of the hour, or the new habit of collective self-congratulation, prevalent even in religious circles, the very opposite of that for which his spirit yearned. The absence, too, of the definite surprised him; it was as if the old landmarks of principle were being swept away, and in their place he seemed to see mere borders of pretty

flowers: "So and so has a hard time of it because of his Protestantism, and yet he is working among avowed Evangelicals," he said, speaking of a well-known Church worker; "it's as if people were so afraid of intolerance that they are beginning to have no convictions at all." In some such words he told his thoughts, "I don't often unveil," he wrote from the midst of a great convention; "but I want something far deeper than I find here." And from the same convention he wrote to another in India:

"There is something wrong in the Home churches that this missionary famine is upon us, and that at a time when doors are opening so widely. I only got one opportunity (here) at the missionary meeting, and tried to sound a solemn note about it. But the convention was not called to humiliation by its leaders."

But the home months were full of work which made deep furrows in some hearts. At the C.M.S. Summer School, Eastbourne, as in some other gatherings, large opportunities opened. There for the last time he told the story of his surrender to what he called the Sovereign Claim of Christ.

"It was that [the Sovereign Claim] which led me finally to the mission-field. When I went into my own room, and put both hands as honestly as I knew how, quite within the Master's Hands, and said, 'Whatsoever Thou commandest I will do, and whithersoever Thou sendest me I will go,' then I became a missionary. Perhaps He is calling you to-night. Will you listen to His voice: 'Depart, and go far hence to the Gentiles'?

"Beloved friends, when you look at the pierced Hands of Jesus Christ our Lord, tell me, have you the heart to keep anything back from Him? 'By faith . . . when he was called to go out, . . . (he) obeyed; and he went out.'"

But there was a little space for rest. The C.M.S. doctor had advised Switzerland for Mrs. Walker; and once more the joy of mountains, lakes, snowfields, and flowers filled five bright weeks. Long letters from those cool heights to the hot plains of India carried with them something of their coolness and a spacious sense of calm; and the journal sings little songs of content: "A day of days" is an entry after one joy-filled day; but the

longing to share it all led to journal letters full of sparkling little fragments of delight.

At St. Beatenberg, after days of rain:

"The mountains displayed exquisite pictures of their arêtes at intervals, shining through window-panes of cloud. Now we saw, as it were, a lovely illuminated snow-slope, or ice-ledge, through a sort of lane or vista of mist. Presently the cloud-line closed up, to make room for another glorious glimpse hard by. It was like looking at picture after picture in some celestial gallery. As the day wore on, the atmosphere cleared, and the mists rolled away to a large extent. We caught sight of the Mönch's bare head above a ridge of white cloud, and at sunset the crest of the Jungfrau blazed in gold. It looked like a golden mountain high up in the sky, and we saw and were entranced. . . ."

En route from Lauterbrunnen to Mürren:

"The full length and breadth and height of the Jungfrau were seen spread out before us, a magnificent sight. Then the Mönch came into view, and next the Eiger, till we could see all their naked beauty, glaciers, snowfields, rocks, and precipices. It was a sight surpassing all powers of description. We felt dwarfed into nothingness before these snow giants, and we gazed and admired, and broke out into cries of joy and wonder."

Walks from Mürren to the Blümenthal and to the Schiltalp:

"I walked up the hill in front of the Hotel to Blümenthal, or the Valley of Flowers, a climb of half an hour or so. The path led by rushing streams and hillsides literally clothed with flowers. Wherever one looked it was a feast of colour to the eye. In the Blümenthal itself I gathered bunches of white and yellow anemones, soldanellas, and white and pink crocuses; and I looked wistfully up at the rugged hills which stood like sentinels over the valley, and longed to climb them; but it was growing dark, so I retraced my steps to the Alpenrüh. . . . The flowers were lovely. We found the banks above the brook (Schiltbach) lined with Alpen-roses, and gathered handfuls as we passed along. Altogether our walk was a delight from beginning to end."

On the Obersteinberg:

"It was just as though we were marching into the heart of the snow mountains, and had reached the end of everything

lower and more ignoble. The views were magnificent. Above us, as we lunched in the garden of the little inn, towered the precipices of the Tschingelgrat, one of the Bernese giants. To the front of us glittered the glaciers and snowfields of the Breithorn, with the Tschingelhorn lifting its white head near by to the right. It is a lovely spot, confronting an amphitheatre of snow peaks which seem so near that you can almost touch them. An Englishman was staying at the inn, waiting for early morning to cross one of the snowy passes. He had with him as guides, the son and grandson of Christian Almer, one of Whymper's trusted companions. It was interesting to see them.

"At Mürren, after dinner, we had the joy of seeing the real Alpenglow. The snow mountains were first golden in the light of the setting sun. Then the gold deepened into pink and rose. We stood and watched entranced. The world seemed poor when that wonderful glow died away and the dark shadows crept over the mountains."

Summit of the Schilthorn :

"Arrived at the apex of the cone, we were standing 9754 feet above the level of the sea, with the whole Bernese Oberland stretched out before us in a glorious panorama. Behind this, through a gap near the Gemmi pass, we could see the Mt. Blanc range in the far distance. At the other side of our picture we marked the Faulhorn ridge, and behind and beyond it Mt. Pilatus and the Rigi. But the Bernese giants occupied the foreground, and for the first time I saw the real proportions of the Blümlisalp, clad from head to foot in virgin snow. The eye ranged from point to point of the panorama, only to find fresh pleasure everywhere. The lake of Thun lay at the foot behind us, with Thun itself glittering in the sunlight and the town of Berne visible in the distance. The whole picture was fascinating beyond expression."

En route for the Riffelalp, and at the Riffelalp :

"Here a torrent poured forth its mass of seething waters, and there a deep gorge told of the mighty force which had cut it out of the reluctant rocks. We were charmed with the wealth of the wild flowers; dark pink lilies stood in clusters on either side, making us wish the train would stop at frequent intervals that we might pluck them by the handful. . . . After passing Täsch, overshadowed by the Täschhorn, we neared

Zermatt; and suddenly, as we turned a corner, the glorious Matterhorn stood before us in all its unique stateliness. Nothing we had read or seen in pictures at all approached the grand reality. . . . Here we were in an earthly paradise, with a whole chain of snow mountains in full view, the Matterhorn still supreme in grandeur."

"Gloriously and wonderfully clear this morning, Hurrah!" is the postscript to a private letter; mountains for him meant a sort of intoxication of pleasure, something appreciable perhaps only by born mountain lovers. The purity of untrodden snow, the vastness and the silence, and the glory of colour moved him as nothing in nature, except the star depths, ever did. And yet the last biography he read had this one sentence copied from it; the last note in the last notebook: "John Wesley stood admiring a beautiful landscape. Then suddenly turning away said, I remembered that there is an eternity."

The work of the time was the preparation of a key for his little study book on The Acts, and the inevitable correspondence which followed him everywhere. To the comrade at Dohnavur whose battle he had shared and was still sharing, one whose letters might possibly be tampered with on the way, he wrote from St. Beatenberg on June 14th:

"All who know anything know that you have been fighting a righteous cause. If we suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are we. I need say no more. Let us continue in prayer. If anyone opens my letters, which I don't anticipate, they shall have good advice. We know we have done our best to save a little one from evil. If things seem to have gone against us, we can do no more; and it is by no means an invariable rule that truth and right triumph in the law courts of earth. They will triumph, however, in God's tribunal; and we shall yet praise Him, when He manifests His kingdom and glory."

The Keswick Convention followed upon this good time in Switzerland. "Went to Webb Peploe's Bible Reading, strong and helpful. Long talk with Bardsley, C.M.S. hon. secretary," with whom he felt himself at one in loving fellowship, is the journal note on July 25th. On the whole, the missionary prayer-meetings were the best hours of the week to him, and a little

meeting of inner circle friends in the woods for prayer, comforted his spirit. For he was hungry for prayer, prayer of the sort which means access to the Eternal, traffic between earth and heaven.

Then came business of various kinds, chiefly missionary; long talks with leaders; his last address to the Mpwapwas; letters to friends in India, whose affairs he was trying to pilot through some shoals; a pleasant visit to Hembury Fort; and a time with the Rev. Hubert Brooke of Hindhead, Surrey—a refreshment, this. "He met me like a brother," was the way he described it, and it was this brotherliness which so refreshed the missionary within him; for he, like others of his calling, had sometimes missed something of this in England. So the two men touched in spirit, finding themselves of one accord; and this new friend knowing him so slightly, recognised him for what he was: "We had a very full time of converse together," he writes, "from 10.40 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., when I set him back for half an hour on his way home. On the 11th I was at C.M.S. house for a little farewell to him, and our next meeting will be in the Presence. He was one of ten thousand."

"One of ten thousand," the words do not sound too strong to Indian missionaries. "Any one of us would have died for him," his friend Mr. Ardill of Tinnevelly wrote a few months later. The words were just true.

"One feels a stranger in England in spite of relations and friends," he wrote to a fellow-worker in India; "I am longing to be back and bearing my share of the burden."

The weeks that remained were very full; but he made time to go and see the Tinnevelly children who were in England, whether at school, at Limpsfield, or with relatives. Some were his godchildren, for whom, naturally, he felt specially responsible; and he followed the course of each one of them with interest. One whose home he thus visited, writes that they were all struck by the look of holy joy about him. It was more than ordinary brightness, it was a "disciplined gladness." Few could have known its cause, nor can it be fully told now; such matters, like others touched through these pages, demand a

careful reticence; but something may be said: the months in England had held for him certain hours that were hot with a peculiar kind of pain. "Anything, Lord, anything," he had answered as from the heart of the fire, and the purging flame had done its work. It was part of his long Patmos, and it opened into visions of God. It was this, this dealing with his Master in secret, which lent to his very bearing something that was not of earth. And those saw it who had eyes to see.

There were some days of home pleasure, touched though such days must be as life goes on, by a certain wistfulness. One such day is recalled by his sister, who tells how he and she and her little daughter Kathleen went for one of the old walks:

"One by one we visited the well-remembered spots, and spoke of bygone days. Especially he paused for a long time at the gate of a field once rented by my father, and told Kathleen about his romps in the hay there; and of how later in the year he and his brothers were busy preparing a huge bonfire for November 5th, when Guy Fawkes was duly burned and potatoes roasted."

And now it was October; he had settled Mrs. Walker in a country cottage in Liphook with her sisters, and all was ready for the last departure to India. Upon October 12th came the last pang of good-bye he was ever to experience: "Goodness and mercy" is the journal note—the mind instinctively continues the verse—"shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and receivest unto Thee: he shall dwell in Thy court, and shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple."

So, all unknowing, he set sail for the Haven where he would be, leaving behind him one who had accepted, as he had, the terms of discipleship laid down in his clear fashion a few months before in a booklet for the C.M.S.

"He bids us renounce all earthly ties, even the nearest and dearest, which would stand between the disciple and his Lord. 'If any man cometh unto Me, and hateth not his own father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea,

and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.' These words burn and throb with intense meaning for many a convert in the mission-field." [And for many a missionary, too, he might have added.]

May the words which follow carry far.

"And yet are there not many among us who allow the tender ties of home to come between them and the claims of Christ? Parents hold back their children from the mission-field with the strong arms of human love; and children cling to the 'sheltering nest of home.' Brothers and sisters refuse to part with one another; and friend declines to surrender friend. Arguments and reasons are adduced, till the real issue is confused; while all the time the Master's voice sounds on, 'Lovest thou Me more than these?' Let us look at His thorn-crowned brow, and give Him the true answer of willing acquiescence. So shall we be His disciples.

"*October* 13.—Arrived in Marseilles. Went on board the *Warwickshire*—two nice cabin companions, Scotchmen, for which I am profoundly thankful. Sea quiet, all lovely. Took service and spoke briefly on God's way of joy, all having to be compressed into 35 minutes. Some talk during day. Grieved at general irreligion, skittles, etc., and kind of concert in drawing-room after dinner. God save us poor English folk."

For weekday work there was correspondence and the translation of new hymns into Tamil. Once, stirred by the frivolity surrounding him, he wonders at the poverty and paltriness of such pleasures. Again he is cheered, for two congenial friends were among the passengers, and there were many opportunities to help others. Sometimes that which he prized most was given, and fellow-passengers sought him out for talk about the things which abide. But the voyage was burdened more than any previous voyage had been by the sight of so much forgetfulness of God. On October 16th he wrote to his wife:

"The people on board are very nice on the whole, but there are few in sympathy. You know the sort of thing, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. It makes one anxious about Britain's future, for an Empire on which true religion seems to be losing its hold is in a precarious condition. Still a number of the people seem to have appreciated yesterday's service, they

came together well. Only, alas! there was not much Sabbath-keeping beyond that."

And again on the 26th:

"One's heart sinks when one sees one's fellow-countrymen so entirely given up to pleasure-hunting, without God's Word or prayer or any sort of true religion for the most part."

"It is not pleasant to be separated; but God's work requires it, and that comes first, does it not?" is a word from another voyage letter. There was only one answer to that question. It did come first.

A day before Colombo was reached, the Dohnavur hills were visible, the Mahēndra mountain some five miles from the compound showed clearly far out at sea, and welcomed him home. Three days later the entry is: "Dohnavur at 5 a.m."

It was a joyful morning for those in Dohnavur. He had sent blue Cambridge ribbons to the family to be worn as shoulder knots, yards of it, narrow and wide. This from one who rather eschewed demonstration, meant a good deal. When, a day after his arrival, his godson, Dr. Merill Schaffter, then on his way to Persia, came to Dohnavur, and noticing the blue ribbons asked what they meant, he himself explained the little sign of joy. Everything was bright that day; the expectation that Mrs. Walker would soon follow, prevented the disappointment of her absence from shadowing the place: it was all blue sky, blue ribbons, blue garments—for the children were in his favourite blue—all that the happy colour seems to express as no other colour can, filled the day. And he wrote in his journal that evening, "Glad to be back home." It was surely more than human gladness; for he had greatly hoped to bring his wife back with him, but to him accepting the will of God meant an ungrudging acceptance.

Then came the plunge into work, broken by the arrival of the parents and sisters of one of the Dohnavur workers. "Preparing for Mr. and Mrs. Beath," is a word in the journal which recalls a visit full of kindness and cheer.

As usual, he was always on the look out for pleasant sundries,

and one evening just before dinner produced this to the general enjoyment:

"Oh, I am sick of the Big things,
The Big with a Big, Big B—
The important Things That Are Strictly Such,
The Great Big Things That Matter So Much,
They never can leave you free.
For I love to live in the little things
(If little they really be);
The mere little things, the near little things,
The dear little things, the queer little things,
That make up the world for me."

All the verses were delightful; and when he got to the last, he fairly shook with laughter:

"A trio of excellence, wisdom, and worth—
And I'm weary of all the three.
And it is not good to feel like that;
It's exceedingly wicked to feel like that;
I'm sure you never could feel like that;
It's only the case with me.
But then, I was born a little bit cracked,
So I hardly count, you see;
And—it wouldn't be fair to omit the fact,
They are wearier far of me."

Thus, with a light upon it, the old year passed, his last whole year on earth.

"Death is not an interruption of being, but a change of the mode of being—a going to the Father."

WESTCOTT on St. John xiii. 3.

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure."

The Passing of Arthur.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Last Things

The last few months were full of the vigour of life, and full as ever of literary and evangelistic work, and the usual teaching. "Interpreted for Mr. Beath," is an entry which occurs several times in the journal. He enjoyed interpreting for the dear old man, whose fervent love of his Lord and eagerness to talk of Him rejoiced his spirit.

"My birthday, feeling bad at the thought of failure; but all were so kind to me here. Letters. Comparing yesterday's book with Edersheim. Afternoon we all read together and microscoped."

This entry upon February 9th reads strangely to those concerned, who, knowing him as they did, yet never dreamed that their pleasure in capturing him for two delightful hours to examine the revolving cowslip balls of the lovely little *Conochilus volvox*, was thus humbly and affectionately regarded. Next morning normal human nature asserted itself; it was a melancholy morning. "Very tired after nearly sleepless night with a dog howling," remarks the journal dismally. The dog had been surreptitiously adopted, and was the private luxury of the dog-loving part of the family; up till now the head of the house had possessed his soul in patience; but this was too much: "Either that dog goes, or I do," was the fiat. The dog went.

All through the years the work growing alongside had been cared for with a peculiar kind of care, half-brotherly, half-fatherly, wholly and wonderfully helpful. Two letters written in 1912 to the Rev. Hubert Brooke and Miss Bradshaw of Dublin, friends

who would, he felt, understand what was required, show how thoroughly he identified himself with it.

"*February* 5.—I am writing now to ask you to be on the look out, during your travels, for a lady suited to take educational charge of ——'s children. God may lead you to just the very one. You know our position as to God's Word, and thorough evangelical principles, as also that spirituality is of the first importance. If a lady goes to an ordinary college or high school in India, she has to fall in with the Government curriculum and with established methods of work. Here she would find, I trust, a warm, spiritual atmosphere, and an unusually happy family life, and would be able to train Tamil teachers in her own way, and to develop, without Government restrictions, an original work among very intelligent children. They know far more than I was ever taught—even the tinies—about flowers, insects, birds, etc., and are very much alive on the observation side of things. I consider it a unique sphere for one who loves children and is a real educationalist. And there are great possibilities of the children's becoming a real missionary force. . . . You may possibly be led to the very person whom God has in mind. Anyhow, I feel impelled to write to you. We need one very badly this autumn, if it so please Him.

"*June* 3.—We must wait the Lord's own time for the right worker. It is strange that volunteers of the right sort are so few, in spite of all the missionary study work, big conferences, etc. . . . We must be more instant in prayer about a new worker. Probably God has just the right one somewhere in view, and is waiting to be entreated more earnestly. . . . Please continue to keep your eyes open on our behalf, and to desire mercies for us of the God of heaven."

He was always on the look out for anything which would give the children pleasure; and naturally they were devoted to him. One of the many little pictures of that last year is too pretty to forget. Now that his Divinity class was to become permanent, it had been decided that he could not be allowed to teach it any more in the narrow, crowded side-room which had served him for so many years; and the C.M.S. built a classroom for him. It is an unpretentious building, and was furnished with the cheapest of procurable necessities, but it could

This photograph, taken informally by Mr. Penn of Ooty, in the Dohnavur compound one evening in December 1905, appears to be the only one which has caught the familiar look of keen brightness.

not help being a beautiful room, for it opened full upon the Western Ghauts: to look up from its plain little desks and writing-table was to look unto the hills.

As soon as it was colour-washed—a soft terra-cotta, the prevailing colour at Dohnavur—and its furniture arranged to suit his taste, he went to the children's side of the compound and returned, followed by a troop of excited little people invited to come and inspect his "new kindergarten" ("Iyer's Kinder garten" it was thereafter called). The table with its two drawers was a source of much interest, and the drawers were pulled out and inspected: what trifles live in memory! And all the time he was watching with amused eyes and answering the pelting questions as to what he was going to do in his new kindergarten, till at last, every minute detail of the room examined, he suggested it was time to go, and with as many little blue-clad girls as could get at him holding on all round, he returned them safely to their nurseries.

The story should end there, but somehow refuses so to do. A few months more, and a table was required for the last thing its owner could ever have imagined in connection with himself. His Life had to be written. It could not be written straight off, but in between other work, and the accumulation of papers concerning it threatened to get into a tangle if no place could be found for them apart from the usual office litter of the day. A chance visit to the Dohnavur pastor's house discovered the Iyer's table sitting forlornly with the class-room benches and desks on the verandah, waiting to be sold. If David could say about a sword, "There is none like that, give it me," it did not seem too much to say something of the same sort about a table. It was bought and kept for the one purpose now so nearly accomplished.

All through that last spring and summer there had been more anxiety about Mrs. Walker's health:

"I am very sorry that you cannot give a better account of yourself," he wrote on March 11th; "but it will not do to face this climate till you are really stronger, so we must be patient. Only let us quite agree that the work must come before personal

comfort and happiness. Let us commit the future to a loving Father Who will make no mistake."

This, the last personal trial which was ever to touch him, was to him his Father's will; and therefore not in theory only but in fact, good and acceptable and perfect. But week by week his letters to that brave wife in England tell what it was to him to wait on in uncertainty as to her return. And yet he was always full of hope:

"If autumn fails, you may possibly get back in time for the hills next year. But we must leave it all in faith . . . . Day by day, step by step, is the only real life of faith."

The words, in their extreme simplicity, recall one of his ways: he could think thoughts that reached far, but he entirely refused anything approaching mental speculation; and if questioned upon his surmisings concerning the Unrevealed, would reply with quite chilling uninterest, "I never knock my head against stone walls." "But don't you ever wonder?" "What's the good of wondering? You don't get any further." And a repeated allusion to stone walls would usually quench the conversation.

The last Syrian convention was held in February, and Mr. Ardill, who was his companion then, tells one sacred little story: He had left Dohnavur under anxiety. One of the workers was ill; through a series of small contrary happenings, understandable enough to missionaries, the medical help hoped for had not arrived when he left for Travancore; and as he had to be kept informed of all that went on at home, he had to be told three days later of the still continued absence of help. Mr. Ardill remembers how, after reading the letter, he went into his little cubicle; there was only a mat partition between it and the next room, a fact he had evidently forgotten, for he prayed aloud, as his custom was, pleading for awhile, then as it were waiting to listen. At last Mr. Ardill heard him say as he rose from his knees, "It's all right, Lord!" The next Dohnavur letter told of help after a fortnight's waiting.

When the time came for the hills, he settled everyone's duties:

"I can't leave the class at present, and I'm only just out, so I don't need to go up so soon. You must all go, and I'll keep guard here, and follow in a fortnight."

He kept guard; and the Indian workers told afterwards how he went round the compound every evening, seeing to the well-being of everyone in it. "He used to let us bring a stool out of the nursery, and then he would sit among the children telling them stories for half an hour," they say; and he wrote daily to those driven away, keeping them informed of everything down to the smallest detail of health and conduct.

The months were not without their measure of inward stress. One very grievous matter to which the journal constantly refers, had its root deep down in the condition of the Indian Church, which to his thinking was sorely in need of quickening. He did not find it difficult to understand and make allowances for the ways of youth, as he used to call them, however uncomfortable they made things for the time being. But he grieved with a poignant grief over much which he could not but regard as unspiritual and deceptive, even though to the greater number of onlookers, cause for such grief was unperceived. And a word he quoted a week or two before he left Dohnavur, when in a moment of deep depression he endured the last of the buffetings of life, express his sadness: "They killed them," he quoted, "but ye build their sepulchres!" "They kill us with words," was his thought, "with griefs and misunderstandings, with disappointments manifold: it was so in the olden days, it is so still. But their children built sepulchres for the very men whose hearts their fathers broke! It will be so again." This grief was shared not only by some missionaries, but by the more spiritual among the Indian Christians. The love and sympathy of these special friends, Indian and English, always cheered him.

Another, more tellable this, and yet quite out of reach of any except those among South Indian missionaries who have set their faces against its cause, sprang straight from caste feeling. In order to help the C.M.S. in its financial difficulties, he had undertaken the training of the catechists; and this class was the opportunity for the trouble to discover itself: "Prayer-meeting

with class, but saddened to find caste-spirit divisions." "Troubled about caste divisions." Such entries cover weeks of thought and effort to get things right. But the trouble was not confined to any one group of men, its ramifications were endless; and at every turn he was quietly but effectively circumvented by that active impervious entity which for want of better name is called "caste feeling." It was a great distress to him, and caused much of what would have been fret of spirit but for the peace of God; and his letters to his wife referred often, and always in sorrow, to this fatal weakness or, as he called it, cancer, at the heart of the Church.

But troubled as he was oftentimes, a deeper, purer joyousness than had ever been in him, seemed to shine through his whole being through those last months; his little note to the *South Indian Prayer Circular* early in the year expresses something of that solemn joy:

"'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.' These words were burnt in upon my mind during the meetings of the last Keswick Convention. All around were heard the glad hymns of happy singers in the tents, in the woods, in the houses, and away on Friar's Crag. There was music everywhere. What would it all lead to? This was the dominant thought in some of our minds, as we listened to it through missionary ears. And then came the word with overwhelming force, as the mind reverted to that last night of our Lord with His disciples on the eve of His passion, 'And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives,' to Gethsemane and that death-struggle with the power of darkness. In their case, at least, the hymn-singing led on to, and resulted in, deep experiences of self-humiliation and whole-hearted surrender to the Father for the salvation of the world. The disciples were slow, it is true, in following their Master into such experiences; but sooner or later they had to do so. It is almost startling, as we follow up the thought, to find that the verb translated 'to sing a hymn' only occurs in two other passages in the New Testament, and invariably in the same connection of suffering and self-crucifixion. We find it in the one passage (Heb. ii. 12) as a quotation from the Septuagint of Ps. xxii. 22, the great Passion Psalm, where the singing comes as a voice from the Cross itself (see the verses

which immediately precede it). In the other passage (Acts xvi. 25) the hymn comes from the lips of men who are yet bleeding from their many stripes, their feet in the stocks of the inner cell of the prison at Philippi.

"Thus, so far as this special verb is concerned, it emphasises for us the great truth that praise and passion—chant and cross—hymn and humiliation—are for the whole-hearted follower of the Lord Jesus inextricably and irrevocably linked together. Are we ready to accept this truth as an experimental fact, as we face the unknown vicissitudes of another year? God would have us go deeper yet in our conventions, in our lives, in all our attitude and actions, for the salvation of this land; aye! and also in our prayers. Let us use hymns more than ever, but God give us grace to live them out! Let us sing of holiness by all means, but may He give us the grace of practical godliness in daily life. Let us sing with our Master Who still leads the praises of His Church, but let us be willing to suffer with Him too. Real hymn-singing leads to the singer's becoming God's 'corn of wheat,' which falls into the ground and dies, and so brings forth much fruit."

At the Ooty and Coonoor Conventions he took as his subject for the Bible readings the Second Epistle of Paul the Apostle to Timothy. Those meetings are unforgettable. He had been reading George M. Trevelyan on the struggle for the freedom of Italy, and the Bible readings were illustrated by spirited battle stories. Once, in a rare moment of sudden uplifting of spirit, he improvised (adapting Tennyson) to press a point he wished to drive home:

"And so to the work's
Last limit I came—
And can no longer
But die rejoicing—
For, thro' the magic
Of Him the Mighty
Who empowered me in weakness,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in heaven,
Hovers the Gleam."

"All but in heaven"—it was true, but he little knew it.

There were some fine walks that May; one specially noted in the journal was up the Droog, a forest-covered mountain near Coonoor. "All went up Droog together; grand views; happy day"; but within a month he was back at work, and June and July were, if possible, fuller than ever, for every hour he could get between classes was full of preparation for the campaign which was to be his last, the series of meetings to be held in Masulipatam in August. There was one sunny little visit in July when his old friend, Mr. Carr, spent a day with him, a day packed with all sorts of business; but once there was a break, and he got him to sing Mozart's 'O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me; and bring me unto Thy holy hill and to Thy dwelling." Those who knew him well will all but see him as he listened, leaning back in his chair, rapt, lost to everything but the beautiful words and music. Such breaks in a day hallow it.

Books and magazines, as of old, still came happily to table, and the talk was always a refreshment to fellow-workers. For his mind was like the house of which the wise king wrote, whose chambers are filled with all precious and pleasant riches. The last paper brought to table was the *Spectator* of July 17th. "Isn't this good?" and he read the poem, quoted in Chapter XXIII., beginning, "When you have started forth towards your vision."

"I don't like the words Divine conceit," he said, alluding to words in the last verse; "but the verses are fine. There is the touch of true poetry in them." And the last of the many pencilled slips, fragments from the book of the day copied for a fellow-worker, was this from Ecclesiasticus: "He comforteth them that are losing patience."

The Sunday before he left for the Masulipatam meetings was a day with a glory upon it. In September 1910 he had begun to study the Psalms with the English-speaking members of the Dohnavur family, proposing to take the first book in those Sunday-afternoon studies. There were many interruptions. He went to England; returned, was often absent from home on Sunday; dropped the Bible-readings upon various occasions when the day was too full to spare the restful hour to the workers;

but on that last Sunday he came to breakfast with a smile, "Do you know where we are in the Psalms?" and he quoted the verse preceding the doxology in the 41st Psalm which closes the first book: "Thou upholdest me . . . and settest me before Thy face for ever." "Isn't that a good place to leave off? 'Before His face for ever.'"

Is the little incident symbolical of the life as God regarded it? Not imperfect, not broken off in the middle (cut off in the midst of his work, is the unhappy phrase), but its purpose accomplished, its whole round finished, a perfected thing?

After tea that afternoon he played with the children according to custom, giving two specially beloved little five-year-old girls rides on his foot, and rides round the room on his shoulder. A week later one of the two ran as it were to overtake him, and out-running him in that short race, reached home first.

Next morning, as usual, he read the Psalms for the day at morning tea out in the compound. It was some little time before dawn, and the moon, almost full, gave light enough for the meal; as the sun rose, the two lights met, and in that mysterious blend of silver and golden light he read the beautiful Psalm. "Thus have I looked for Thee in holiness, that I might behold Thy power and glory," was the last verse talked over.

Then came the quick Good-bye. It was clear sunrise now, and the air felt alive with that lightness which belongs to dawn, as he piled his things into his bandy, thinking of nothing more tragic than how to get them all in and yet leave room enough for himself. It was the kind of Good-bye he would have chosen; no sentiment about it: "God be with you," and he was off, deep in his *Expositor* before he reached the gate. At the gate stood old Sundarie, faithful servant and friend over whose baptism he had rejoiced on that happy Day of Prayer in Pannaivilai fourteen years ago, "Salaam, Sundarie! I go and come," he called out to her in the idiom of the country. "Salaam, Iya! Go and come," she returned. Thus was the going.

The first halt was at Shermadēvi, eighteen miles distant; here he had a somewhat sorrowful talk with two friends living there about the state of the Church. Then on to Palamcottah,

where he was cheered by the joys of comradeship, for the C.M.S. missionaries had gathered to consider with him a certain difficult Church question, and all were unanimous as to what their attitude should be regarding this matter. It was a cheer to him to find himself one of a united band; and he wrote back to Dohnavur in good spirits, "War is declared"—war against what he regarded as compromise and unfaithfulness to Truth. He hated battles, as has been said before; but face to face with one, his courage rose and he never turned back.

"I expect my husband will have told you of the last precious hours we had with him," writes Mrs. Price, at whose home he stayed during that last brief visit to Palamcottah. "He arrived about 2.30; from 4 o'clock till after 7 he was busy with Mr. Carr, Mr. Ardill, Mr. Breed, and my husband, discussing the Bishop of Bombay's charge; all this seemed to take his mind off his Masulipatam work, and he did not seem as burdened as usual before a mission. It rained, and we kept Mr. Carr and Mr. Breed to dinner, and all were talking very brightly till we got on the subject of possible war. With this in his mind my husband turned to Mr. Walker, and instead of asking, 'Will you lead us in prayer?' he said, 'Will you lead us to war?' Mr. Walker laughed and said, 'No, I won't lead you to war!' and then he led us in prayer so beautifully, as he always did, remembering our children. Next morning before leaving he had a very long talk about the future of the Tinnevelly Church."

In Madras he was met and welcomed by his old friend, Mr. Stewart of the United Free Church Mission, with whom he spent the day, which was full of interviews and talks. "All through he was just his own bright cheerful self," Mr. Stewart writes, and plans were talked over for another attack upon the forces of darkness in Madras. He suggested autumn as a suitable time.

He had left Dohnavur in perfect health. "I feel better than I have felt for years," he said one evening shortly before leaving home; "I think that time in Switzerland did me no end of good." He had not had his pain for months; and with the exception of a bad cold caught at Ooty, had not had a day's illness, or, as he put it, "missed a meal" since his return from

England. But long, hot railway journeys with broken nights had always tried him greatly; and upon his arrival at Masulipatam, instead of resting as he had half-promised he would, he spent the day in visiting friends there, winning, as one of them afterwards wrote, universal love and loyalty for the cause upon which he was embarked. "Tired," he wrote in his journal that night.

There was another cause for tiredness: All unprepared, he had heard read out from the newspaper the announcement of the sudden death of his dear friend, Mrs. Hopwood of Ooty. "News overwhelming," he wrote in his journal. "How she cared for God's servants!" That night he could not sleep.

Next day he felt ill: the weariness of travel, the heat—it was very hot at the time—the shock, the suffering by sympathy with the bereft daughter at Ooty, the strain of the work, it was too much for him. He who hardly ever telegraphed if he could help it, telegraphed to Dohnavur after hearing of Mrs. Hopwood's death, and the few words told the keenness of his grief; but he said little to the friends with whom he was staying, and no one knew how deeply, to use his own word, "overwhelming," the news had been. Another almost sleepless night, and another day of struggle to keep up and do the work for which he was utterly unfit; still another broken night, and Sunday's duty before him. On Sunday night he wrote in his journal:

"Seven a.m., Holy Communion, and spoke by interpretation, Jer. viii. 22. Long Communion service, not over till nearly 10 o'clock. Very tired. Preparation. 3.45 p.m., pandal [meeting], spoke on Acts viii. 21. 6.30 p.m., English service, spoke on Luke x. 21."

His text, "He rejoiced in the Holy Spirit," led him into rich and joyful fields of thought. "It was all scholarly and simple and absolutely sincere, so that no one could move from beginning to end. His tired face was alight with the Master's joy all the time. . . . His choice of hymn after the sermon was 'Love Divine,'" wrote Rev. C. H. C. Cranswick, one of his comrades there.

"Woke up seedy," this is the last day's entry. "Monday, August 19th, 7 a.m. Spoke in pandal on Gehazi. Feeling all to pieces. 4 p.m., spoke on Hosea vi. 4, but heavy rain interrupted."

Interrupted, for his work was finished. Perhaps, as a Tamil brother wrote, "Our Lord thought he had done more than He required."

But still no thought of it crossed his mind. He wrote to his wife on that Monday evening:

"The first news I got on arrival here, and that through the *Madras Mail*, was that dear Mrs. Hopwood was dead and buried. I was rather overwhelmed by it, and it is still on my mind. They could not communicate with me, as I was travelling for three days. . . . How little one thought in saying good-bye in June that it was for the last time on earth; and I feel as though almost our greatest friend were gone. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Panes are most kind, and the whole missionary party have given me a most cordial reception. But the climate is muggy and most uncomfortable. I find it hard to sleep. It is trying not to feel very fit; however, one goes on day by day. The fourth day is now over. It is a struggle to exist, let alone do active work. The nights are hot and breathless even on the verandah.

"The Pastor interprets for me, a very nice man; I take to him much. I hope his voice will hold out, he is not physically strong.

"*August* 20.—I have had the doctor, who says I must go to bed. Mrs. Panes is ill with the same thing [severe choleraic attack]. It is all right. A little rest will settle matters."

There is little more to tell. Swiftly a storm of sorrow gathered and fell upon the missionary house where he had been a welcome guest. After a few hours of intense suffering, Mrs. Panes, his hostess, entered into rest. He meanwhile was not so seriously ill, and the doctor was hopeful, "confident of his recovery," he wrote. But he was unremitting in his care, and upon Wednesday moved his patient to another missionary home, where the Rev. G. Ennis and his wife nursed him through that Thursday night. Next day two sisters of the C.E.Z. came and cared for him

till the last. Nothing that could have been done was left undone.

But it was a fight which could have but one end: "He told me that he had not felt well since coming to Masulipatam," is a word from the doctor's report which serves as background for the whole. He had worked on though feeling ill; and there was the cumulative effect of days of strain to contend with, following upon a life lived every day up to its furthest limits of strength.

He said little through those days, sent no messages except one to the people gathered in the pandal, "Prepare to meet thy God." It is hardly likely he thought the great joy was so near. When that knowledge came, he was too ill to speak; and when asked for a word for Mrs. Walker, could only send a smile. But before he was so weak, and yet it was a moment of extremity of physical distress, he sat up in bed, and, thinking himself alone, said aloud, "I am so happy." It is the only conscious word that has come back from the land where the Shining Ones commonly walk, because it is upon the borders of heaven. Once, thinking he was teaching his class, he said, "You know we have come to the last chapter." He had come in truth to the last chapter. Early on Saturday morning, August 24th, he was with Christ.

There will be those who will ask for more. To give it would be to return to earth again. Rather let us use the last page upon the last poem quoted in the last Sunday evening sermon—with never a thought that the next Sunday would find him who had long loved the beautiful, enraptured words, passed in very truth "From House to Home." The verses, copied in full, came back with his notes:

> "Then earth and heaven were rolled up like a scroll;
> Time and space, change and death, had passed away;
> Weight, number, measure, each had reached its whole;
> The day had come, that day.
>
> "Multitudes—multitudes—stood up in bliss,
> Made equal to the angels, glorious, fair;
> With harps, palms, wedding-garments, kiss of peace,
> And crowned and haloed hair.

"They sang a song, a new song in the height,
Harping with harps to Him who is strong and true:
They drank new wine, their eyes saw with new light,
Lo, all things were made new.

"Tier beyond tier they rose, and rose, and rose,
So high that it was dreadful, flames with flames:
No man could number them, no tongue disclose
Their secret, sacred names.

"As though one pulse stirred all, one rush of blood
Fed all, one breath swept through them myriad-voiced,
They struck their harps, cast down their crowns, they stood,
And worshipped and rejoiced.

"Each face looked one way like a moon new-lit,
Each face looked one way towards its Sun of Love;
Drank love, and bathed in love, and mirrored it,
And knew no end thereof.

"Glory touched glory on each blessed head,
Hands locked dear hands never to sunder more,
These were the new-begotten from the dead,
Whom the great birthday bore.

"Heart answered heart, soul answered soul at rest,
Double against each other, filled, sufficed:
All loving, loved of all; but loving best
And best beloved of Christ."

There let us leave him, and in a true if lesser sense each other, in Heavenly Places, in Christ Jesus.

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